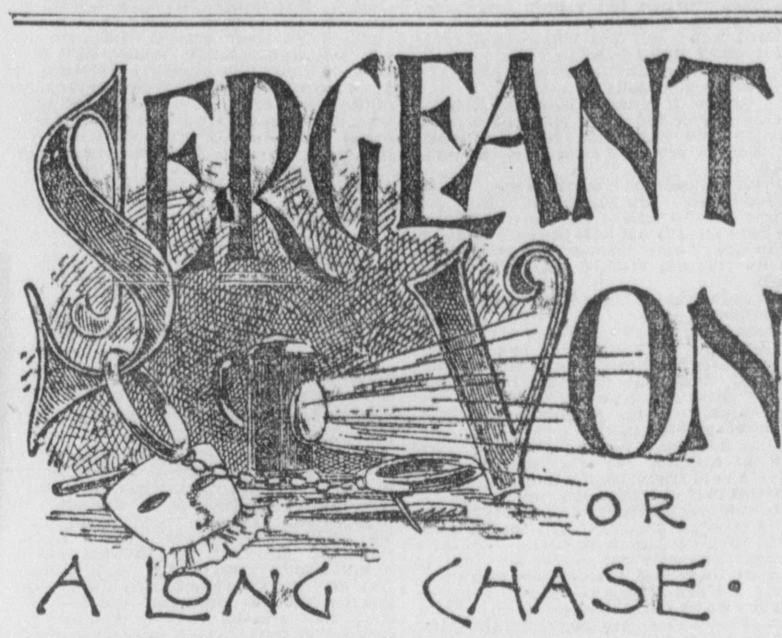
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By "UNKNOWN."

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

A man with solid English estates and a romantic French title—that was not to be scoffed at. She had not found the acquaintance of royal dukes and lofty people generally so easy as she had expected; there had been several at Aix, for instance, who took no more notice of them than did the Queen of Portugal here; and if Belcourt's title could really be established she would feel disposed to regard him with much more favor.

Belcourt felt keenly aware of the risks he was taking while they remained in such close proximity to England, since at any moment his pretensions might be exposed. He was very glad, therefore, to learn that the Kincales would go to Italy in September. Meantime, since it was part of his career to take the most perilous risks, he schooled himself to his accustomed coolness.

Katherine had a great deal of shopping to do and numerous visits to make to the fashionable modistes of the Rue de la Paix, and occasionally strolled languidly with her father, guidebook in hand, into the galleries of the Louvre or the Luxembourg. Prof. Kincale, when left to himself, sat at the little tables in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, where he ordered some light refreshment and read an American newspaper. His order to the waiter was given half in English, half in French, as thus: "One verre!" "Two verres!" etc., holding up, unsmilingly, a finger or two at the same time to further explain his meaning. Belcourt sometimes joined him there. One day he exhibited carelessly a package of bonds which he had just received from his London bankers.

"A 'deal' I have been looking for, for some time, in the American railroad I had been over to see about when I met you on the steamer, has just been made," he said, "and the price has advanced from 50 to 100."

Kincale looked on with envy at this lucky stroke by another. He was burning to recoup himself for his loss of $30,000 in the New Haven swindle, and felt that even his health would never be what it was again until he had made that good. He was anxious to penetrate the mystery of the securities dealt in on the Bourse,—the Credit Foncier, Rio Tinto, Panama, the Egyptian, Italian and Russian loans, the Spanish and Hungarian railways,—and asked Belcourt to explain it to him. Belcourt did so, taking a very conservative tone about it all. It was part of his own policy not to press matters; he expected the larger reward if he gave the acquaintanceship ample time for growth.

During this month of August Paris was surprised by a number of crimes marked by original ingenuity and daring. The most notable were a robbery by telephone, in which a perfect imitation of the voice of one partner caused a considerable sum of money to be handed by the other to Clancy, who received it in good faith; and the escalade by night of the establishment of the chief collectors of antiquities in the city, who lost gold and silver coins and medals to a very large value. No arrests were made, and the newspapers began to charge that the police were neglecting their business of protecting good citizens in order to engage in certain political troubles then brewing.

Meantime, Belcourt went on with his scheme against Prof. Chamart, and another of the same sort, the noise of which was not to be heard till later. When he finally met Prof. Kincale in Prof. Chamart's garden, it seemed to him high time to bring this to a conclusion. Kincale had gone there, it seemed, to get some information about the lecture-courses at the Sorbonne. The leonine-haired Prof. Rostopoff did not dare to speak before him for fear his voice should be recognized, but beat a rather precipitate retreat.

"Tiens!" said he, "when the world is getting to be such a small place as all this, one must stir himself to make a little elbow-room."

His plot in the mill-stone cases, both with Prof. Chamart and a certain Abbe Laporte, who lived near Montmartre, quite on the other side of town, was briefly this: The prepared stones had been taken apart and a certain amount of gold-dust incorporated with the cement by which the different sections were held together, or placed under the iron band that firmly bound the whole. When immersed in a powerful solvent this gold was naturally drawn out and was found in the bottom of the receptacle.

The victims made the argument that what could be done in one case could be done in all; they were delighted as if with a miracle. The next step was to turn their enthusiastic belief to account.

Both were men of high character and extended repute, who, if they had not money themselves, were able to influence the money of others. Prof. Chamart raised $40,000 and the Abbe Laporte $25,000 from capitalists who had sovereign confidence in them.

"The funds are to be used," said Belcourt, "in putting up a large building, employing workmen, steam machinery and the like, for carrying on the business on an extensive scale."

He took a lease, in fact, of a great vacant building, out near the aqueduct of Arcueil. He managed to get the control of the funds into his own hands; then sent the abbe and the professor off into the country in opposite directions on fictitious errands, that would take them two or three days to accomplish; drew out all the money, and one morning early in September coolly joined the Kincales at the Gare de Lyon, and started for Italy.

He put Clancy in a third-class car in the same train, in charge of a part of the baggage. He had deliberated whether or not to sacrifice Clancy, letting him be entangled as a victim to partly satisfy the hue and cry that would be raised behind him. On the one hand Clancy was a very clumsy sort of a person, with his ignorance of the continental languages and all the rest of it, and he could not show him to the Kincales as his valet, for fear of reviving old associations too much. But, on the other hand, it wrs not very convenient just now. Clancy had really done him service in picking up information among the grooms of Paris, and might do much more in the same way at Florence and Rome, where there were plenty of English-speaking residents.

If it were not now, however, it would only be for another time. Like some famous heroes, some incorrigible criminals believe in their star and their destiny. It was written, he thought, that Clancy should be devoted to him, and he never once dreamed of suspecting him; but as to being in anyway moved by this almost animal-like fidelity, he was incapable of it.

A hue and cry there was indeed in Paris behind him. Honest Prof. Chamart went weeping and crying like a madman up and down his pretty garden in the Rue de Vaugirard, and the eyes of charming Hortense and Georgette were swollen for a fortnight to see him so. Not only was he a poor scholar with a growing family to support now, but he had the weight of these terrible losses upon his head. The Abbe, an amiable man who had once been tutor in a distinguished family and now eked out a small income by receiving a few youths at his house for instruction, was hardly less affected, though alone in the world and well advanced in years.

The principals and backers of both, who had advanced the money, haled them in a fury before the courts, and they were subjected to the summary rigors of French justice.

The president of the tribunal, addressing the prisoners directly, in that browbeating way which the practice of the country sanctions, said to Prof. Chamart with bitter severity:

"Is it not strange now that you, the father of an interesting family, one who pretends to be devoted to the higher things of life, and who is placed before the community as a model for its imitation,—that you should be guilty of such a despicable cheat and scandal?"

"My president, I am innocent. I myself was the dupe and victim of this unknown swindler." And with bowed head this was all the poor old man—for he was suddenly aged before his time—could say, and this he continued to repeat.

"'Unknown swindler'—that will do very well to say; why has nobody seen him? why is there no trace of him? Do you know that every petty evildoer who is brought before me alleges that it is somebody else who has committed his crime and received the benefits, and that he himself is not responsible?"

It was plain, nevertheless, even to the most infuriated, that there was another and chief criminal, but the police, having two such good subjects under their hands, and engrossed with their political troubles, took no very efficient steps for his discovery. The abbe remained without pupils hence forth, and Prof. Chamart lost his chair in the university, and, with a mind so impaired as to be incapable of any further useful work, lost, too, his pretty house and garden, and sank with his children into squalid depths of poverty. "Man's cruelty to man" had rarely been more strikingly instanced even in the career of Vernon Belcourt.

It may well be believed that the American correspondents, always particularly on the lookout for whatever was strange and surprising in Paris, sent over full accounts of this scandal to their newspapers. Even by cable much of the details was transmitted, together with the main outlines of the story.

No sooner had the eye of Inspector Byrnes rested upon this case, in the daily journal laid upon his table, than he felt his early intuitions absolutely confirmed; the man who had planned this crime was certainly the same one who had planned the gold-increasing swindle at numerous points throughout the United States. Exactly the same expressions occurred, the same talk of "the unities and harmonies" and the like. There were ear-marks about it which could leave no doubt in the mind of a person of clear judgment. He was already reaching out to write his telegram for the recall of Sergt. Von, when the reflection occurred to him:

"Still, may it not be only of the same school? Perhaps the leader who invented the tricks has taught them to others."

But, by one of those coincidences which are often observed to happen when our minds are turned in a given direction, at this very time a man entered his office whose appearance presented the shattered wreck of what had once been a prosperous capitalist.

He introduced himself as Elnathan Marlington, ex-lieutenant governor of the State of Connecticut, and told in full at last the story of his relations with Vernon Belcourt.

"And how does it happen, since this occurred some months ago, that you have never reported it before?" asked the inspector.

"It was due to the natural shame and fear of disgrace; I had never meant to make it known."

"Then how is it you report it now?"

"Ruined in business, precipitated into utter bankruptcy by his doing, I have no longer any motive for concealment. Nothing can harm me any further, and I would follow him to the ends of the earth to secure his punishment."

It was perfectly evident, from a comparison of dates, that a false scent had been pursued; and the inspector sent his despatch that overtook Sergeant Von on the other side of the world, and summoned him home.

CHAPTER XI.

VERNON BELCOURT BECOMES ENGAGED.

Vernon Belcourt had taken his measures so well that nobody would have dreamed of stopping him, even had he been known, till long after he was beyond reach.

He travelled in the most excellent company, and no one in all the pleasant land of France knew how desperate an evil-doer was passing among them. Over the plains, diagramed with their lines of poplars and glaring white roads, they sped; through the wine district, regimented with vines like sturdy little soldiers on parade; amid the majestic hills of Chambery, towering where the clouds had been before; and through the Mont Cenis tunnel, which carries the whole weight of the Alps upon its back, as Atlas carried the world.

"A half-an-hour's journey through: I never can stand it," exclaimed Miss Kincale. "I know it will fall in on us. And then, they tell such dreadful stories about it."

"What's that? what's that?" demanded her father, waking up to a sudden attention.

"Oh, the air poisons you; sometimes you don't get over it for years." They were already in it. "Ugh!" she went on, "it's exactly like being in prison."

"If they put one in prison with the most beautiful young lady in Christendom, who would keep out of it?" responded Belcourt gallantly.

He used his utmost exertions to reassure them, and, in the course of these, even took Miss Katharine's hand, which she allowed him to retain for a little—though when they got out again she affected to ignore it.

Jog, jog, jog! in the darkness; jog, jog, jog! with the glasses of the dim lamps tinkling and rattling, till they had almost forgotten where they were, and it seemed only like an ordinary journey at night. Then a faint bluish gleam far ahead, and, all at once, out once more into the bright glare of day, the blessed sunlight shining upon the chestnut groves, the craggy mountain masses and breadths of glacier, the growing fruits and grains, and the pasturing flocks of Piedmont. Fortunate indeed is he, with faculties not wholly absorbed in the trivialities of life nor seared by overweening guilt, who has thus looked down upon the exquisite landscapes of Italy for the first time.

There were more tunnels, short ones, flashed into and out of one after the other. In one of these Belcourt, encouraged by his former experience, judged it opportune to extend his arm about Katharine's supple waist and essay the taste of her full, red lips. "Oh!" she exclaimed, sharply. She did not betray the attempt to her father, but changed her place with a dignified emphasis that showed it was by no means well received. Belcourt exerted all his powers of pleasing to repair this fault. It was one of his errors not to have comprehended just this particular compound of dulness and shrewdness. A coolness existed between them for some days, but by degrees this disappeared.

It was useful to have him go about with them; he at least saved the expense of a courier, and, more than that, contributed directly, in his liberal way, to lower the expenses. They stopped at Turin, where it was seen that, with good building and sculpture, there is nothing in the right-line plan of laying out a city to interfere with amply decorative effects. At Milan, after viewing the splendid cathedral and arcade of Victor Emmanuel, they went to the theatre. Belcourt explained it all to them. Besides being an expert in the language, he was an excellent judge of acting. He did not tell them that he himself, in the course of his adventurous life, had spent a few years with a provincial company, and that this was the foundation of his extraordinary success in disguises.

Prof. Kincale endeavored to make an estimate in cash of the value of the prodigious number of fine marble statues on the cathedral. This led him by an easy transition to speak of the new Italian loan. "Five per cent. is a very good interest as things go at home," said he. "It is hard to get even that."

"Yes, but the smash will come," insisted Belcourt.

Surely he was a most prudent, conservative man. What a pity he would not give some indications of what really was good, instead of confining his criticism to the disparaging sort.

Forty or 50 more tunnels through the Apennines, the pale green of olive orchards a prominent feature in the view, and they were at Florence.

At Florence they met a considerable colony of both Americans and English. The latter were largely women, who professed to have come abroad for various educational advantages, while their husbands remained behind to make the money to pay their expenses. Katharine fell in from the very first with an ex-schoolmate from New Haven. They had not been very intimate at home, but being abroad they flew into each other's arms with enthusiasm. Margaret Brambach had been a considerable time in Europe, and knew exactly what every one ought to do there, and even as to the kind of husband she should marry.

Vernon Belcourt made up to her and the rest of the colony, feeling that success with them would be one of the best ways of ingratiating himself with Katharine, and in his leisure sent back cipher telegrams and correspondence, to keep various affairs he had left behind him in good train. His friend, the director for British affairs, even slipped down from London to pay him a personal visit.

Katharine met her friend Margaret Brambach strolling with Vernon Belcourt in the Boboli Gardens and again in the galleries of the Uffizi. Their attitude was almost loverlike on the second occasion, she thought. A spark of jealousy was kindled, which was fanned into a flame by the first remarks of Miss Brambach.

"A very agreeable person, your friend the Vicomte de Belcourt," said she. "He will be quite an addition to our society."

"The Vicomte? we have not been in the habit of calling him Vicomte."

"Ah, how absurd I am! Well, the murder is out now, and can't be helped. He asked me not to tell. The papers for his patent of nobility have just arrived. He has been a little diffident about using it, but I have advised him to by all means. How splendid it would sound in America!"

"It shall never sound splendid for you in America. There shall be no vicomtesse with 'nee Brambach' after it: be sure of that," reflected Katherine viciously.

She and her father had been desirous to leave the hotel and go to the same pension where Miss Brambach was. A vacancy now occurred, but Miss Kincale changed her mind about it and decided to go at once to Rome, feeling that Belcourt would follow them—as he did. If she was not sure she wanted him herself she did not mean that that artful, designing Margaret Brambach should have him, at any rate.

Belcourt trod the Corso and the Piazza di Spagna like an old habitue; in Rome he was a better guide than ever. The party took up their quarters on the Quirinal for the advantage of the purer air; it is said that there and to the western slope of the Pincian, the pervading malarial fever does not penetrate; and they took care to have a sunny exposure and see that their windows were closed at night.

Katharine having got Belcourt—de Belcourt, as they call him now—away from a rival, cooled toward him again. But if the daughter took this tone the father made compensation for it by extra warmth. The leaven carelessly thrown out had worked well, and he scarcely concealed his eagerness to benefit by some of the financial schemes carelessly mentioned by Belcourt, and in which the latter seemed to find so much profit.

"There is a bare possibility of yet a new combination being made in the American railroad whose bonds I showed you at Paris," said Belcourt. "They think of buying up a parallel road—this secret is known only to two or three—and in that case the bonds would again double in value. But it is too good to be true, I don't expect it," he added indifferently.

"And in case it should happen, could an outsider like myself get in?"

"You know how difficult those things are; the promoters naturally want to keep all the benefit to themselves."

Indirectness and patience, as we have seen, had much to do with Belcourt's success. He had somehow learned the value of quiet and reserve; he cleverly imitated at will even the best social virtues. He took his risks of discovery as a Wall street man takes the risk of loss in his ventures on the stock board. He affected not to tell the things about himself most likely to advance him to credit; but brought down his director for British affairs and his director for French and Belgian affairs to tell them for him. These worthies, however, now figured under other names; they were continental noblemen of distinction.

The trio constituted a social power of considerable weight. The two last-mentioned appeared but rarely, while Belcourt, thanks to his facile talent at forgery, never wanted for opportune letters and testimonials from persons of high station. He confined himself chiefly to the American colony, who, whatever be said to the contrary, everywhere remain practically by themselves and isolated from the intimate life of the country. He gave them dinners and excursions, which were the more appreciated, as they were generally persons living on small incomes.

Thus he made himself a temporary position and popularity. Mrs. Stanberry Clifford, a noted celebrity-hunter in Rome, a light-headed woman whose opinions hardly endured longer than for the time they were passing from her voluble tongue to the ear of the listener, chose him for a card in her salon, and praised him enthusiastically to Katharine.

"Very well," reflected the latter damsel, "since everybody else thinks he is so fine, why shouldn't I? I'm not in love with him, to be sure, but that isn't necessary, and it will sound very well in New Haven."

Mrs. Stanberry Clifford thereupon had the pleasing excitement of announcing the engagement, and this coming match, between "another American beauty and one of the most distinguished European titles," was flourished by the newspaper correspondents throughout the world, and cast envy over many an American breakfast table.

Belcourt, with lover-like eagerness, insisted that the marriage should be a speedy one, but he knew full well that his position was not such as to stand either the usual delay or the publicity of any marriage in due form. He racked his brains diligently to find some means of expediting matters.

"If she had a trace of Bohemianism in her make-up, one might persuade her of the romantic delights of running away," he reflected, "but that is impossible."

His idea was to get the pair in motion again; in travelling about his chances were better that something might happen, and, at any rate, that he could move on ahead of detection. He began to talk much, therefore, of the exceptionally bad winter they were having. He called everything, even to the mildest zephyr, the tramontana—the cold, pernicious wind that sometimes prevails and searches the very bones—and said so much tramontana had never been known in Rome.

He got them off, under pretext of going to the warmer Riviera and so on to Paris, for the purchase of the trousseau. He himself had given her quite astonishing diamonds. She was never weary of arraying herself in them and studying the effect before the mirror. A man who could give such presents might well inspire confidence. So thought both father and daughter.

He persuaded them, since they had come by way of Florence, to return by the little travelled route through the Maremma, up the coast, claiming that it was all a most interesting country, and thus they should see the port of Civita Vecchia and Pisa with its baptistery and leaning tower.

This accomplished, he held a little session with his director for British affairs.

"A messenger is to come in haste, as if from the United States minister, and call out Prof. Kincale 'for a moment,' just as the train is about to start," he said. "Another man, like a railroad hand, will stand by and explain that the train is delayed this morning, and will not leave for a good quarter of an hour yet. Kincale will bite, and be left behind, and we will go on without him."

"Clancy will not do to take a hand in this?" suggested the other.

"No, Clancy, d—n him! I dont know why I keep him dangling about in this way, paying expenses. You see yourself I can't get any use out of him. You take him back to Florence with the baggage; I'll get around to that place again before long, and then we'll see what we are going to do with him."

"It would be handy, too, if some clergyman happened to be stopping at Civita Vecchia just as we reached there," added the Vicomte de Belcourt. "I don't conceal from you that the idea is that if we happened to get lost a bit together, left over at one of the small way-stations ourselves—who knows, maybe over night—she might be ready to get married off-hand, without all the regulation flummery."

"Good! these high-toned society affairs make me sick," assented his companion, with a wink. "As to clergymen, how does something of this kind strike you?" And first putting up his white handkerchief for a band, he twisted his own features into a most sanctimonious expression.

"Perfect; you'll do."

"Agreed then; it's understood."

"Good! I count on you."

His purpose then was to compromise Katharine, and appeal to her sense of the proprieties to marry him. He had meant really to marry her, because he was enamored of her after his way, and had spent so unprofitable an amount of time in her pursuit, and to take his revenge for the tantalizing way she had treated him. He meant to make Kincale pay well for his lost time as soon as he was fairly established as his son-in-law. And he meant to abandon this bride, be it well understood, as soon as convenient afterward, for it by no means consisted with his way of life to drag a wife about the world, much less an honest one.

The train for Civita Vecchia was standing in its station, opposite the baths of Diocletian, in the early morning, ready to start, when Prof. Kincale was hastily addressed by a messenger, who said: "The United States minister is waiting in his carriage, and wants to speak to you a moment." Kincale looked distractedly at his watch and then around the compartment. A courteous railway official, standing by, assured him that he had ample time, as there was a necessary delay.

It so happened that there really was a delay, and the plot failed. The premature gleam of triumph with which De Belcourt had regarded the winsome figure of his companion turned to chagrin, and Prof. Kincale hurried breathlessly back and resumed his comfortably padded seat. He could not explain the mystification that had been put upon him; he had been led a regular dance through and around the station without any apparent meaning. Belcourt, as if in sympathy with him, swore under his breath at "the stupidity of the Italians."

There was but just time; the train pulled out immediately. Past the temple Minerva Medica, past the fortifications and the Porta Majora it sped, under the aqueduct of Acqua Felice, over the Appian Way, through the district of shabby kitchen gardens, across the Tiber upon its iron bridge, and so along the route of the ancient Roman road, the Aurelian Way, which the railroad follows.

The Maremma has been a desolate expanse of woods and marshes ever since the decay of agriculture in the later days of the Roman empire. The hamlets our travellers passed, always at a distance from the railway, were poor and squalid, as well they might be, for during more than a third of the year the country was totally uninhabitable on account of malarial fever. It produced a little charcoal and firewood and pastured some cattle, and boats called at a few small ports along the coast and carried away this coal and wood.

Now and then a solitary hut was seen with a figure near it, as remote-looking as a wild Indian, and about the stations were often clusters of wild-looking herdsmen in goatskins or long cloaks. It was not a district in which the stranger would like to be left behind to make his way alone—though to be sure the serviceable cloak and deep slouch hat often enough cover plenty of simple honesty and good will.

The Alban and Volscian mountains sometimes showed blue in the distance, and when the coast was reached there began to be salt meadows precisely like those at New Haven, with rambling castles and watch-towers scattered along them in the edge of the water. But Katharine Kincale had not come so far for salt meadows such as one could see anywhere on the Connecticut coast.

"I thought you promised us agreeable scenery," she said tartly.

"I think it will improve," stammered Belcourt. "But those are very historical mountains yonder, and these watch-towers were built to protect the country against the Saracens and later the Barbary pirates."

Miss Kincale rolled up her eyes. "My sympathies are with the Saracens and the pirates," she said; "the poor things must have been wretchedly misinformed."

Prof. Kincale kept returning to the singular thing that had happened to him at Rome. To put them in a pleasant frame of mind, Belcourt drew out a package of bonds with large red seals stamped upon it.

"Everything good seems to come my way at once," said he, favoring Katharine incidentally with a flattering glance. "I have been saving a piece of good news for you; the railroad deal I told you of has been made, and I have a batch of the bonds for you. I promised to try and get them, and I have kept my word. They have been placed to you at the original price; today they are worth double; so that in this bundle you have a clear profit of $32,000." With that he leaned forward and placed them in Kincale's hands.

"This is too much," protested the professor confusedly. "Besides, I have not the funds with me to pay you."

"That's no matter; pay me when you get ready. I trust, as your son-in-law, business formalities need not be quite as strict between us as between strangers."

Katharine was quite touched with this princely generosity; it was like the diamonds over again. But she said archly: "Papa isn't a very safe repository for valuables if he's going to get left by the trains."

"We'll take care that doesn't happen again," responded her affianced.

CHAPTER XII.

A ROAD THAT LEADS FROM ROME.

Meantime Belcourt, baffled in his first plan, was striving hard to replace it with another. At the first station he went back and found an exceedingly clerical-looking individual in a rear car.

"Bluffed! done-up!" said he, sententiously.

"Hum!" said the clerical-looking person, and awaited further advices.

"At next stop, of Ponte Galera—no, Ponte Galera is too near Rome—at the stop after that, Palidoro, do you stroll forward as if by chance and I'll introduce you to them as an old friend. We must manage to make them get out. You do the heavy respectable and entertain the father, but be sure you have him get aboard; while I will manage to detain her. If necessary, I'll have some accident happen to both of us. There's only one train a day just now, but I'll tell her there's another in a quarter of an hour, and so we shall have to patronize Fra Diavolo's albergo."

But when they arrived at Palidoro Katharine positively refused to get out; she was very comfortable as she was. The pseudo-minister came up, was introduced, and chatted affably through the window.

"It's quite a coincidence," said he; "we might have a wedding at once." Whereat Katharine blushed and pouted, not wholly pleased.

"You shall pay well for this, my lady," Belcourt was muttering to himself through his clenched teeth.

He feared he might have shown his displeasure, and alighted at the station of Santa Marinella, to seek some little memento of flowers or fruit that would help to repair the lack of policy, if so.

Something unusual was transacting on the other side of the train. The settlement was at a distance, after the usual custom, and he found himself alone in the station. Not even the ticket-seller was there. All the world had run around to the other side of the train to see a donkey put on board who was making an extraordinary resistance. The desperate braying of the victim filled the air.

Belcourt cared nothing about this, but stepped on the lonesome outer side of the building, thinking to find there the venders of whom he was in search.

No sooner had he rounded the corner than a stalwart, sunburned fellow, into whose arms he almost ran, laid hands upon him violently, and called to another to come to his aid.

"Per Baccho!" exclaimed the first, "this is a lucky day for me. Tie his legs, Battista! tie his legs! Don't mink his kicking, man; I have him tight by the windpipe. Good! now that the gag is in, do you hold his arms a bit while I lash them."

"Blessed if I know what it's all about, Flaminio," half grumbled the other, obeying directions to the letter, however.

"I'll tell you what it's about, Cousin Battista," in hoarse but guarded excitement. "This is my man of four years ago, who got away from our jail up at Cervetri, and eternally disgraced me by giving me the slip."

"You don't say?—Well, you'll give me a share of the reward you'll get for taking him back, won't you?"

"If you'll help bundle him in the cart and not stand hulking there. I'm all in a cold perspiration; he may have friends who'll be round the corner after him in a minute."

The two men had a large heavy wain, with a green canvas top, drawn by oxen, and in it was a load of charcoal. They kicked and cuffed their prisoner fiercely by way of reducing him to submission, dragged him along without the slightest ceremony, lifted him and threw him into the cart, where they hid him from possibly inquiring eyes under a part of its load.

"Per Baccho! per Bac-cho! but this was lucky chance for me," went on Flaminio. "Now I'll probably get my place again, that they put me out of. What a happy idea it was that I should come down to make a visit in your village, Cousin Battista, and that we should be drawing a load of charcoal here just at this time!"

"I'll wager a handful of soldi it's due to the candle I put up to our local saint last week. She has done well by me and shall have another—that is, if you divide the reward you get for this capture with me."

"As to dividing, that is a matter to be discussed in all its bearings, but you shall have your fair share. Never fear, you shall have your fair share."

Vernon Belcourt was so taken by surprise in this sudden attack and so stunned by the violence used, that it was a considerable time before he recovered his faculties clearly. He found himself lying on his back looking up at the canvas-top of the wagon. So many times had the cords been wound about him by excess of precaution, that he found himself as stiffly swathed as one of the peasant babes or bambinos of the country.

If rage or deadly malice could have killed, his captors would have stood small chance, but he could do nothing. He heard the train in which he had come rattle away without him. What a difference of fate between him and his travelling companions! What an abysmal gulf opened between them by a single step and in an instant of time! They were to go on up the coast to the freedom and brightness of the world, and he was to be immured in the gloom of an Italian prison. For it did not need the taunts of the man named Flaminio to acquaint him with what had happened.

"Now you're a pretty one, aren't you?" exclaimed Flaminio, leaning back occasionally to wag his head at him in derision, where he lay helpless and rancorous as a rattlesnake with sting extracted and pinned to the ground with a forked stick.

After a while they pulled the gag out of his mouth as rudely as they had put it in.

"Don't you go to making a noise now," enjoined Flaminio, "or I'll batter you to a jelly. Not that it makes any great difference," he muttered to himself, "for there's nobody round here to hear you."

"Are we going to Cervetri?" finally demanded Belcourt, meekly.

"To Cervetri? not by any means. Our jail up there isn't quite sure enough for rogues of your glib sort, it seems. We're bringing you where you'll be taken care of, this time. You're going to the bagno—the galleys—at Civita Vecchia. It so happens that it is quite convenient from here. They'll tell me what to do with you, at any rate, and most likely they'll keep you there altogether."

The prisoner groaned in despair.

"They'll give you a thumping good extra term, too, for your escape, mind that! You'll find it would have been a good sight better for you to serve your sentence out."

A part of the captive's chagrin was for the petty nature of this original sentence. It was so small an affair that it remained in his memory only with contempt. He had been in hiding in the country about Cervetri, after some very clever frauds by check-raising at Naples. His ruling passion had got the better of him, and he had tricked one of the rural proprietors out of a few hundred francs. Carelessly miscalculating his dates, he had been condemned for this and incarcerated in one of the mandamentali or local jails.

Such a prison, with its single keeper, was, to one of his cosmopolite experience, only an object of derision. He remained there long enough to help throw pursuit off the scent in the larger affairs, and then, almost at his own convenience, walked out through the two feeble bolts and bars by which he was held.

This was one of the experiences he had told in the course of the social evening at Liverpool, making those bluff worthies, "Red" and "Yaller," roar over it. "They might as well lock an able-bodied man up in a cheese-box," he had said with a jeer.

The ox-wain jogged on, creaking and jarring laboriously over the bare brown country. Belcourt's proud mind abandoned its firmness. Thrown out from the midst of luxury, cast down in the moment of his triumph and the scornful self-glorification of his superior wisdom and cunning, he was abased below the lowest of men. It is such bitter moments as these perhaps, even more than those of their regular punishment, that revenge the cruel sufferings such malefactors inflict upon the honest part of the world.

He crawled in spirit, descended to the veriest obsequiousness; he endeavored to bribe his captors, then begged, whined and wept. His pleadings were wholly without avail. Once indeed, Flaminio reached back and struck him a heavy blow with a stick by way of quieting him.

The ex-jailer himself had relapsed into silence for the most part, and the talking was chiefly done by Battista, who more and more recommended himself for his share in the reward, as the end of their journey was neared.

They passed under a frowning portal beside which paced a sentinel in uniform. Vernon Belcourt was delivered up to the galleys of Civita Vecchia, one of the strong prisons of Italy.

Had he been able to raise his head, in passing, he might have seen the Kincales, father and daughter, at the door of the Hotel Orlandi, just leaving for the railway station again.

When he alighted at Santa Marinella, their attention was at once drawn to the commotion on the other side, of which mention has been made. The business of shipping the donkey was calculated to call forth a smile even in those least provided with the sense of humor. There was no hoisting apparatus of any kind and no gangplank, but a numerous and excited group of men were endeavoring to lift the animal by main force, by means of a rail thrust between his legs, which were stoutly tied together in pairs.

Once the rail broke, and another had to be got. The brayings of the affrighted animal, lying upon his back with his feet in the air, were enough to astonish girls and men. The attempt was not a success after all the desperate efforts, and the train moved on without the freight.

It was to such a circumstance as this that Belcourt owed it that he was kidnapped absolutely without sight or sound of it to any human being. How constantly are the most commonplace affairs, if not the actually amusing, interwoven with the tragic and dreadful! Yes, Shakespeare was right to let the fool enter upon the footsteps of Lear.

The conductor slammed the doors of the train and latched them sharply. Belcourt was not missed till then. He did not run along and jump on in his agile way. "He has probably got into another compartment," finally said Prof. Kincale, accounting for him. But when the train stopped for some time, a way further on, and he did not appear, it was against that.

Was it possible that he, so brisk, so versed in travelling, could have been left? It was hard to believe, yet it looked like it. At Civita Vecchia there was no better satisfaction. The missing companion did not appear. There was Kincale with all the large amount in bonds in his possession, and he was filled with alarm. Suppose something had happened to Belcourt, would he be involved in grave suspicion as having an interest in it?

Owing to backwardness in languages the couple were not able to make their inquiries of the train-hands very lucid.

"Oh, he is too smart to get lost," summed up Katherine; "let us go to the hotel and wait. He will send a telegram or come by the next train."

But they learned that there was no train that day. They dined and went out to take a look at the moles and the lighthouse. There is nothing of great interest in this fortified seaport of Rome, a small place of some 12,000 people. In the afternoon the landlord of the hotel suggested, as a way of passing the time, that they might go and visit the prison. Had they gone they would have known well what had become of Vernon Belcourt. But—"I have no taste for such gloomy sights," said Miss Kincale.

As the day wore on, Prof. Kincale's anxiety about the bonds increased. "What if Belcourt does not turn up at all, and search is made after them?" said he. "I ought at least to declare them, perhaps deposit them in a place of security, and put myself properly on record."

With this aim, he sought the American consular agent.

"To begin with," said he, "I will ask you to verify this package of bonds in accordance with the list. After that I will state the circumstances."

"I do not know whether you are aware or not that these bonds are forgeries," said the consul almost immediately.

"Forgeries?"

"It so happens that I am in a position to know: I am just back from London, and my attention was especially called to them there."

"Forgeries," repeated Kincale feebly; then, with a great effort, collecting himself, "I feared as much, but did not expect to find a good judge so near. There is no need in that case of saying more. I will advise you of further details at another time."

The information was a thunderbolt. It let in a flood of intelligence upon his mind, somewhat obtuse as it was. In his heart he no longer blamed Marlington; had he not himself been upon the brink of infinitely greater follies? All these months they had been warming a viper; they had been narcotized by the cold and baleful breath of an arrant scoundrel, whom only a lucky accident had kept from destroying them.

He took his daughter, and without more ado hurried northward. At Florence the information about the bonds was confirmed. He submitted the valuable gift of diamonds also to expert examination; it was as he suspected; they were a glaring imitation in paste.

Then and then only he disclosed to his daughter what had happened. Needless here to describe her cries, her swoons, when overcome by this astounding disappointment. Not a word, not a syllable to any outsider, no attempt to search for Belcourt; the only safety and discretion seemed to be in absolute silence. Katherine wrote to Margaret Brambach affectionately, and mentioned in passing that the engagement was off, and had never really amounted to anything, and asked her to give this as much publicity as she could.

But naturally they could not go back and face America at once; they must give New Haven time to accustom itself to the falling through of his brilliant prospect. They turned their course to Marseilles therefore, took the Messageries steamer on which Sergt. Von had returned from the Orient six weeks before, and sailed for Egypt.

Sergeant Von, on arriving in Liverpool, had been met by a full budget of information from Inspector Byrnes. He was further met by another detective, sent over from New York pending his arrival, who had been at Paris and collected much useful material concerning the recent trials there, which he turned over to Von in resigning the case into his hands.

The principal feature of the matter furnished by the inspector was Belcourt's New Haven swindle, which, after the statements made by Marlington, he was able to give in full detail. The inspector had also corresponded further with the various other victims of the gold-making trick, urging them for the good of society to abandon their reserve and unite in a determined effort to overtake and punish the malefactor. Not one would yet agree to make his identity public, but many ransacked their memories anew for vivid personal recollections, and one insisted on contributing liberally from his purse to the fund which the inspector could legitimately use in this kind of extended pursuit, urging that no expense should be spared.

The sum of the descriptions, as before, only displayed the extraordinary talent displayed by Belcourt in the use of disguises. Everywhere he had borne a different appearance, and each time with perfect success. Only two small details stood out from the rest with a certain uniformity, viz., the slight cast in the eyes, and the musical habit with the peculiarity of never continuing his playing later than 10 o'clock in the evening. The inspector advised Von also that a certain Prof. Kincale and daughter, joint victims with Marlington in the fraud at New Haven, were travelling in Europe, and that he should apply to Prof. Kincale if a favorable occasion offered, with a view to getting some fresher personal details about the evil-doer.

With this, Sergt. Von—affecting to be a commercial traveller in the employ of an English house dealing in spices—set out for Paris.

The French officials, after having made life still more wretchedly miserable for the victims of the ingenious mill-stone frauds, as before chronicled, had adopted the theory that these were perpetrated by a real Russian professor, or ex-professor, fallen from grace, one Blovonsky, who had been several times arrested for rascalities. Having excitedly followed this clue for some time and at last found it in error, they practically gave up the chase, and turned back with the more attention to the matter of the political excitements.

Sergeant Von found the worthy Prof. Felicien Chamart still crushed under his weight of grief, with his two pretty daughters near him. They had not yet left their pleasant garden, but would soon be under the dire necessity of doing so.

He listened with untiring patience to their statements, but got little benefit from them or from those of the Abbe Laporte either. The Prof. Marcus Cadwin of New Haven and Prof. Rostopoff of Paris appeared to be two quite different men.

At the Hotel Fenelon, however, it was learned that the latter had played the piano, and it was the impression he had stopped early in the evening.

"But, mon Dieu! he was here so little," said the manager, "we know hardly anything about him."

"And when he was not here?"

"We do not make it a habit to follow our guests. All that is known is that one of our employes, who has a brother in the Grand Restaurant des Fleurs in the Passage des Panoramas, by chance met him a couple of times going up stairs there. It is said he had relations there with an Irish groom who was wanting for a place."

Von's heart gave a thump; this mention of the Irish groom called to mind Clancy, the hotel porter, of whose connection with the New Haven case the inspector thought not half enough had been made, and who, since he had effectually disappeared at home, might have followed his master to Europe. He ceased for the time being to be a commercial traveler for spices and went among the English grooms at Paris as one who was engaged in introducing saddlery and stable furniture. From them he heard of a certain Irish groom who had had a room for a time in the Passage des Panoramas, and for whom some fine friend at the Grand Hotel was looking out to get him a place.

"But he got down on his luck, and went and got a lodging over near the Ecole Militaire," said his informant, "and I fawncy 'e's left Paris, ye know."

He found a half-English estaminet with billiard-room, near the Ecole Militaire, patronized by farriers, stablemen, and such-like people, who hung about the vicinity in the chance of employment from the officers in that great institution, and the large cavalry barracks.

"Bless you! I remember that man well," said one of these horsey persons, "forby his being the biggest I seen in Paris this many a long year. He had a crib somewhere in the Rue du Gros-Caillon, if I'm not mistaken."

"And when did you see him last?"

"When did I see him last?—paradin' off with himself from the Gare de Lyon to try and get a job among the Swizz or Eyetalians or Egyptians for what I know. 'Ain't you got the cheek?' I says, 'and you not knowing a word o' any o' the forin lingoes.'

"'Worse luck for the furriners then,' sez he, 'that don't be knowin' anny o' my lingo.'"

He bore this in mind for future use, and then went to the Grand Hotel. The lead was too indefinite; nothing was remembered there of a gentleman who had had a protege for whom he was going to get a place as groom. Such things were common enough; they might happen any day.

Sergeant Von, having made the most of his several clues, finally bethought him of the Kincales, and went to Monroe's bank in the Rue Scribe as the likely place to get their address. It was kept there sure enough. As it was being handed out to him by an affable clerk over the counter, a stout, bluff-looking gentleman, who was reading at a long table where there were numerous papers, addressed him.

"I crossed on the steamer with your friends," said he, "and, as luck would have it, just as you spoke up I happened to be reading an item about 'em."

Von looked at the newspaper displayed to him, and read one of the paragraphs going on about the engagement of Katherine Kincale to Vicomte de Belcourt.

"Particular friends o' yours?" demanded the bluff stranger.

"No; only acquaintances," replied Von, knowing very well what this meant, and anxious in the way of his profession to hear all sorts of opinions.

"Well, if they was I should be rather sorry for 'em on account of this here engagement. He didn't call himself count on shipboard; he's picked it up somewhere since."

"Ah, you knew him, then."

"I didn't want anything to do with him; I didn't like his looks." This was the wealthy brewer whose "knife-swallowing act" at table Belcourt had been accustomed to ridicule. This mockery had somehow come to the ears of its object, and he was burning ever since for revenge. "We were all together at the Grand Hotel too, and I saw he was making up to the girl. I was there when they started for Italy. If I was any friend o' that family I'd warn 'em against him. A cross-eyed, piano-thumping, hypocritical jackanapes, that's all he is," summed up the informant, blowing with avoirdupois and anger.

"Cross-eyed? Was he cross-eyed?"

"Oh, not all the time, but it would come and go."

"You say he was a piano thumper. Ever notice whether he knocked off rather early in the evening or not?"

"Yes, that was another of the things that made me mad; he'd knock off about 10 o'clock sometimes when there was quite a crowd around. It was his d—d hypocrisy. He'd talk about early hours and so on; but then he'd go upstairs in the smoking-room and skin young Chingley of his money—for he could beat fresh young noodles of that sort, and that's about all he could do. I met Chingley in London, and he told me about it."

Sergeant Von's heart now beat a regular rat-a-tat-too of delight; he appeared to have all his solutions at once. Thus it appeared that there had been at Paris—in the Grand Hotel—at the very date of the mill-stone swindles, an individual with a slight cast in his eye, a musical taste, and the habit of stopping his piano at 10 p. m., and that this individual had come from America within a very brief time after the New Haven fraud.

This individual called himself Vernon Belcourt, and, having the name, Von was now able to complete his chain of circumstances at the Grand Hotel. He found a hackman, a habitue of the court yard of that institution, who did in fact remember that Belcourt had had some relations with an Irlandais—an Irishman—from the Passage des Panoramas.

"The incredible thing," soliloquized Von, who had learned caution in all his toilsome adventures round the world, "is that this same man who defrauded the Kincales at New Haven can have become sufficiently intimate with them to be about to marry the daughter."

This seemed so incredible in fact as to almost vitiate the whole structure. But he cabled to Inspector Byrnes and received most reassuring replies. The Kincales had barely seen the swindler in his disguise at New Haven, and even Prof. Kincale probably not enough to know his voice.

Surely crime and punishment now were nearing a point of junction, and the career of a scourge of the laws and society was approaching its end. The course was perfectly plain sailing henceforth, since it was advertised even in the newspapers.

Sergeant Von set out for Italy, and was in Rome a week after the party had gone down to Civita Vecchia.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GALLEYS OF CIVITA VECCHIA.

The energetic detective easily got track of the party in the Eternal City, and had no misgivings at all when he learned they had left it. He expected to overtake them immediately.

His chagrin at finding that only two persons had stopped at the Hotel Orlandi in Civita Vecchia, and only two had started thence northward, was very great. What did it mean? what had induced the affianced lover to part company from the father and daughter at such a moment, and where would he rejoin them?

He hurried back to Rome, and inquired yet more particularly at the station there; perhaps Belcourt had not even left Rome. He heard of the episode of a messenger having summoned away one of the party just as the train was leaving, and perhaps this was really Belcourt and not Kincale, and he might not have got on board again, though the people thought he had. They were all very confused and flighty in their accounts; it was not at all like inquiring among English-speaking informants.

Torn with uncertainty as to which way to turn, it seemed to him that the Kincales were still his principal resource.

"The very first thing," he said, "is to find them and hear their story; any explorations without that may be worse than wasted. Besides that, he will probably rejoin them presently."

He sent telegrams after them through their various bankers, but these either miscarried or were ignored by them. In Florence at length he heard gossip about the broken engagement.

"They have heard something unworthy about him; he has quietly slipped away, and they mean to smoothly drop him," he said. "They think they know him at last, but if they really knew him they would be the most eager of all to deliver him over to justice."

"What luck, what luck that it should have happened just at this time," he complained; truly, Ludwig Von, for a detective, you are not born under a favorable star. "If he had only held on a few days more, it would have made no great difference to them, and then we should have had him securely in our grip."

It appeared that one among his telegrams finally reached the Kincales. It had been to their Paris banker's, and was by him forwarded to them at Marseilles. The reply to it was of a cold and repellant character that confirmed Sergeant Von's view. It read:

"Know nothing about the person mentioned. Mistake to suppose our relations have been intimate."

Von could have knocked his head against the heavy wall of the Palazzo Vecchio with spite—for he was again in Florence—when he read this.

"The thing still to do is to follow and see them at any hazard, since they are near," he said, however. "In a personal interview I can force or wheedle the facts out of them."

But when he reached Marseilles, they had already departed for Egypt. He stood on the dock, looking off in the direction in which their steamer had sailed, between the long breakwater and famous Monte Cristo's Chateau d'If, and actually wept at all these disappointments of this long and baffling chase.

It was a momentary weakness, however, that by no means put an end to his indomitable perseverance and pluck. He coolly gathered his faculties and reflected as to the next step to be taken.

The result of these deliberations was that he returned to Italy and entered upon a most thorough examination up and down the line of the Civita Vecchia railway. But fortune was certainly against this poor man.

There was no account of such a person as Belcourt having entered any of the small places along the line, where his coming would certainly have made remark. There were no stories in the neighborhood of disorderly bands or of crimes against person or property, to make one think that, if he had alighted, he might have fallen a victim to violence.

Von's theory was that his man had purposely slipped away, from some mysterious motive—perhaps from some fear of impending discovery. He extended his researches to Cervetri, and even as far as Corneto and Viterbo, all round about, but without a ray of success. If the Italian local authorities too, to whom he applied, knew anything of the case—which it is quite likely they did not, since the arrest may very well have been secretively kept within the knowledge only of those immediately connected with the prison—they told him nothing. It is not the way of the continental authorities to communicate information very freely, and these may have dreaded some foreign interference which would have had the effect of snatching the criminal from his deserved punishment.

Having done all he could in this field without avail, Sergt. Von next sought to come upon the trace of Clancy.

It was not easy, since Belcourt had communicated little with his faithful henchman since coming to Italy. Nevertheless, among various Hibernians Von heard of as connected with horseflesh there was one who seemed to correspond pretty closely to the description. Von was the more encouraged when it appeared that this man's movements had been eccentric. He followed his track southward and learned that he had embarked from Naples in a steamer for Spain. It was with a sigh that the detective faced the idea of this long voyage, but it seemed the only thing to do, and he followed.

To give a mere catalogue of his wanderings in Spain would be without interest. He was at Barcelona, Malaga and Cadiz. From Gibraltar he crossed over to yet a new continent, to Tangier in Africa. He went on mule-back from Algeciras to Tarifa, and by diligencia from Tarifa to Cadiz in Spain again. Thence by railway to Seville, to Toledo, Madrid and Santander. From Santander back to Bayonne in France, by steamer from Bayonne to Bordeaux, and from Bordeaux once again to Paris.

Such is a part only of the route he passed over; and as every man killed in a battle is said to require the previous consumption of at least a ton of lead, so, no doubt, many a thousand miles may be travelled over in vain in the process of following the true course of a wily criminal.

Nor was the individual thus pursued even Clancy; he turned out to be an English, or Irish, jockey who had defrauded his master, an Italian nobleman of high rank, in important racing matters, and was seeking to bury himself in concealment. Sergeant Von was the means of having this rascal handed over to punishment, so that his journey was not wholly without advantage; but then, more discouraged than he had ever been before, he cabled again to Inspector Byrnes.

The inspector himself was not a little puzzled and grave over the report forwarded to him. But the fund placed at his disposal was for the very purpose of meeting unusual difficulties and it was a great step forward, at last, that the real criminal was known, and effort need not be wasted on others. He felt that the search ought to proceed, and so ordered.

Sergt. Von, still adhering to his view that the Kincales, willing or unwilling, should be his principal point of departure, thereupon followed them to Egypt. But they were coming down the Nile just as he was going up, and he missed them and did not overtake them at all till they were quietly back in New Haven again, in the United States of America.

They were disposed to be much more communicative then, but they could tell him absolutely nothing more of the fate of Belcourt than he knew himself. That unprincipled travelling companion had suddenly dropped out of existence, so far as they were concerned. They had been in constant fear that he might turn up to trouble them, but as the long months rolled on and he gave no sign, they confidently hoped that he might be dead.

The naval battles of medieval days were fought with the aid of galley-slaves, criminal or political. In the great sea-fight of Lepanto, where Don John of Austria so signally beat the grand Turk, more than 5000 Christian captives, kept for the propulsion of the vessels, were set free. Far later still malefactors continued to be condemned to this punishment; they ate, slept, lived or died chained to their benches and the laboring oar, with but the merest vestige of a protection from the elements.

But something more than a hundred years ago, the galleys were finally abolished, the name alone remaining to mark an obsolete yet picturesque form of punishment. The galleys of our day are simply the usual prisons, and that of Civita Vecchia was constructed quite after modern ideas.

A great central rotunda was the leading feature of the Bagne, or galleys, of Civita Vecchia. In its centre stood an altar, on the steps of which a priest, in gold-embroidered vestments, every morning celebrated a mass. This holy service, which, if it did little good, could do no harm, was equally seen from every part of the jail; while four great halls, opening from the centre like the arms of a cross, divided the prisoners into groups unseen by one another. In these halls the prisoners worked, and their strong cells were arranged in tiers around them.

Here Vernon Belcourt appeared dressed in a suit of coarse canvas, a red cap on his head, and a heavy ball and chain attached to his leg and waist. He reported himself as a weaver, having picked up some small knowledge of this craft in former prison experience to save himself from harder tasks. Close shaved and cropped, with his somewhat aquiline features and bold, roaming black eyes, he had a thoroughly lost expression of audacity, cunning and malice. Nobody who had seen him with that look could ever have been taken in by him, for none would for one instant have trusted it.

He, the brilliant trickster, who duped all the world, gathered and spent fortunes, and had been just about to marry a young and beautiful woman, rose now before the tardy sun, passed his day in heavy drudgery among the scum of the earth, and had scarce enough even of the coarsest food to keep off the pangs of starvation.

It galled him inexpressibly, too, to have been taken for so small an affair; he figured it to himself as if he were a kind of Napoleon who, after standing Arcola, Austerlitz and Jena, had been taken by a corporal's guard of rapscallions almost within his own lines.

At first he was morose; then he soliloquized cunningly: "Let us make the acquaintance of the brethren and learn the traditions of the place. It won't do to be too proud. Perhaps some opportunity will offer for getting out."

He was a master of all those slight movements of the hands, the features and head, and of the almost imperceptible coughs and tappings out of which prisoners have organized an alphabet to communicate among themselves. The cell next to him on one side was divided from his own by a sheet-iron partition, in which, near the floor, some holes had been patiently fashioned, as is said to often be the case, through which he could communicate stealthily even by word of mouth.

His neighbor on that side was a man who had been put in for life for poisoning an innocent family, yet so tender was he of his own comfort that he often cried in a maudlin way over the character of the food given him. Belcourt found no great satisfaction in his company; nor was there any others who could give him aid or comfort. There was no way of communicating with confederates outside, even if he had had any, and it was not a mere country jail of cardboard and chalk, with which he had now to deal, but a castle of granite, iron and steel, surrounded by bristling bayonets.

He had been the annoyance of the English prisons in which he had abode, by addressing excellently worded memorials and complaints—in accordance with law—to the governors, and he tried the same tactics here, but all these were summarily suppressed.

Then he affected to fall sick, and got admitted to the hospital. With astounding pertinacity he kept his bed for several months, growing actually as pale and thin as an invalid in the last stages of decline, in the hope that as a dying man for whom no hope existed the medical officer would order his release. Tired out in this by a patience and vigilance exceeding his own, he went back to his cell and gradually recovered his normal condition.

His sentence was but for a year, which might seem no very great period to one who had experienced so much greater; yet his moroseness returned in a very morbid, excessive degree, and he formed at last a desperate conclusion.

"Why should I live?" he asked himself. "Have I not had enough of life and to spare? Did I not mean to get rid of it even in my boyhood? The green sluices of Louviers ought to have received my body then, and saved me an infinity of trouble ever since."

He seemed filled with a thorough disgust not only at the failure of his recent plans, but for all the plans he might henceforth make. It was no thought of the wickedness of his life that disturbed him in the least; it was the failure to secure the satisfactions he had desired. No restraint, human or divine, had been allowed to stand in his way, yet what real pleasure had he had? The result of it all was only unutterable boredom and vexation of spirit.

"Now then let us end it," said he coolly.

But even this was by no means easy; in so strict a prison it was not allowed even to kill oneself. He watched his opportunity to secure some weapon, some appliance, but was as rigorously baffled in this as it had been some keen enjoyment he was seeking.

It was the year of the earthquakes in Italy, and one day there was a shock that made the stout walls of the prison sway. A panic ensued among all its inmates, and if the prisoners had not been even more alarmed than their keepers a serious break for liberty might have occurred before these latter had returned to cover them with rows of levelled rifles.

But Belcourt only half smiled at this convulsion of nature; it had no terrors for one who had devoted himself to death already. He utilized the brief respite of discipline to secure the one object he could lay hands upon which might further his purpose—the can of oil used to fill the poor lamp in his corridor.

While the confusion was still on he tore his bedding and clothing to strips, made a pile upon the floor, soaked it well with the kerosene, set fire to it, and then extended his body over it, to put an end to himself by burning.

The smoke rolled thickly into the hall, and his neighbor, who had poisoned a small family, taking it for an extension of the earthquake terrors, fell upon his knees and prayed a thousand saints all at the same time. The keepers ran and dragged the wretched victim of a misguided fortitude, and his own warfare against mankind from his self-constructed funeral pyre. He was terribly burned, yet showed an unexpected vitality. In a few weeks he was out of danger, and in a couple of months was dismissed from the hospital as cured.

The rigid rules of the prison permitted no such escape from legal confinement there, but Belcourt openly boasted that when he was free he would repeat the attempt with more success. The prison doctor, who heard this threat, shrugged his shoulders over it, much as if one should say in English,

"A good riddance."

But meantime the prison authorities extended his sentence again by some months, as a punishment for this flagrant breach of discipline.

Nevertheless, these months too rolled along like the others, and Vernon Belcourt was once more free. He did not carry his plan of suicide into immediate effect, firmly as he had intended it. There was a strange, subtle fascination in the outer air of freedom which he would not have believed, even when he had nothing to live for. How gloriously bright the sun, how pure and stimulating the air, after the iron servitude to which he had been subjected! Even the dull salt-meadows along the shore seemed blooming and redolent of fragrance like gardens.

He had wandered down the coast in a half-peasant guise to the vicinity of Naples, when the earthquake shocks recommenced. The charming island of Ischia was principally shaken, and much of it destroyed. Fugitives poured over from there, and others on the mainland abandoned their homes in affrighted, destitute bands seeking relief.

Belcourt found himself by accident among them, and it gave him a new standing and departure to represent himself as one of them. Shelter, food and clothing were provided, and the manly King of Italy, Umberto, and his sweet and sympathetic Queen, Margherita, went in person to offer comfort to the afflicted.

A remnant of Belcourt's fox-like cunning revived, and after these favorable circumstances he went northward with quite a little sum of money in his pocket. At Geneva he fell in with Clancy again. Clancy was walking a horse up and down the Petite Corraterie, exercising him, and patiently trying to accustom him to be handled about the head. He flew at Belcourt, and nearly wrung one of his hands off in his hearty delight.

He was for going off with him at once, never thinking but that it was right for him to rejoin him and abandon all other employments without more ado. But Belcourt forced him to take back the horse to his employer, and made an appointment with him to come and join him at a future time in orderly fashion.

This meeting with Clancy, and the unimpaired devotion to him exhibited by his former servitor, quite succeeded in restoring his confidence, and he began to plan again as if it were a world to be lived in, and not simply to die in.

He told Clancy some facile yarns, invented on the spur of the moment, and these were the more readily believed as they agreed with something Clancy had already heard.

"The directhor for British affairs he come to me at Florence, afther we lavin' Rome, and says, says he: 'Misther Belcourt is mindin' an intherprize that nades all his time,' says he, 'and has got to be kep' very quiet,' says he. 'You an' I'll take a thrip wid the baggage, and kape out o' sight for the sake o' good influence,' says he. Wid that he takes me away out o' the place, and we thravels about, layin' very low intirely, as ye might say. Afther a while he laves me to shift for mesilf, and I gets a job here wid a man be the name o' Prince Grampool. He has a fine place intirely over beyant at Pregny, not far out o' this. I'm livin' wid him now goin' on a year."

"And you like it?"

"I wud if it wasn't for the divil's own lingoes they do be shpakin' in all these forin' lands." It's glad enough I'll be whin we git back to our own agin."

Such was Michael Clancy's account of himself in the meantime. He had not long to wait for his aspiration to be gratified. They moved on up through Germany, and paused a while in Brussels.

There Belcourt sentimentalized a little over a certain house, in which it appeared some person he had once known had died. But he also had been despatching telegrams, and he met there some of his London pals with whom he organized "The Discretionary Turf Investment Society." He had had it in mind before, and it now seemed to him the best thing he could take up. He communicated with Andrew Naylor of the Currycomb Inn, Blackwell, London, and with James Dyce of the Western Breeze Club, Tottenham Court road, and found them still willing to go into it. They were to talk up the matter on the tracks and among the racing fraternity who frequented their places.

"But, now," demanded his former director for French and Belgian affairs, "what the devil do you mean by it? Blessed if I understand the first syllable of what's up."

"The field of finance has been pretty well worked, and now I propose something new."

"You are a cute one if you've got anything new; I'm satisfied with a new lot of gulls for the old tricks."

"You'll see. In the almost universal taste for racing nowadays there's a domain rolling in money that's never been worked. And the money's handled by people who are just burning to throw it away. You know it often happens that a man may want to change a bet he's made on a certain horse on the very day of the race, but he can't always be there to do it. Now I propose an agency to take charge of his money in all those matters and look after it for him."

The listener smiled broadly.

"You do wrong to grin; it will be of the highest character of integrity as well as ability, and will furnish absolute guarantee against loss."

"Then I fail to see where the rate of profit comes in."

"O ye of little faith!" retorted Belcourt, who could quote Scripture at need. "We will simply ask people for their money; they will send it in, and never see a sign of it again. I call that a rather good rate of profit."

"And if they come down on us?"

"They won't do it immediately, and all things human have their day. It won't be the first company that's gone by the board, nor the first time we've taken a change of scene for the good of our health."

He had forgotten already his late ignominy and suffering, and was ready to plunge into his iniquities more deeply than ever.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAJESTY OF ENGLAND RECEIVES A SHOCK.

The carrying out of this scheme required the preparation of check blanks on a bank that never existed, the printing of an imaginary newspaper, and other similar details.

Vernon Belcourt, with his ready pen, prepared the editorial matter for this paper, the object of which was to eulogize in the

highest terms the Discretionary Turf Investment Society and record its pretended transactions and successes. Copies of this were mailed to the dupes, and the members of the partnership travelled about making acquaintances of the promising sort.

The higher game was left to Belcourt. He went to Biarritz, Pau, the Isle of Wight and elsewhere. He was not an Englishman any longer, and nobody ever heard anything from him now about his Warwickshire estates, nor his noble connections, Lord Bramwell of Champerhouse and Gen. Presburg of the Guards. He assumed instead, alternately, the titles of the marquis whose wall had bordered the modest garden of Prof. Charmart in Paris, and the prince in whose service Clancy had been at Geneva—having drawn ample details about the persons in question from these two good authorities. If by chance he met anybody who seemed to know them he replied with consummate coolness:

"Oh, you must mean the other branch of the family, the cousins. Yes, they too have the right to bear the title."

Clancy was much puzzled again by this new assumption of names. His master said to him:

"I only borrow their rubbishy titles a little; I don't want to keep them. There is no law against giving yourself a handle to your name, and if I were really going to take one for good, I wouldn't call myself simply count or prince, but make it emperor, and be done with it."

Illiterate Clancy—for what with all these distractions he had made slight progress even with his reading and writing—hardly knew whether this was serious or not; but it is probable that if the ingenious master had chosen to call himself King Belcourt or Emperor Belcourt, the servant would have accepted it with a certain amount of good faith.

Belcourt took care, however, not to frequent persons of securely established position, where he would have been most exposed to detection. He devoted himself rather to stragglers, nouveaux riches, and others not likely to be well posted.

In particular there was a certain old French marquise, who had quarrelled with her family and come over to take up her residence in Norfolk, near Sandringham. This misanthropic old lady, gouty, rheumatic, and obliged to keep her bed half the time, had had a good-for-nothing husband, now dead, whose one passion and occupation was the turf. Though she had despised him, she had learned perforce, from his talk and paying his debts, much of the modus operandi of betting. Now that she had no great use for her funds, while the passion of avarice ever increased upon her, the matter being put before her in a plausible light, she was easily led into investing on the race-track, in the expectation of large gains.

Belcourt paid her a visit, and drew from her $25,000 at one time and $17,500 at another. This visit bored him greatly otherwise, and in the intervals when he could escape from attendance upon his client he occupied himself in seeing what he could of the Prince of Wales' favorite estate. Its entrance gates are a famous piece of modern iron work, and the game was so plentiful that pheasants were flushed out of the stubble as if they had been partridges.

The prince himself came down for a few days with a retinue of his gentlemen. It was perhaps a sight at close quarters of the heir apparent—whose role seems to have been, in anticipation of his future sovereignship, to take an affable and popular air with all the world—that put yet more exalted ideas in his head.

The money furnished by the marquise enabled him to gratify his natural taste for luxury. He took, in London, a yet handsomer lodging than before, and a country place in Herefordshire (the owner of which he hocussed out of his rent, be it well understood), where he kept hunters and entertained in handsome style. It was even given out that this foreign notability was intimate in the family of the exiled French emperor at Chiselhurst, and if they ever returned to the throne he would have an important position.

The turf fraud succeeded even better than had been expected of it. The victims were kept in good condition by crediting them with large profits on the books, and inducing them to try again, while small sums were sent back occasionally to those who positively insisted upon it. With success Belcourt's social ambitions mounted; he aspired to the highest strata and even the court circle. The London season had begun, that assemblage of all that is important in social display, and he appeared everywhere in the dress and equipage of a gentleman.

But some distinctive feature was necessary to lift him briefly out of that gay throng; mere title or money would not do it where both were so common. The happy inspiration flashed upon him in reading his morning newspaper. The Italian earthquake shocks had recommenced more violently than before, and public attention and sympathy were greatly aroused by them.

At length, on the 28th of July, the final crash of doom came, and hapless Casamicciola, chief town of the lovely island of Ischia, dear to artists' eyes, was wholly wrecked, and 2000 lives, many English travellers among them, were lost.

Whoever could ride upon a wave of popular interest was certain of notice, and this catastrophe afforded this opportunity. Vernon Belcourt made a visit of preliminary arrangements to the thieves' citadel in the Seven Dials, and then issued forth to take up a new habitation and new way of life, as the mayor of Casamicciola. He had letters from the prime minister and even from the king of Italy commending him to favor, and written upon the official paper, or something quite like it.

The doors of Saint James' Palace were thrown open at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and the guests were filing into the Prince of Wales' levee. It was one of those entertainments which he gave to men only. They were slightly less formal than the Queen's, trousers, for instance, being allowed to be worn instead of the more stately knee-breeches and stockings.

The grand chamberlain announced loudly, "The Russian Embassador!" "The Austrian Embassador!" "The Greek Envoy!" The members of the diplomatic corps had the right to enter first. Then followed the other distinguished personages.

The heir of England's throne stood surrounded by a brilliant staff, including many of the princes of the blood royal. To those whom he particularly wished to honor he gave his hand. The grand chamberlain announced in turn:

"The mayor of Casamicciola!"

What was Belcourt's astonishment to find himself also favored with a grasp of his royal highness' hand! Though his brazen forwardness was presumably equal to anything, yet this was a very exalted and ethereal atmosphere for one like him to breathe, and for a moment he almost lost his faculties.

"Tell me all about it. It's a great pity. I've been there myself. Did you see it?" said the prince, with his familiar air of good-fellowship.

Belcourt rolled up his dark eyes after the approved manner of an Italian improvisatore. "Ah, my poor Casamicciola! my lovely Casamicciola!" he replied, "every step there was a picture."

He had read the newspaper accounts, he recalled the cracking of his prison wall, and his experiences among the refugees from the former shocks; and with these recollections he inspired himself. A little group gathered round him after he had left the prince and his narrative was an entire success. He took care not to make it too long, for polite society does not like to be bored with too much of any one subject, even a very good one.

A few days later found him at one of the concerts at Buckingham Palace, the last the queen was going to give before her immediately approaching departure for Scotland. Royalties throughout sat in gilt chairs just before the orchestra, but the guests were free to stroll in through other handsome apartments, taste the supper at the buffet, or look down from the balconies upon the gardens and playing fountains. There was full regalia here, splendid uniforms surpassed even the magnificence of the women. There were Scotch lords with bare legs; officers of the Guards in scarlet and gold, with their high boots; Hungarians in purple with a bordering of fur, and members of the Russian bodyguard in costumes so wholly embroidered with gold that nothing else could be seen.

Vernon Belcourt, in his court dress, passed in the midst of this like a lord of olden days. The Prince of Wales often took advantage of these occasions, after the regular supper, to move about and increase his popularity by speaking to those he knew. He recognized Belcourt.

"Well, how goes it?" he asked good-naturedly, and passed on.

The Princess of Wales was there too, with her sweet, half-timid manner; there were swarms of peeresses in tiaras whose names recalled all the glories of the crusades, and among them American beauties, the taste for whom had already set in.

Just after the prince had spoken to him, and while he was thinking in a dazed way whether he might not turn back and ask him for some colossal favor, Belcourt perceived Lady Blythewood. His one fear all along had been lest he should meet her, for he felt that she would see through his various disguises, no matter what they might be. Her beautiful arms and neck were bare, with the corsage low, after the usage of the court, and upon the snowy expanse thus displayed rose and fell an ornament of opal and diamonds.

She was at some distance and had not perceived him. Before she should find an opportunity to do so, he took his departure, and his heart breathed freer when, in the fashionable intelligence the next day, he read of her departure from town.

His success was quite dazzling, but he had not yet determined how to turn it to account—to financial account, which was in the long run the only real success.

"Why not use it," he reflected, "to seize upon the great fund being collected for the relief of the Italian sufferers?"

The thought electrified him. It was proposed that this fund should reach $100,000, and $60,000 of it had been already collected. "If I act while it is still incomplete," said he, "the chances are good, but if I wait till the end the proper guardians will be on hand to receive it."

The money was deposited with the Rothschilds in their bank in London, and the treasurer was a member of the Queen's household, who had gone up with her to Scotland.

"So much the better," commented Belcourt, on this latter point. "it will be all the safer for me to operate up there, away from too inquisitive observation." And he took the train by Carlisle to Scotland.

Across the famous border that has supplied so many romantic deeds to song and story; through Edinburgh and Perth to Aberdeen, and thence, by the Deeside railway, 45 miles to Ballater, a sort of Interlaken in the midst of the Scotch Highlands. The fast trains were on now that the Queen was at her castle of Balmoral, and he ran in an hour the distance that would otherwise have taken two.

There was a merry tourist bustle in progress, coaches arriving and departing, bugles blowing, pedestrians tightening their girths for the start or throwing off their knapsacks after the healthful fatigue of mountaineering, and all the inns crowded. The pretended mayor of Casamicciola was only nine miles from Balmoral now, and desired to feel his ground, but could not get a lodging. The last beds at the principal inn had just been taken by a gay coaching party, of which Lady St. Gilpin, the daughter of Roderick Tunbridge and friend of Lady Blythewood, was a conspicuous member.

He had no better luck even at the long white buildings of the water-cure establishment at Pannanich Wells. He caught the afternoon coach, therefore, and went on to Braemar.

He did not yet assume his character of mayor, but put himself into a Highland costume, somewhat between the tartan plaids of Lord Dalhousie and the Duke of Athole, the two great proprietors of the vicinity, and began a series of explorations of the country. He might make serious blunders for want of knowing it, and, like a general who looks well to his communications, he examined several of the passes in his rear.

Stopped sometimes by the gamekeepers, who jealously guarded the forests against interference with the deer stalking, he tried to give himself a half-official character as one of themselves. He might have been seen at Brechin, at Clova, and at Invermark castle, one of the farthest outposts set up by the lowlanders against highland incursions. His eyes rested upon smiling scenery that might almost have inspired even so hardened a heart as his, and again upon crags and pine forests and black mountain tarns as dark as his own thoughts and purposes.

But his principal task was to acquaint himself with the habits and doings of the royal household upon whom he was soon to attempt his coup. He saw the queen attend service at the modest little church at Crathie, saw her hunting-lodge and cottage residence along the beautiful sheet of water of Lake Muick, and the Shiel, or mere shelter, under Mt. Lochnager, in which she sometimes liked to seek an even more complete refuge from her burdensome state and splendor. He knew the look of the great white castle, the home farm, the private bridge over the Dee, and the many cairns set up on the hills to the memory of various members of the queen's family.

While Belcourt affected to scoff at royalty, its august presence, the greatest of the powers of the earth, fascinated and awed him. For a little while he even gave up the project that had brought him, in the consideration of another. Extraordinary ideas stirred dimly in his brain; was he not born for greatness, like many another? He aspired to effect some purpose upon the Queen herself.

To swindle the Queen of England to her face would put him in his own estimation upon a par with the Napoleons and Alexanders. He dreamed of being a knavish Sir Walter Raleigh, for instance, who should first overturn her carriage, then affect to rescue her, and finally receive her gratitude in the form of knighthood.

"She would take the sword of that old fogy of a Maj.-Gen. Sir George Carthorne, her equerry in waiting, whom I am to interview," he soliloquized, "rap me on the shoulder with it, and say: 'Rise, Sir Vernon Belcourt; you have deserved your sovereign's gratitude.'"

"I do not know how it may be about your sovereign's gratitude, but I certainly know you don't deserve mine."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

### Where the Legend Comes From and Its Original Meaning.

[Margaret Gangewer, in Notes and Queries.]

It is said that the Jewish original of this celebrated cumulative is an altered translation of an ancient parabolical hymn which the Jews were wont to sing at the feast of the passover. It was written in the Chaldee language, and may be found in "Septer Haggadah," volume xxiii.

There is a tenth stanza beginning: "Then came the Holy One—blessed be He—that killed the Angel of Death," etc.

The following is the interpretation of the parable:

1. The kid, one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father who purchased it is Jehovah, who is represented as sustaining this relation with the Hebrew nation. The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.
2. The cat is the Assyrians, by whom the 10 tribes were carried into captivity.
3. The dog symbolizes the Babylonians.
4. The stick or staff signified the Persians.
5. The fire indicates the Grecian Empire under Alexander the Great.
6. The water betokens the Romans, or the fourth of the great monarchies to which the Jews were subjected.
7. The ox means the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the authority of the Caliph.
8. The butcher denotes the Crusaders who wrested the Holy Land from the grasp of the Saracens.
9. The Angel of Death is the Turkish power, by whose might Palestine was taken from the Franks.
10 The beginning of this stanza was designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, where they will dwell in safety under the rule of the long-expected Messiah.

### There's Money in It.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

"How can I turn an income of $3000 into $12,000 a year?" suddenly asked a thoughtful-looking man.

"Let me see," replied an Alabama street man; "what are you doing now?"

"Nothing."

"What do you want to do?"

"Nothing—I simply want to enjoy life on my income."

"Well, I'll tell you how to practically turn your $3000 into $12,000. Go and live in a small town, 30 or 40 miles from Atlanta—a town with very few rich men in it. You will find that your expenditure of $3000 a year there will make you a nabob, and your wife will be regarded as the Lady Bountiful of the place. You will be a bigger man there and have more fun than you could on $12,000 a year in the city. Of course you would not be confined to the country. You could make an occasional raid into the city and have a good time."

"Good idea," remarked one.

"There's money in it," said a feeble-looking clerk.

### He Regained His Nickel.

[Washington Post.]

A clean, shrewd-looking gentleman stepped into a street car on Pennsylvania avenue yesterday afternoon and took a seat inside. The conductor, who was in a conversational mood, turned to a gentleman who stood upon the platform and said: "You saw that man who just got on?" "Yes." "Well, I saw him do the foolishest thing one day last winter that any man ever did." "What was it?" "He got on my car and gave me a dime out on the platform. I handed him a nickel and in trying to put it into his pocket he dropped it and it rolled off into the slush. He made a dive for it, and in jumping off the car fell down and daubed himself all over. I stopped the car, but he said to go on, that he was going to find his nickel, so he pawed around in the soft snow until he found it, hopped aboard the next car, paid the nickel to that conductor, and reached home one car later and a good deal madder and mussier than he would if he had stayed on my car and let his nickel go."

### Breakfast on the American Plan.

[Harper's Magazine for August.]

Mrs. Brown—Is this hotel on the European plan?

Mr. Brown (in preoccupied tones from behind his paper)- Yes, my dear.

Mrs. B.—I am not feeling hungry this morning. I think I'll merely take some coffee and rolls.

Mr. B. (laying aside paper)—What were you asking me, my dear? On the European plan? No; it is not.

Mrs. B. (to waiter)—You may bring me an omelet, some shad, mutton chops, with a bit of bacon, baked potatoes, rolls and coffee, and afterward some griddle cakes and syrup.

### Six for Fifteen.

There were six of them on the seat of an open horse car, bound for Salem Willows, an elderly lady, two younger ones and three children, all over age.

"How much for the crowd?" asked the prettier girl of the two, as she flashed a fascinating smile on the ticket puncher.

"Fifteen cents, miss."

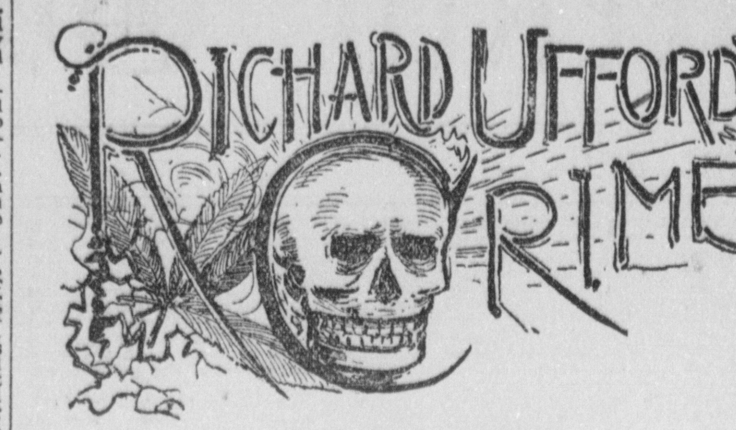
And he took the other 15 out in conversation, while the passengers smiled.

### Undoubtedly Honest.

[Harper's Bazar.]

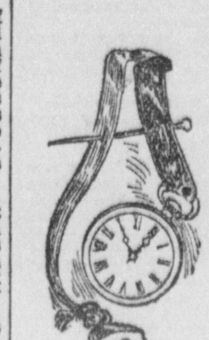
I see in the dictionary that honest means chaste."

"Then Browne must be honest. He was chased all the way to Canada by the police."



By H. M. STEELE.

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AT precisely 10 o'clock one bright morning in the month of April, Richard Ufford, clothed in a new spring suit and wearing a flower in his buttonhole, emerged from the fashionable gentlemen's boarding-house where he lived, and strolled down the sunny side of the avenue. Richard was happy. He was at peace with himself and the world and as he stepped briskly along he twirled his light cane and whistled bits of his favorite airs. He was tall and handsome, and though 35 he looked and felt fully 10 years younger.

He continued on his way, whistling or humming to himself, and occasionally smiling at some pleasant recollection of the evening before, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and was suddenly brought back to this earth by hearing his own name bawled into his ear. He turned in surprise, and found himself facing a large, stout, jolly-looking man, who, from his dress, was plainly not a resident of New York. Suddenly a light broke over Richard's face and he exclaimed, as he grasped the stranger by the hand:

"Why, is it possible—can this be Capt. Tom Hart?"

"Not only can, but is," replied the other with a laugh. Dick, you haven't changed a bit; I should have known you anywhere."

"Why should I change or grow old?" returned Richard; "but Tom," he continued earnestly, "I can scarcely realize that this is really you. Where have you been and what have you done during all these years?"

"Oh, sojourning in the tropics," replied Capt. Hart gayly, and he linked his arm in Richard's, and turning, walked on with him, "After we came back from our summer in the mountains together," he continued, "you went to Italy and I drifted off to South America."

"I recollect," interrupted Richard, "that when I came home from the other side you had disappeared. And you never thought it worth your while to send me a line," he added, reproachfully.

"But the mails down there are so uncertain," replied Hart; "and then I was away—miles away—from any place where I could send a letter. I have been ranching, mining, and living all sorts of strange lives in all sorts of strange places since we lost sight of each other."

"The climate there evidently agreed with you," observed Richard, glancing at the portly form of his companion.

"Yes," assented Hart, "it did. I tell you, Dick, it's a great country, and a fellow runs across no end of strange things down there. For instance now, not so very long ago, in the course of my wanderings up and down, I happened to stumble on a certain thing which, when properly used, produces the most astonishing results you could possibly imagine. It has saved my life a dozen times, and has been of the greatest use to me in a good many ways; and yet I found it by the merest chance." The captain paused, and then continued musingly. "Not the least important thing about it is the immense advantage it gives me over other people."

"Why, what sort of advantage? What is it?" asked Richard, who had not yet recovered from the surprise which the captain's unexpected appearance had occasioned.

"Well," replied the other, laughingly, "I don't expect you'll believe me, but I've found out how, with very little trouble, to make myself invisible."

Richard received this astounding intelligence incredulously. "Invisible? How absurd!" he cried. "Why, man, you're wandering."

"No, I'm not, but I will," said Hart, and producing something from his pocket he popped it into his mouth, and before his companion could realize it had totally disappeared. Richard stood and stared about him in astonishment. What should he do—call the police? "No," he muttered angrily to himself, "they couldn't help me find a man who goes out like a candle."

Then, as there was no one to talk to, he walked on, shivering slightly and feeling a little doubt concerning his sanity, when, to his great surprise, what should he see coming round the corner but the burly form and jolly red face of Captain Hart, who had so suddenly and mysteriously vanished, and who cried as he came up:

"Ah, didn't I do it? What do you think now? Shall I try it again?"

"No, no, don't, I beg of you!" cried the bewildered and trembling Richard. "It is altogether too startling. But tell me how you do it. It is wonderful, wonderful!" he continued, still rather pale from the shock.

"Oh, it's easy enough; I'll call around and give you some if you like," returned the captain. "You can have no end of fun with it; but never mind it now. Tell me about yourself, and what you have done during all these years since I last saw you."

Richard's story was not long, nor was it very full of incident. A bachelor of means, he had lived thus far only for himself, and his life had been an idle one. He had wandered all over Europe, but latterly had lived entirely in New York. There was one event in his life of which he was careful not to speak. He sedulously avoided any reference to his great and growing love for Mrs. Theodore Radcliffe.

He had long worshiped this lady, and while he felt sure that she could not be insensible to the many graces of his person, yet because he and Mr. Radcliffe were, and long had been the bitterest enemies, his opportunities for meeting her were limited to those occasions when they found themselves guests at receptions and on similar occasions, at the houses of their common friends. Of all this, however, he did not speak, though the story of his life, as he told it, sounded very dull and commonplace to him without this incident. During the remainder of their walk, the two men who had lived such widely different lives since they had last met continued to revive old memories of their former friendship.

That night, true to his promise, the captain called on Ufford. As he rose to go at the end of a half-hour's talk on indifferent matters he produced from his pocket a small parcel, which he opened and displayed a great many little dried plants, with roots, stems and leaves complete. Taking one up in his fingers, he explained tersely:

"You eat the leaves and you disapper; you eat the root and you come back. What could be simpler?"

The next day Richard called at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where Capt. Hart had told him he was stopping, but was informed that no such man had been there. He was a little puzzled, and finally dropped in at the office of the Aspinwall Steamship Company, where he inquired for Hart. To his astonishment he found that they had no record of any such passenger. Then he remembered the curious plant which produced such wonderful results, and he understood how the economical captain had used it.

The next day being Sunday, Richard concluded to try some experiments on himself with the plants which Hart had left him. So, locking himself in his room, he stood before the glass, and bit off a piece from one of the leaves and swallowed it; and to his alarm he instantly disappeared. Hastily swallowing some of the root, he had the satisfaction of beholding himself gradually becoming visible, like a view in a magic lantern. He was so delighted with the result that he continued to eat and appear and disappear for some time, still standing before his glass. Then a thought struck him, and he almost fainted as the infinite possibilities of the drug suddenly dawned on him. Presently it occurred to him to go and see Mrs. Radcliffe while invisible.

"For," he reflected, "if I can't speak to her (and a man who can't be seen has no business to talk), I shall at least see and be near her." Accordingly he swallowed another bit of leaf and started for the door. He tried to open it, but to his astonishment his hand seemed to pass easily through the solid oak. He took a step forward, and found himself outside, the door not appearing to offer the slightest resistance.

"So," he said to himself, "I am disembodied, then. I wonder if people can hear me!" he added, struck by a sudden thought, and he shouted aloud, but no one heeded him, though there were many passing. He was not satisfied, however; so he ran down the steps, and with his mouth close to the ear of a respectable old gentleman who was passing, shouted "Fire!" with all his strength. The old gentleman continued placidly on his way without paying the slightest attention.

"Probably deaf," muttered Richard, and turning suddenly he screamed "Murder!" right in the face of a young lady who was walking rapidly along, a prayer-book in her hand. Then he stepped aside and dealt her a violent blow, but his hand encountered nothing. It seemed to pass directly through her body, and the force of the blow turned him half way round; but she walked on, serenely unconscious that she had been so brutally treated. He danced along the street like a schoolboy.

Occasionally he would dart into a house, through the closed door, and pass rapidly from room to room, seeing strange sights; good-looking servants listening to the artless prattle of wicked old husbands whose confiding wifes had gone to church, or coming quite unexpectedly upon quarrels in amilies where peace was universally supposed to reign triumphant.

Diverting himself in this way, he finally reached the house of his enemy, Theodore Radcliffe. Boldly mounting the step, he passed through the closed door and into the parlor. It was empty. There was no one on the lower floor, but reclining, with coat off and vest unbuttoned, fast asleep in a steamer chair on the back piazza, he encountered Radcliffe.

"You rascal!" cried Richard, shaking his fist in his enemy's face, "I'd like to thrash you," but the unconscious man snored peacefully on. With a little gesture of disgust, Richard left him. He went back into the house and up stairs, and soon found himself in front of Mrs. Radcliffe's door. He hesitated. "This is brutal," he thought, but added quickly, "anyhow, she can't see me," and stepped through the door.



ANYHOW, SHE CAN'T SEE ME.

Mrs. Radcliffe was sitting at a table, her head resting on her hand and her eyes turned toward the window. Richard crossed over and sat down on a stool at her feet. For a long time she did not move, but at last she rose and going to the bureau unlocked a drawer from which she took a photograph. She seated herself at the window and looked long and earnestly at the picture. Presently she sighed a little, and something in her eyes shone like tears. Richard's curiosity was excited, and he went over to her and looked over her shoulder. The likeness was one of himself, which he had given her not long before. He now felt a little ashamed at his spying on her, and soon after withdrew.

As he walked along the street toward his own home he was suddenly confronted by Capt. Hart, who greeted him boisterously. Richard was thunderstruck. He thought he had somehow become visible, and was terrified. But the captain speedily reassured him.

"You see," he said, "you're invisible to people generally, but not to me, because I'm at present in exactly the same condition as you are. If you'll look closely you'll see that I appear sort of shadowy. Other people can't hear you talk, but I can—same as you can hear me."

Richard felt relieved. Together they walked on till the captain suddenly suggested that they go to church. Richard made no objection, and presently they found themselves walking up and down the aisles of a popular church on upper 5th avenue, listening to the music and occasionally addressing a remark to each other. The first time the captain spoke Richard started, feeling sure that people must hear him.

But as no one took any notice this feeling gradually wore off, and when the singing ceased he suggested that, as he was a little tired, they should sit down. So they seated themselves on the steps of the altar, where Capt. Hart immediately fell asleep and snored quite as loudly, it seemed to Richard, as he possibly could when plainly visible, though no one else appeared to hear him.

During the few weeks that followed, Richard and the captain went on many larks together. One day Richard had been to the riding school and was very tired. He sat in his room idly thinking over his past life, especially that part of it which had been so diversified by the use of the captain's drug, when suddenly a suggestion came to him which caused him to start up in his chair and fairly gasp for breath. He sat and pondered long, and at last arose with a determined expression on his face.

"I'll do it," he whispered to himself. "I will have revenge, love, and happiness all at one stroke. It's a beastly thing to do; but after all I don't really kill him."

Seating himself at his desk, he rapidly wrote the following note, which he despatched by a messenger:

"DEAR MR. RADCLIFFE—I have come to believe that I misunderstood you last summer—perhaps willfully; but we cannot be friends again? Come and lunch with me at noon tomorrow. Let us at least talk it over. Faithfully yours,

"RICHARD UFFORD."

To this Mr. Radcliffe responded that he had long desired a reconciliation, and that he accepted Mr. Ufford's invitation with pleasure. Richard's conscience smote him as he read this; but he stifled his better feelings, and went to bed fully determined to carry out his plan so hastily conceived.

Accordingly the next day the two gentlemen lunched together at a fashionable restaurant near Madison square. Richard managed to drop one of the leaves among the parsley which garnished the grouse, and soon after had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Radcliffe help himself to it. An instant later the knife and fork dropped on the table with a crash, and Mr. Radcliffe's chair was empty. Richard calmly finished his lunch and paid the bill. The waiter seemed surprised when he came back and found one man where he had left two.

"He's gone on," said Richard indifferently, noticing the inquiring look on the man's face. Then he went to his room and thought the matter over. Although he assured himself that he had not killed Radcliffe, he had no sleep for many nights.

For some weeks great excitement prevailed among Radcliffe's friends concerning his mysterious disappearance, and every effort was made to find some trace of him or of his body, but, it is needless to say, without success. Then every one forgot all about it; most people, and especially those who were familiar with his rather careless habits, came to believe that he had fallen from a ferry boat or met with some similar accident.

As for Mrs. Radcliffe, she bore her loss well. Perhaps Richard's constant attentions and the many little services he was able to render her, consoled her. At all events they were quietly married the following spring. During the ceremony Richard fancied that the invisible Radcliffe was standing by his side and entering a silent protest against his outrageous act. But if so he made no sign and everything passed off smoothly. The happy couple went abroad, and Mrs. Radcliffe's house was closed—to all except her unfortunate husband.



HE STOPPED ABRUPTLY.

Of the feelings of poor Radcliffe it is impossible to speak without emotion. What tears, what groans, what curses did he utter as he raged up and down the silent and deserted halls of his own home, utterly powerless to interfere with the felicity of the enterprising and successful Ufford, or his wife, who were travelling leisurely through Switzerland. Radcliffe made the same curious discovery as Ufford concerning his voice, which sounded plainly enough in his own ears, but was inaudible to every one else, and of his ability to pass through closed doors.

He spent much of his time wandering about the streets in the vain hope that something would turn up to restore him to his natural self. He was often tempted to commit suicide. "But," he would reflect bitterly, "I'm as good as dead already, and as my body and clothes have entirely disappeared there doesn't seem to be much left to work on.

He was horrified at first (though aware that he was invisible) to find that when he stood before the glass no image was reflected. Alas, he could no longer see himself! "I wouldn't mind that so much, though," he would say mournfully, after a long look at the polished surface of the mirror. "I wouldn't mind that if any one else could see me; but this is so devilish lonesome." Then he would think how Richard had supplanted him, and he would almost choke with rage. "Curse him!" he would scream. "Why did he not murder me outright? Oh, horrible, horrible!"

Mr. Radcliffe's position was certainly unpleasant and altogether his summer was a disagreeable one.

In the fall Richard and his wife returned from Europe and settled down comfortably to housekeeping in Mrs. Ufford's old home. Richard had long since given up his bachelor's quarters and it seemed only natural that they should occupy the house, which offered every advantage, and which would otherwise stand empty. But it was not without some inward quakings that he prepared to take up his abode in his wife's house. He thought, and rightly too, that the disembodied Radcliffe probably wandered about his old home, the scene of so many bygone joys, and sorrows too, for Radcliffe's life had not been all sunshine, and Richard longed to see him. But this desire never reached a point where he seriously contemplated seeking such an interview.

No; his disappearing days, he told himself, were over, and strong as his curiosity was, the thought of Radcliffe's probable reproaches kept him from gratifying it. But he found himself often thinking of Radcliffe, and how at that very moment the unfortunate man might be shaking his impotent fist and hurling unheard curses at him from the hearth-rug. Richard's moral nature must have been in a sad state at this time, since he never felt a pang of remorse for what he had done. On the contrary, he seldom thought of Radcliffe's dreadful plight without smiling; and all in connection with his act that troubled him was the dread that Radcliffe would by some means succeed in making his presence known.

He knew this fear was absurd, for he remembered how utterly unable he had been to make himself felt or heard while he was invisible; but still for some weeks it worried him. As time went on, however, and he became more accustomed to the house and furniture and surroundings, this fear grew less, and before many months had passed entirely left him.

Richard, in spite of all that he had gained, was not perfectly happy. The presence of his wife's mother was a constant thorn which grew worse daily, till at last he determined to rid himself of her as he had of her unfortunate son-in-law. It fell out about this time that she announced her in-



"YOU'RE THE FIRST BLESSED SOUL—"

tention of visiting some relatives in the country, and asked to have a lunch prepared for her in case she became hungry during her journey.

Here was Richard's chance. Hastily slipping into the kitchen when the cook was engaged in arranging Mrs. Denison's lunch, he sent her out on some trifling errand and placed between the slices of every sandwich one of those fatal leaves which the captain had given him. The result was all that could be desired. The old lady started on a journey which she never finished, and Richard was left in peace. She did come back, however, though he could not see her.

Invisible to every one else, she was not invisible to the disembodied Radcliffe, who was sitting moodily on the front steps, with his head on his hands, when the old lady arrived. Each seemed intuitively to know that the other was invisible before a word was spoken, and they fell into each other's arms and wept silently.

"You're the first blessed soul I've been able to talk to for seven months," sobbed Radcliffe.

"Hush," whispered the old lady, "they'll hear us."

"Hear us? Not much," he answered. "I've shouted till I was hoarse, and shaken my fist in their faces a thousand times, and they never paid the slightest attention. I tell you it's horrible," and he proceeded with a recital of his wrongs. When he had finished, the old lady related her story, and seating themselves on the stair they condoled with each other. As they were talking, Richard, wearing a contented look on his handsome face, came slowly down stairs and passed between them, unconscious of their presence. In the hall he met his wife, and putting his arm around her waist, he affectionately kissed her.

"That's it, now you see what I have to endure," moaned the unhappy man on the stairs. "That and worse every day, and I can do nothing. Oh, surely I did not deserve all this," and he fell to weeping again.

It was a long time before Mrs. Denison could realize how completely she had disappeared. She would start whenever Radcliffe spoke to her and it took some days for her to understand that no one else could hear him. But at length she became reconciled, and, in spite of her wrath against Ufford, a little pleased with the situation. There was an air of novelty about it not altogether disagreeable and it was a great comfort to her to be able to visit certain of her friends without their being aware of her presence; and many were the choice bits of family history that she treasured up for future use.

Radcliffe took no interest in this, however, but continually hovered about his wife and Ufford in a pitiful state of mingled rage and despondency.

For some months the situation continued unchanged. Radcliffe daily grew more bloodthirsty as he silently flitted from room to room, till the sight of Richard's happiness drove him from the house. The old lady, too, was becoming restive and impatient for a change. Even the pursuit of gossip under the peculiarly favorable circumstances had lost its charm. This was no doubt largely due to the fact that she had no one with whom she could share her secrets, except Radcliffe, who surlily refused to listen.

But a change was at hand. One afternoon about 4 o'clock Radcliffe was sitting on his doorstep, talking to Mrs. Denison, who stood on the pavement below, invisible of course to every one but each other. Suddenly Radcliffe started to his feet, for coming along down the street was a form which he quickly saw by its shadowy and unsubstantial appearance was in the same invisible condition as his mother-in-law and himself. The stranger, a large, stout man, saw them and stopped, staring.

"Hullo!" he said. "How the deuce did you get in this state?"

"That's it," replied Radcliffe, bitterly. "How did we? But here we are, and here I've been for more than a year,—and what wouldn't I give to be out of it!" he added hopelessly.

"Well," said the stranger, "perhaps I can help you. My name is Hart, Capt. Thomas Hart, late of Peru, and as far as I know I am the man who discovered the stuff you must have taken to make you invisible. But—"

Radcliffe, who had been listening impatiently, now broke out:

"For the love of heaven, if you can get us out of this fix, don't stand there talking; my God, do something!" And as the recollection of all that he had suffered swept over him he fairly danced with rage.

"Go easy," replied the captain, seating himself on the steps. "First, tell me how you ever got in this condition, and then perhaps I may be of service to you, for so far as I know there's only one way for you to come back to life, so to speak, and I am about the only man that knows it."

So the two unfortunate creatures poured out their tales of woe into the captain's ears, occasionally interrupting each other in their eagerness. The wealth of detail of which the old lady delivered herself was little short of marvellous. But when Radcliffe mentioned Richard Ufford as the author of their misfortune the captain gave a prolonged whistle, then slapped his thigh and burst into a roar of laughter, which, had it been audible, would have startled the residents for blocks.

"I'm sure I don't see anything amusing in that," said Radcliffe peevishly.

"Of course you don't," assented the captain, and then he broke out afresh. Presently recovering himself he continued: "Why, I gave Dick Ufford the stuff that has played the deuce with you myself. I told him he could have no end of fun with it, and it seems he has. Oh, this is rich," and he went off into another fit of laughter.

"Well," he said, as he again recovered himself and rose to his feet, "you couldn't expect me to go back on a friend, but I pity you; indeed I do, and nobody can ever say that Capt. Tom Hart has no feelings; so I'll tell you this much: The stuff Dick Ufford fed you was the leaf of a plant I found in South America. If you eat the root of that same plant it will bring you back to the world again. The next thing is, of course, to get the root; but I must be going. Good day."

Radcliffe and Mrs. Denison looked at each other in dismay.

"The hateful man!" exclaimed the old lady. "Never mind, Theodore," she continued resolutely. "He told the truth; the next thing for us to do is to find that root, and I mean to do it."

But Radcliffe only sighed as he slowly followed her through the closed door and into the house.

The captain leisurely took his way down the street, his mind full of what he had just heard. "Dick Ufford a rascal," he mused to himself. "I can scarcely believe it. How utterly unlike the Dick I knew years ago. Wonder what I'd better do? Go and see him; that'll be wisest."

At the first opportunity Captain Hart, in his proper body, called at Richard's house and was shown into the study. Mrs. Denison and her son-in-law silently entered the room and seated themselves on the sofa. In a few minutes Richard appeared and greeted the captain effusively, but with a certain nervousness in his manner that was very amusing to his visitor. After the first salutations were over, and as they seated themselves, the captain said:

"I have been away, you know, Dick, and only came back a day or so ago, and your marriage was about the first thing I heard of."

"Oh," returned Richard, glancing about him a little uneasily, "I have been married some time now. Mrs. Ufford—my wife—was left a widow a year ago this last summer, and our wedding took place the following spring."

"Let me see," said the captain slowly. "Radcliffe died or went off about the time I was here last year—just about the time I gave you that disappearing plant, wasn't it?"

"Well, I—I don't remember," replied Richard doubtfully. "Did you have a pleasant journey, captain?"

"By the way, Dick," remarked the captain, totally ignoring his friend's question, "I suppose you haven't any of that plant left; did you use it all yourself, or did you give the secret away?"

"No, for heaven's sake don't let us talk about it," answered Richard, looking around fearfully.

"Why, what's the matter?" inquired Hart.

"Nothing, nothing at all," replied Richard, hastily. "I once had rather an unpleasant experience with it, that's all."

"Dick Ufford," said the captain, pleasantly, "you're a rascal. I know the whole story."

"It isn't true—It's a lie! Who told you?" cried Ufford, springing to his feet.

"Sit down, Dick, my boy," said the captain, soothingly. "I didn't mean to excite you; I shouldn't have spoken so quickly, but you seem to have forgotten that I am fond of roaming about while I'm invisible, and what is more natural than that in some of my wanderings I should run up against—"

"Great heavens," gasped Richard, "you don't mean to say you've seen him—and the old woman too?"

"Yes," replied the captain placidly "saw 'em yesterday, and they seem to be a little bitter toward you."

"I suppose it's all up with me," groaned Richard, and he sunk into a chair.

"Why, no it isn't," replied the captain, still smiling. "My moral nature may be a little twisted, but I don't propose to betray my friends."

Richard wrung his visitor's hand in silence.

"But I made a blunder which I came here now to correct," continued Captain Hart. "When these people told me their story yesterday it so worked on my sympathies that I told 'em what would bring 'em back again."

Richard groaned, but visibly brightened as the captain went on:

"But I didn't tell 'em where they could find it, and I came here to warn you that you had better hide what you have if it isn't destroyed already."

"Of course, of course," assented Richard quickly. "I should have thought of that. Here it's been lying in this box all summer, and they've probably seen it a thousand times."

"Fool!" thundered Captain Hart. "Why did you speak? Are you insane? Dont you suppose they're both of 'em here listening, and have already got half the root there is in the box?" and taking up his hat the worthy captain stalked away in great wrath.

Richard sat in his chair like one stunned. A moment later his wife entered the room. As she closed the door behind her she said, "Richard, were you quarreling? I thought I heard some loud talking just now. Why, my love, what has happened? How very pale you look!" and she went quickly to him. Richard pulled himself together with an effort.

"It is nothing," he said painfully, but with an attempt at playfulness. "My caller, an old friend, said something as he went out that disturbed me, and—"

He stopped abruptly, and following his wife's startled look his eyes met a sight which so filled him with horror that for a moment he could not move; for there, in front of them and scarcely six feet away, slowly emerging from the gloom, could be seen the waving and shadowy forms of Mrs. Denison and Theodore Radcliffe, the latter with pale face and gleaming eyes more resembling a fiend than a man.

A wail of despair burst from Richard's lips. Tearing himself from the arms of his wife, who, overcome by the fright and shame of the awful situation, while not yet understanding it, sank swooning at his feet, he staggered to the table, and just as the two returning spirits emerged into the full strength of their material being and Radcliffe, with a snarl of rage and hate, sprang at his throat, he thrust a handful of the leaves into h's mouth, and, flinging the box containing all that was left of the fatal root into the fire, he vanished forever.

## THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

### Eight Pairs in 1850 Have Increased to 275,716,983,698 in 1889.

[New York Times.]

According to the most authentic information that can be obtained, the English sparrow was first brought to this country in 1850, when eight pairs were imported into Brooklyn by directors of the Brooklyn Institute. They were liberated in the spring of 1851, but did not thrive. The next year a large number was imported. Fifty were let loose at the Narrows, and in the spring of 1853 the rest were liberated in Greenwood cemetery, and a man was hired to watch them. They did well and multiplied. In 1854 and 1858 sparrows were introduced at Portland, Me., and in the latter year at Peacedale, R. I. Some of these birds escaped in Boston, but nothing was heard of them, and it was 10 years later when they were first let loose on the Boston Common. Twelve birds were liberated in Madison square, New York, in 1860, and four years afterward they were introduced to Central Park. In 1866 200 sparrows were set free in Union square. The following year forty pairs were let loose in New Haven, Conn., and a colony was established in Galveston, Texas. In 1869 1000 sparrows were imported in one lot by the municipal government of Philadelphia, this being probably the largest single importation of sparrows ever made to this country.

By this time the "craze" for the saucy little sparrows had become fully developed, and they were rapidly colonized in all parts of the country. Some idea of the marvellous rapidity of the sparrow's multiplication, the swiftness of its extension, and the size of the area it has overspread may be gained from the fact that at the close of the year 1886 it had established itself in 35 States and five Territories, occupying a total area of 885,000 square miles in the United States and about 148,000 square miles in Canada. In 1886 alone the sparrow spread over 516,500 square miles. It is a hardy, prolific and aggressive bird, intelligent, and with more than ordinary cunning. It is domestic and gregarious in habit, and, through the protection afforded by proximity to man, it escapes nearly all the enemies which check the increase of native birds. Besides all this, the sparrow had food and shelter provided for it for many years.

The fecundity of the sparrow is simply amazing. It is not unusual for a single pair in the latitude of New York or further south to rear 20 or 30 young in the course of the year. Assuming the annual product of a pair to be 24 young, 12 males and 12 females, and that all live, the progeny of a single pair would reach in 10 years the amazing total of 275,716,983,698. Reducing the annual number of young per pair to 12, and assuming that all live five years, the total increase of a single pair in that time would be 33,614 birds. Of course, the actual increase of the sparrow is only a fraction of these figures, but it rears, from four to six broods a year, with four to eight birds to a brood.

## A DAKOTA WHEAT-FIELD.

[Hamlin Garland in Youth's Companion.]

Like liquid gold the wheat-field lies,
A marvel of yellow and russet and green,
That ripples and runs, that floats and flies,
With the subtle shadows, the change, the sheen,
That play in the golden hair of a girl,—
A ripple of amber—a flare
Of light sweeping after—a curl
In the hollows like swirling feet
Of fairy waltzers, the colors run
To the western sun
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

Broad as the fleckless soaring sky,
Mysterious, fair as the moon-led sea,
The vast plain flames on the dazzled eye
Under the fierce sun's alchemy.
The slow hawk stoops
To his prey in the deeps;
The sunflower droops
To the lazy wave; the wind sleeps.
Then all in dazzling links and loops,
A riot of shadow and shine,
A glory of olive and amber and wine,
To the westering sun the colors run
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

O glorious land! My Western land,
Out-spread beneath the setting sun!
Once more amid your swells I stand,
And cross your sod-lands dry and dun.
I hear the jocund calls of men
Who sweep amid the ripened grain
With swift, stern reapers, once again.
The evening splendor floods the plain
The crickets' chime
Makes pauseless rhyme,
And toward the sun
The splendid colors ramp and run
Before the wind's feet
In the wheat!

### Car Drivers' Telegraphy.

[New York Star.]

I got on an 8th avenue car yesterday and stood on the front platform. Presently my attention was attracted to the peculiar motions of the drivers of other cars coming in an opposite direction and the jerky motions of the driver on whose car I was riding.

"What does all that mean?" I inquired. The driver, an intelligent young fellow, looked around, and in a surprised manner asked: "Don't you know? Why, I thought reporters understood them as well as we railroad men do. I can understand some of the principles of telegraphing, for I reason it out from our plan. That is our system of telegraphing, or sign language. It is simple enough, but it conveys a world of knowledge to us. We have a number of signals to tell us what is going on along the route."

"For instance," he added, "if the superintendent is anywhere on the road the driver passing him communicates the fact to all the other drivers on the route. The superintendent has a long beard. If a driver wants to tell me the 'super' is about, he will draw his hand down from his chin, indicating a beard, and move his fingers in a manner we all understand. I will then know the exact location of the superintendent, and will be able to guard against any possible break or infraction of the rules. We have motions to tell where the spotters are at any time, and can easily make up time if we should happen to be a half-minute or so behind. And we can tell of blocks, the doings of certain men on the road and a hundred other things without speaking a word. I suppose we fall into it instinctively, but the same sign-language will be found in use on every other road in the city. We have no reason to complain here for the company treats us in a very kindly way."

### Wealthy Women in Plain Attire.

[New York Letter to Chicago News.]

Some of the richest women are the least extravagant in their clothes, as is the case, for example, with old Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, who does not spend above $1000 a year, and the late Mrs. Gould not so much. Nelly Gould, who will inherit $15,000,000 or $20,000,000 and already has an income of $40,000 a year, spends about $2500 in dress. The late Mrs. A. T. Stewart was a fortune to the dressmakers, who put away $8000 or $10,000 a year on her furbelows. When she died and an inventory of her effects was taken her great white mausoleum of a house on Fifth avenue was found to be overrun with the most marvellous amount of clothes, laces, furs, bonnets and jewels, most of them very youthful in appearance, though she was over 70 years of age. Mrs. Astor dresses with a solemn, handsome expensiveness at the cost of $4000 or $5000 a year, and all of the younger Vanderbilt women spend a great deal of money on their clothes. Mrs. George Gould, who was Edith Kingdon, the actress, and who has been the quietest and most careful of women since her marriage, spends money like water when it comes to a question of clothes, and must put a good $10,000 a year in the hands of the dressmakers. Her dressmaker, by the way, is a woman who had a good deal of social position, but who, when financial misfortunes came, followed the example Englishwomen of rank have set of late years, and went into the milliner's business.

## JEFF DAVIS IN LOVE.

### A Letter to the Lady Whom He Afterwards Married.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The following letter from Jefferson Davis, then a lieutenant in the army, to Miss Sarah K. Taylor, who subsequently became Mrs. Jefferson Davis, was captured by an Illinois soldier during the war, and is now published for the first time:

FORT GIBSON, Dec. 16, 1834.—'Tis strange how superstitious intense feeling renders us, but, stranger still, what aids chance sometimes brings to support our superstition. Dreams, my dear Sarah, we will agree are our weakest thoughts, and yet by dreams have I lately almost crazed, for they were of you, and the sleeping imagination painted you not such as I left you—not such as I could like and see you—for you seemed a sacrifice to your parents' desire, the bride of a wretch that your pride and sense equally compelled you to despise; and a creature here telling the on dits of the day at St. Louis, said that you were "about to be married to a Dr. McLarmia," a poor devil who served with the Battalion of Rangers.

Possibly you may have seen him—but last night the vision was changed; you were at the house of an uncle in Kentucky; Capt. McCru was walking with you; when I met you he left you, and you told me of your father and of yourself, almost the same that I have read in your letter tonight. Kind, dear letter! I have kissed it often, and it has driven many mad notions from my brain.

Sarah, whatever I may be hereafter I will ascribe to you. Neglected by you, I should be worse than nothing; and if the few good qualities I possess shall under your smiles yield a fruit, it will be yours, as the grain is the husbandman's.

It has been a source productive of regret with me that our union must separate you from your earliest and best friends, a list to which the firmest of very few are equal, though giddy with passion or buoyant by the hope of reconciliation there be many who brave it. From you I am prepared to expect all that intellect and dignified pride brings. The question as it has occurred to you is truly startling. Your own answer is the most gratifying to me that I should expect from you, for as you are the first one with whom I ever ought to have one fortune, so you would be the last from whom I would expect desertion.

When I wrote to you I supposed that you did not intend sooner to return to Kentucky. I approve entirely of your preference to a meeting elsewhere than at Prairie Du Chien, and you desire to avoid any embarrassment which might widen the breach made already; it can not be greater than my own. Did I know when you would be in St. Louis, I could meet you there; at all events we meet in Kentucky. Shall we not meet, Sarah, to part no more? Oh, how I long to lay my head upon that breast which beats in unison with my own. To turn from the sickening sights of worldly duplicity, and look in those eyes so eloquent of purity and love!

Do you remember the "heart's-ease" you gave me? It is bright as ever.

How very gravely you ask leave of me to ask a question. My dear girl, I have no secrets from you. Have a right to ask me any question without even an apology.

Miss Bullitt did not give me a guard for a watch. But if she had do you suppose I would have given it to Capt. McCru? But I'll tell you what she did give me—a most beautiful and lengthy lecture on my and your charms, the which combined once upon an evening at a "fair" in Louisville. As she was one of the subjects of conversation we had apart from ourselves on that evening, you can and I have left you to guess what beside a sensibility to your charms constituted my offence.

The reporters were absent, and the speech I made is lost.

Pray, what manner of messages could be better than Elvin has sent you concerning me? I hope no attempt to destroy harmony. I laughed at her demonstrations against the attachment existing between myself and a subaltern of dragoons. But that between you and I is not a fair game; it is robbing to make another poor; but no! She is too discerning to attempt a thing so difficult, and in which success would be valueless.

"Miss Elizabeth, one very handsome; lady" at Knox. What did you put that semicolon between handsome and lady for?

I hope you find in the society of the Prairie enough to amuse if not please.

The griefs over which we weep are not those to be dreaded. It is the little pains—the constant falling of tiny drops of care—which wear away the heart.

I join you in rejoicing that Mrs. McCru is added to your society. I admire her more than any one else you could have had.

Since I wrote to you, we have abandoned the position in the Creek Nation and are constructing quarters at Fort Gibson. My line's, like the beggar's days, are dwindling to the shortest span.

Write to me immediately, my dear Sarah, my betrothed. No formality is proper between us. Adieu. JEFF.

To Miss Sarah K. Taylor, Prairie Du Chien, M. S.

## RED HEADS RISKY.

### People with Golden Hair Are Bad Insurance Subjects.

[Philadelphia Record.]

"I should like to insure my life, but I would be considered a bad risk. I doubt if any of the first-class companies would accept me."

These were the words of a big freckle-faced, red-haired individual, whose usually merry countenance and abundant avoirdupois made him the very picture of health.

"What in the world should make you a bad risk?" chorused a group of bystanders.

The first speaker blushed till his cheeks were as fiery a red as his matted locks, and then he answered softly: "My scarlet top-knot is my bane. It is quite bad enough to invite the sobriquets of 'brick-top,' 'pinky,' and the like, but when the insurance companies take a hand in the persecution it is enough to make a strong man weep."

The aggrieved individual resembled a consumptive as little as was possible, but his supposititious tendency to pulmonary affections was the only ground for the insurance men's boycott. The medical examiner of a leading life insurance company who was questioned as to the alleged disparagement of red heads, replied that it was largely imaginary and exaggerated. "It is a fact, however," he continued, "that red-headed persons have generally very thin skins and are as a rule of a delicate constitution. A pale, thin face and a cowering, consumptive form are often allied to a reddish complexion. Light hair, and especially red hair, often seems to betoken scrofulous disorders, and its presence may prejudice superficial examiners against the subject. It is a fact that red-headed persons who show not the smallest trace of pulmonary trouble will sometimes develop consumption in an almost incredible time.

"We probably reject a greater proportion of red-headed men than of black or brown or yellow or tow-heads, but there is no intrinsic defect in a sorrel top or in its possessor. If one of those radiant mortals applies to us, and appears to be in good mental and physical condition, he is accepted on exactly the same terms as if his poll were black as the raven's wing.

"A similar rule applies to negroes. If they are perfectly sound and give a good account of themselves we accept them on equality with their white brethren; but there are so few who can relate the several stages of their ancestry that members of the African race generally are regarded as poor risks."

### An Independent Opinion.

[Detroit Tribune.]

Grandma had taught our "two-year-old" to answer a great many Bible questions and was fond of "showing him off." On one of these occasions she asked him, "Who was put in the lion's den?"

"Daniel," was the prompt answer.

"Did the lions eat Daniel?"

"No."

"Why?" The answer should have been, "Because God shut their mouths," but the little fellow reflected a minute and then said:

"I dess Daniel wasn't dood to eat."

### They Go Together.

[New York Sun.]

"I have often noticed what an extraordinary number of birch trees there are growing all over New England. How do you account for it?"

"Well, you know that New England is recognized as the home of common school."

### Both There.

[Lowell Citizen.]

"Father, I understand you were at the base ball game yesterday. What did you think of it?"

"I thought you were so busy explaining the plays to that girl you had with you that you wouldn't notice me."

# AROUND THE FARM.

## THE HORSE.

### Horses Whose Daughters Have Produced Ten or More 2.30 Performers, in Order of Performers in the Female Line:

| Year foaled..... | SIRE. | No. of producing daughters..... | No. produced by daughters..... | No. of producing sons.......... | No. sired by sons. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1849 | Hambletonian.............. | 43 | 49 | 107 | 567 |
| 1837 | *American Star............ | 34 | 34 | 6 | 11 |
| 1844 | *Pilot Jr................. | 13 | 28 | 7 | 15 |
| 1862 | Mambrino Patchen.......... | 4 | 27 | 21 | 39 |
| 1852 | Alexander's Abdallah...... | 19 | 22 | 13 | 95 |
| 1844 | Mambrino Chief............ | 15 | 20 | 23 | 77 |
| 1853 | *Harry Clay............... | 12 | 19 | 4 | 4 |
| 1851 | Volunteer................. | 15 | 15 | 21 | 45 |
| 1849 | Ethan Allen............... | 14 | 15 | 18 | 70 |
| 1860 | *American Clay............ | 13 | 14 | 2 | 6 |
| 1864 | Almont.................... | 1 | 13 | 33 | 60 |
| 1858 | *Magna Charta............. | 12 | 14 | 1 | 1 |
| 1864 | Belmont................... | 10 | 11 | 17 | 50 |
| 1861 | Clark Chief............... | 11 | 11 | 9 | 27 |
| 185-- | *John Dillard............. | 9 | 11 | 1 | 1 |
| 1856 | George Wilkes............. | 9 | 10 | 29 | 81 |
| 1855 | Gen. Knox................. | 10 | 10 | 17 | 25 |
| 1852 | Cassius M. Clay, Jr., 22.... | 9 | 10 | 8 | 13 |
| 1848 | *Blue Bull................ | 10 | 10 | 6 | 7 |
| 1855 | Bashaw, 50................ | 10 | 10 | 10 | 20 |
| 1859 | Mambrino Pilot............ | 8 | 10 | 14 | 26 |
| 1865 | Messenger Duroc........... | 7 | 10 | 7 | 11 |
| 1837 | *Bellfounder, 63.......... | 7 | 9 | .. | .. |
| 1851 | *Edwin Forrest, 49........ | 8 | 9 | 4 | 5 |
| 1859 | *Hamlet................... | 8 | 9 | 3 | 5 |
| 1872 | Woodford Mambrino......... | 7 | 9 | 12 | 37 |
| 1861 | *Kentucky Clay............ | 7 | 9 | .. | .. |
| 1858 | *Henry B. Patchen......... | 4 | 8 | .. | .. |
| 1861 | The Moor.................. | 5 | 8 | 2 | 17 |
| 1823 | Aballah, 1................ | 7 | 7 | 1 | 41 |
| 1858 | Daniel Lambert............ | 7 | 7 | 12 | 21 |
| 185-- | Edward Everett............ | 6 | 7 | 8 | 16 |
| 1849 | Hambletonian, 725......... | 5 | 7 | 7 | 7 |
| 1864 | Harold.................... | 7 | 7 | 5 | 10 |
| 1837 | *Henry Clay............... | 4 | 7 | 3 | 5 |
| 1861 | *Mambrino Chief, Jr....... | 7 | 7 | 3 | 3 |
| 1852 | *Vermont, 104............. | 6 | 7 | 1 | 1 |
| 1856 | *Brignoli................. | 4 | 7 | .. | .. |
| 1854 | *Clifton Pilot............ | 3 | 6 | .. | .. |
| 1842 | Columbus, 95.............. | 6 | 6 | 4 | 16 |
| 1851 | *Corbeau.................. | 6 | 6 | 2 | 2 |
| 1849 | George M. Patchen......... | 5 | 6 | 12 | 41 |
| 1855 | Golddust.................. | 5 | 6 | 9 | 10 |
| 1846 | Norman.................... | 5 | 6 | 3 | 24 |
| 185-- | *Ed. Forrest (Berkley's)... | 2 | 6 | .. | .. |
| 1840 | *Stubtail................. | 3 | 6 | .. | .. |
| 1863 | Administrator............. | 5 | 5 | 4 | 5 |
| 1842 | *Drew Horse............... | 5 | 5 | 2 | 5 |
| 1856 | *Ericsson................. | 5 | 5 | 2 | 3 |
| 1849 | Hiatoga, 497.............. | 3 | 5 | 2 | 7 |
| 1865 | *Idol, 177................ | 5 | 5 | .. | .. |
| 1858 | *Joe Downing.............. | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 |
| 1870 | *Mambrino Time............ | 5 | 5 | .. | .. |
| 1863 | Sentinel.................. | 5 | 5 | 5 | 15 |
| 1849 | *Eureka................... | 5 | 5 | .. | .. |

*Sires that have been bred on chiefly through their daughters.

This is rather a comprehensive table, and shows what sires have bred on through both lines, as well as those that have proved chiefly meritorious in the female line alone. No great sire will fail to breed on, both through his sons and his daughters: and inasmuch as, on the average, a horse's sons produce more foals than his daughters, horses of great merit invariably assert their power prominently in the male line. On the other hand, where a horse produces chiefly through his daughters, it may be taken as evidence that the line of itself is weak, and lives in the records by reason of what more potential blood casts through it. Thus we see no really great progenitor whose daughters outrank his sons as producers. Chief in this class figure American Star, Harry Clay, Pilot, Jr., American Clay, Magna Charta and Blue Bull. It will be seen that the popular judgment which renders sons of these and other such horses unfashionable rests on a solid foundation of fact and reason. The proposition that may safely be made from this table is this:

A great trotting progenitor will breed on through both his sons and daughters, but chiefly through his sons, the fact of the female line predominating being evidence of lack of prepotency in the sire.—[Wallace's Monthly.

## THE FIELD CROPS.

### Raising Winter Wheat—Thick and Thin Corn—White Sugar Bean.

To make a success of raising winter wheat, more especially on the black prairie soil of the West, it is essential that the ground be tiled, to prevent a surplus of moisture. After fitting the ground for seeding, the wheat should be sown sufficiently early to get a good growth in the fall, so that the green wheat top will form a good mat on the ground to protect the roots of the plant, and prevent freezing and heaving out. Care should be taken not to sow the grain so early that the stalk will joint. From the 5th to the 15th of September is the best time, in this latitude of sowing it. I have known, on our prairie soil here, fields of wheat destroyed by the winter, from too late sowing, that could have been saved, and a good crop gained, had it been sown earlier. This time of sowing, for a good growth in the fall, is very important, as success or failure many times depends on it. On the more compact soil of the East and South it may do to sow later.

The selection of the kind of wheat is also important, as some kinds of wheat are much more hardy than others. The Missouri amber has proved a very hardy and productive variety with me. It has given me from 20 to 30 bushels to the acre, on the average. The manner of fitting the ground varies here. I have for the past four years sown after oats, ploughing the ground as soon as practicable after the oat crop is taken off, and cultivating the ground, to kill the weeds and oats which may spring up.

Some of my neighbors have adopted a different plan. They simply sow the wheat on the stubble, and then take a revolving disc and cut the surface of the soil by going over the ground once or twice, covering the wheat, and following with a drag afterwards, and roller, if they choose. This is a new way of putting in the grain, and has proved, in our light soil, very successful, saving much labor. Wheat put in without ploughing, in this way, has produced as high—some pieces—as 33 bushels to the acre. And some think it stands the winter better than to be ploughed, as it leaves the stubble on the surface as a mulch.

Many think putting in the seed with a drill best; and some, when the ground was loose enough, have simply drilled the seed in the oat stubble without other preparation, and realized a good crop. Sowing the seed in the standing corn, where it can be done by the use of a one-horse drill, has met with good success. It does not do to feed the stalks down afterward, as it will injure the wheat, especially if the ground is not frozen.

### The Seeding of Wheat.

This should be duly considered by the farmer, for as we sow, so shall we reap. We are all well aware of the fact that the immense amount of wheat raised in the United States the last few years has brought the price of that cereal down so low that it is a matter of doubt whether it is grown at a profit or at a loss. I do not say that it is the case everywhere, but in many places the farmers, to overcome the low price, spread over large areas of land, and by so doing put in their wheat so hurriedly that it is so poorly done that the yield per acre is quite small. Some may by this practice bring in the usual amount of money, but has not the increased expense overbalanced the profit? The farmer should overcome the low price by an increased yield, which will increase the profits by reducing the expenses of land, seed, and cutting over so much land.

Many farmers in my State, Kentucky, sow their wheat in the standing corn: and, after it is ripe and gathered, and the ground becomes hard frozen, the stalks are cut down. I have watched this way of sowing, and have seldom seen it pay for seed and labor, much less rent of land. Others will simply break the land, sow and harrow in; some few may harrow before sowing. The above methods are the ones mostly practised here by the farmers, and I think it safe to assert that the average yield per acre will not reach, or at most exceed, eight bushels.

To increase the yield of our wheat the seed is an important factor: in fact, it is the starting point, and the selecting and preparing for sowing cannot be too carefully done. A friend of mine, living in an adjoining county, told me he had increased the yield of his wheat at least one-third by going through it just before cutting and selecting the best heads. In this way he secured a good-sized bundle. This was sown apart by itself: when harvested, it was kept to itself, and, when threshed, he had good care used that it might not get mixed. This was all sown in his usual way, and when the crop was threshed it made 250 bushels of wheat, and he sold at the threshing 40 bushels to his neighbors for seed. He said it was a little trouble, and required care, but he was well paid for it. He said that although his neighbors saw the great benefit derived from his care in selecting seed, there were none that practised it. This is one reason that agriculture progresses as slowly as it does; the good experiences are let drop by the wayside.

The time wheat is sown, I think, makes a difference in the yield. Aside from better yield, early sowing has many advantages. It takes less seed by having more time to tiller or spread out, for it seems to be the nature of wheat to cover the whole ground. By securing a stronger growth of plants during autumn for enduring the winter, there is less danger from rust and other damages, for, as I have stated that it was the nature of wheat to cover the whole ground, if sown late, it will make an effort in the spring to spread out to cover the ground, making it later in maturing, and exposing the crop longer to the rust. It enables the plant to gather and hold the rich plant-food as it is brought down by the fall and winter rains and snow, that otherwise would be leached through the soil and lost.

A proper preparation of soil is too much neglected by most farmers to make the best yields, or even to make wheat growing profitable. Perfect pulverization by finely plowing, harrowing and rolling is highly important, for the nutritive constituents of the soil cannot be brought into that state of solution in which they must be before plants can appropriate them, until the soil is made very fine. No part of the earth, no matter how rich it may be, is available for plant use until it is very finely pulverized; consequently the farmer should use all care in this respect, let his land be rich or poor.—[Prairie Farmer.

### Thick and Thin Corn.

The annual report of the Connecticut Experiment Station for 1889, part 1, contains a record of experiments on the effect of the rate or distance of planting on the quantity and quality of the corn crop. It was planted in rows four feet apart, and stalks were grown at various measured distances, from one stalk to every four feet, to every two feet, every foot, and so on down to eight stalks to a foot, or one to each inch and a half. All the work was done with measured accuracy. Two varieties of corn were planted, a small flint and a large dent.

The results on these two were rather unexpected. The flint increased in quantity of field-cured corn with the number of stalks until a foot apart in the rows: but when two to a foot were planted the yield was lessened instead of increasing, and still more so when the number of plants was increased to three inches, and to an inch and a half. But of the dent corn the yield quite steadily increased with the thickness of the planting, although not regularly so, and the plat where the stand was thickest had the heaviest field-cured crop.

Of dry fodder, the flint produced the most when the plants stood a foot in the row. Thicker planting, as well as thinner, decreased the yield. The dent variety produced the most fodder where the plants stood an inch and a half in the row.

The yield of sound or hard kernels of dry shelled corn of the flint increased steadily with the thickness of the planting up to two plants to the foot; then it fell off rapidly until an inch and a half apart, when no sound kernels at all were produced. The soft kernels were fewest where the hard and sound ones were largest.

Some irregularity is reported in the results, and it is obvious that they not only vary with the variety of corn, but also with differing soils and varying fertilizers. We have tried experiments on strong land with eight-rowed yellow corn, and found by weighing that the fodder crop increased with the thickness of planting up to a much larger number than any of the above. The stalks were shorter and smaller, but their increased number more than made up the difference. Superficial observers pronounced the thinner and taller crop the heaviest, but weighing told a different story. Experiments should therefore be performed by farmers themselves on their own lands, with the varieties they commonly cultivate, and with varying applications of manures. The wetness or drought of the season would also have its influence.

### The White Sugar Bean.

This plant, which is believed to be a valuable forage plant, is extensively cultivated in China and Japan, also recently in southern Europe. The beans furnish a highly nutritious food for man, and the beans, with the vines or straw, are valuable for cattle. Successful cultivation requires a climate suitable for the cultivation of Indian corn, a light soil in a good state of fertilization, with planting and general treatment about the same as for our common garden beans. This new forage crop has been tried for green fodder and for ensilage with very encouraging results; from eight to nine tons of green fodder have been secured from an acre.

The analysis of the beans gives a percentage of composition as follows of dry matter: Crude ash, 5.22; cellulose, 5.35; fat, 21.89; protein, 33.36; non-nitrogenous matter, 34.18, which gives a nutritive ratio of 1.2.37, and fertilizing constituents of the value of $21.55 per ton.

The analysis of the dry fodder, beans and vines, gives: Crude ash, 6.47; cellulose, 20.76; fat, 5.62; protein, 15.87; non-nitrogenous matter, 51.28, with a nutritive ratio of 1.5.42, or what would be considered a suitable ration for ordinary use for most animals.

The fertilizing constituents of the entire plants are calculated at $9.27 per ton, calculated upon the basis of a little more than one-half per cent. of potassium oxide, nearly 1 per cent. of phosphoric acid and nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of nitrogen.

The Saga bean may therefore be considered to be a desirable forage crop and might also be made to serve an important purpose in the practice of green manuring, although in any use it would be well to experiment at first only on a limited scale to prove its actual practical value. Now it is in this way only that the question can be asked of the soil, and a question that must be asked of each farmer of different portions of the farm. Even if it requires a little time to determine these questions, it is time well spent. Most farms are in want of some fertilizing material and as soon as the kind can be determined, that only need be applied, if commercial fertilizers are to be used. Of course, if manure is plenty upon the farm, it is better to use it for the mechanical effect that is produced in the soil during the process of its decomposition.—[Germantown Telegraph.

## THE DAIRY.

### Yield of Milk Per Acre—Cost of a Pound of Butter—Ration for Butter—Ripening Cream.

Prof. Henry, in his tables showing the value of food grown upon an acre of land, has this to say regarding the product of an acre of corn when converted into milk and butter: "Three and twenty-seven hundredths acres produced 14,684 pounds of corn stalks and 16,160 pounds of corn. One acre produced 4490 pounds of corn stalks and 4941 pounds of corn. An acre of land produced sufficient grain food for 6664 pounds of milk, or 324 pounds of butter, and sufficient corn stalks for 2324 pounds of milk, or 115 pounds of butter." While an acre of land will produce sufficient grain food for 6664 pounds of milk, and enough corn husks for 2324 pounds more, the total quantity is, therefore, 8988 pounds, or about 4500 quarts. It requires two extra good cows, or three of average quality, to produce this amount, but the professor says that an acre will produce the feed for the milk if the cows will convert it into the article desired. The problem as to whether an acre will support a cow is solved by the professor showing that it should support two. And the professor has tested and demonstrated all that he claims. No farmer procures 8988 pounds of milk from an acre of food grown, but he states that it can be done. The professor allows 439 pounds of butter from the milk produced by the feed on one acre, and therefore leaves a large amount of skim milk to be used for other purposes. Of course the support of the cow herself must be deducted, and it must also be considered that the best of cows do not digest all the food eaten. As he has shown, however, that an acre can and should produce so large an amount, it should be the aim of every dairyman to secure such results.

### Cost of a Pound of Butter.

Quite frequently up springs some man who proceeds to tell us what it costs to make butter. No sooner has he subsided than some other fellow declares that the first is all wrong. As we view it, the cost of producing a pound of butter must depend on so great a number of ever-varying conditions that the experience of no one man can be taken as a guide for others. There are, however, two primary principles which govern everywhere:

1. The cost of butter per cow will always be affected by the amount the cow yields. For instance, if a cow yields only 150 pounds a year, the cost per pound in some respects is more than double that obtained from a cow that yields 300 pounds. The item of labor, stabling, and to a considerable extent feed also, is nearly, if not quite, the same with the first cow as with the second.

2. In herds of cows the cost of butter per pound is affected by the size of the herd. Ten cows, producing 200 pounds each in a season, will require the same machinery and room that will a herd of 20 having the same relative production per cow.

Two thousand pounds of butter will cost more per pound, in many particulars, than 4000 pounds. The proportion of cost will also be varied greatly by the perfection and handiness of stables and dairy house. A Mr. Hopkins of Buffalo, N. Y., with a herd of 15 very fine dairy cows, that produced an average of 332 pounds per cow, says in the Country Gentleman that his butter cost him $11\frac{1}{4}$ cents a pound to produce that which sells for an average price of 35 cents.

Another dairyman says his figures are all wrong, and that it costs him 44 cents a pound the year round. We would not wonder if it did. Take some of these foolish dairymen who really prefer a cow that will yield 125 pounds to one that yields 300 pounds, and we doubt not they are paying a cost of 30 to 40 cents for all they get. It takes from $30 to $40 to keep even such low down cows a year, and a return of only about 100 pounds of butter makes the article cost dear. In all these fine points it takes brains to figure where the profit lies. Not one farmer in 100 in Wisconsin can tell today what his butter costs, or the cost per gallon of his milk product. As business men this should not be.

### Ration for Butter.

Please give ration for Jersey cow averaging 800 pounds, butter being the object without forcing to the detriment of health, from the following: Medium meadow hay, chiefly herdsgrass and redtop, $9 per ton; cornmeal, $19; oats, 42 cents per 32 pounds, or $25 per ton; wheat bran, $20; cottonseed meal, $28; O. P. linseed meal, $35.

The prices of foods given are rather high, except the hay and cornmeal, and present the anomaly of wheat bran higher than cornmeal. It is appropriate here to remark that oats at 42 cents per bushel is not an economical food by the side of wheat bran at $20 per ton and cornmeal at $19. The digestible nutrients in oats and wheat bran render each of about the same value. Probably the most economical ration which can be constructed out of T. D. H.'s foods is the following: Sixteen pounds mixed hay, 4 pounds cornmeal, 6 pounds wheat bran, 2 pounds cottonseed meal. It is presumed that this cottonseed meal is the best quality of decorticated. The price is certainly high enough for that. Linseed meal should be laid down there as low as $28 per ton, if purchased in quantity. To show H. the digestible nutrients in this ration, the following analytical formula is given in pounds:

| | Albuminoids.... | Carbohydrates. | Fat........ |
|---|---|---|---|
| 16 pounds mixed hay............ | 0.61 | 7.17 | 0.16 |
| 4 pounds cornmeal.............. | 0.34 | 2.52 | 0.19 |
| 6 pounds wheat bran............ | 0.70 | 2.76 | 0.15 |
| 2 pounds cottonseed meal....... | 0.70 | 0.44 | 0.12 |
| Totals......................... | 2.35 | 12.89 | 0.62 |

Nutritive ratio, 1 to 6.

It may be advisable, after H. has fed this ration for a few weeks, to add one pound of linseed meal. This would improve it. It is understood that this hay is to be run through a cutter, well moistened, and the ground feed, having been all mixed together dry, is mixed evenly with the hay. It may be given in two or three feeds, as may be most convenient. But, as we have so often said, this is rather a combination of food than an exact ration per head, although this is about the average ration that these cows will take, when properly fed. H. is no doubt aware of the peculiar nervous organization of the Jersey cow, and that there is no breed more affected by irregularity in feeding and milking. No person should be permitted to have the care of this breed who is not distinguished for kindness to animals, and any change of milkers should be strictly avoided.—[Professor Stewart in Country Gentleman.

### Ripening Cream.

Col. F. D. Curtis never churns his cream less than 24 hours old, and he aims to have it 48 hours old, and tries to keep it in such a condition that it will be 48 hours old. It is then only slightly acid. This helps the process of separating the butter globules. When the cream is properly ripened it speaks for itself. It looks light colored, and has a bright, satiny appearance, cracks open on the top, and you can almost see the butter right in the cream. As soon as it reaches this point it wants to be churned right then and there.

Now, the great trouble with the average dairyman is he doesn't observe these things closely enough. He does not skim the milk properly, and the cream is kept too long.

Col. Curtis would not put old cream with sweet cream. Warm your cream up to about 75°, but sourness does not ripen the cream. By a little neglect in ripening the cream you cannot get all your butter. He has no doubt that he has lost 5000 pounds of butter during the last 10 years by not ripening his cream properly. He would get his cream partially ripened, put his sweet cream in, and let the whole ripen. By repeated experiments he found by these means he had been losing about 10 per cent. of his butter. By ripening his cream together, he has no trouble in getting at least 10 per cent. more butter than he ever did by the old method, and he attributes this loss entirely to the ripening.

## THE SCION.

### The Best Time to Cut Them—The Budding Process.

Many select these from wood of one or two years' growth, but I would advise taking young wood of the previous season's growth from the outside branches that are exposed fully to the sun and air. Cut from the parent tree any time from January to the time of growth. When collected label, place in the ground, covered to within an inch of their tops, till ready to graft, which is just before the buds open to growth. Cut the scions into lengths of from three to five eyes. Where there is an abundance use the middle portion of the shoot only. I have endeavored to give plain directions, and will next speak of the budding process.

This operation may be performed with any sharp thin-bladed knife, though a "budding knife" is preferred. It must be inserted half an inch above the bud, and passing about one-fourth the way through the wood of the shoot, come out again about the same distance below it, making the cut clean as possible. That part of the bark in the centre of which the bud is situated is called the shield; and when removed, it contains a portion of the wood, which is to be carefully removed with the point of the knife. Should the wood seem dry, and hard to separate, the bud is too old and should be rejected.

I sometimes think that if wives would take more interest in those things so important and interesting to their husbands many homes would be more congenial, and should the husband die or his health fail the wife would know better how to carry on the farm work successfully. I have a friend who has been a widow for some years, and she is yearly maturing the plans herself and husband had made, thereby creating a flourishing farm, which would be a credit to any man. "Womanlike," I have sometimes jumped from one subject to another. To continue on the "budding" directions. If the wood is too old or too young, the shield may be taken off, only about one-seventh of the way through the shoot, and inserted into the stock without removing the portion of the wood it contains. In putting the bud to the stock, make an incision lengthwise through the bark about an inch in length, using care so the wood will not be injured. Then cross this at the top by another incision. The thin ivory handle or back of the budding knife should then be used to raise the bark, and the shield inserted within, gently forcing it to the bottom of the perpendicular incision. When it is properly placed, the portion of it above the cross incision should be cut off, and care be taken that the bud is in close contact with the wood of the stock. When this is done bind it up with damp matting, all except the bud, which must be left free to the air, but protected from sun or wet, either of which would ruin the whole operation. In two weeks the bandages may be loosened, though not entirely taken away. From the last of June to September budding may be done, choosing cloudy weather. Select the buds from vigorous, young wood, nearly done growing. Cut off the leaves, allowing about half an inch of the foot stalk to remain for the convenience of inserting the buds. Early the next spring the stalks on which those buds are that have taken should be headed down to within two inches of the bud, which will then grow rapidly, and must be tied in an upright form to the portion of the stock left above the eye for that purpose. When it has made a good growth the stock should be cut off close to the shoot by a sloping back cut, when it will soon be covered with the growth of the wood. To the uninitiated these directions may seem quite complicated, but after watching some one perform the operation of either grafting or budding it would seem a pleasant and not difficult task. There is such a variety of pleasant work that the parents of the farmer boys and girls could themselves learn and teach to their children.—[Indiana Farmer.

## THE HEDGE.

### Hedge Management—The Best Form for a Hedge.

To get a good hedge, especially of evergreens, requires several years of careful attention, even after the plants have been well started and of considerable size. When hedge plants are first set, they must of necessity be somewhat slender and scant of branch. It will take them two or three years to get well rooted and started in their new location, and for the following few years the growth will be mainly upward, and the frequent clipping back of this growth causes that thick lateral growth, which by slow process of several years more attains the desired proportions.

I do not say this to discourage the would-be planter. I certainly admire a good hedge and would like to see one on every nice place; but it is well to duly appreciate the work we may have in hand and go about it understandingly. Then we will be more likely to carry it through to success than those who imagine that a hedge will come about in some way a few years after the plants are set.

It may be safely said that a good evergreen cannot be grown from 15-inch plants under 10 years' time. Also, that where one man succeeds in getting a good hedge, 10 fail. This failure comes largely from lack of pruning and clipping. Many growers will not commence cutting back until the hedge has reached the desired height. This is a mistake. Clipping should commence with the first year's growth, and be continued regularly thereafter. The growth of hedge plants, like all others, is constantly upward. The height can be increased at any time by simply allowing nature to have her own way in the matter; but the breadth and thickness of the hedge can only be had by continuously obstructing the natural direction of growth. If once allowed to spindle up, a thick hedge form cannot be obtained to any degree of perfection.

The best form for a hedge is wide at the base, sloping inward and upward from the ground to the top. The sun, light and air then get a good chance at the base as well as at the top. When the lower limbs are not thus favored, they are apt to be open and light, if they do not die entirely. On this account, the square-trimmed hedge is not to be commended. It is also more unnatural and artificial looking, and harder to secure than the sloping round-topped form. The fully developed hedge must be trimmed occasionally, at least three or four times during each growing season.

## THE ENSILAGE.

### How to Build an Ensilage Stack.

At the college of agriculture at Downton, Salisbury, the crops are very heavy, but the rains brought haymaking to a complete standstill. Prof. Wrightson and the students, therefore, set to work to make an ensilage stack. As the process adopted is of the simplest character, there is really nothing to describe. Many persons all over the country, however, may just now be anxious to have some information on the subject, and as Prof. Wrightson drew up a series of hints for the benefit of the students these cannot fail to be of great value. They are simple and terse, and are as follows:

1. That the fodder should be as fresh and green as possible, and that a little dew or wet is not objectionable.

2. That the cart should be driven over the heap, as in the making of a dungheap.

3. That the grass should be well broken or tended and evenly spread, and not left in a humpy or rough condition.

4. That the mass should be kept thoroughly well compressed by means of a horse roller which may be kept at work upon the stack from time to time.

5. That the rick should be formed about two yards wider than it is intended to remain, the surplus matter be afterwards trimmed off with a hay knife and thrown over the mass, so as to secure a solid and firm outside to the rick.

6. That the temperature should not risk higher than 140° F., and should be kept between 120° F. and 140° F.

7. That when the temperature is disposed to run more than 140° F., it may be checked by fresh addition of green fodder, thereby adding to the pressure.

8. The temperature will be forced to creep upwards with the building of the stack, and the hottest portion will be found two feet from the top. Below this the weight of the accumulated grass fodder will be sufficient to check further development of heat and fermentation.

These rules cannot fail to be interesting and instructive to those who wish, in consequence of broken weather, to put up cheaply and quickly a stock of ensilage.—[H. F. M., in Bell's Messenger."

## THE BLACK WALNUT.

### An Attractive Shade and Ornamental Tree.

The black walnut, Juglans nigra, Linn., is indigenous to the United States, and may be found from Vermont to Florida and westward to Texas and Arizona, though it is most at home in States bordering the Ohio river. It is easily grown in Massachusetts from seed or nursery trees. Its nuts are large and round, with a smooth outer bark, which is quite bitter and astringent, like that of the common butternut, Juglans cinerea, and like that it also has a very rough, prickly shell. The kernel is a favorite with boys and squirrels, though it is hardly equal in sweetness and delicacy of flavor to the butternut. The heart-wood only of this tree is dark colored, the sap-wood being light, so the trees grow more valuable with age. On good strong land it makes a rapid growth and is worthy of more attention than it has received outside its natural home. In Kentucky there are many farm fences of black walnut rails, split out a half century ago, which are still sound, and in localities remote from transportation lines there may be found some noble specimens of trees that are worth on the stump little more than ordinary chestnut or oak trees in New England.

For planting, the nuts should be kept in damp earth through the fall and winter, to prevent drying. If the young trees are transplanted two or three times when young, they can be moved with safety when several years old.

The black walnut is an attractive shade and ornamental tree, and well worthy of more attention than it has received. A large old tree in Norfolk county was sold standing a few years ago for $100, and brought over $600 when dug out and fitted for market, the stump and large roots yielding some of the most valuable stock for veneers.

## THE FARMER.

### His Education—Ignorance Must Go to the Wall.

Illiteracy is the great incubus and curse from which farmers must be emancipated before agriculture (intelligently understood and applied) can take its place among the industrial sciences. Education is the lever that moves the world, and farming in this enlightened age, where the old hand lever has given place to the improved cultivator, the clumsy garden rake to the horse hoe, the primitive scythe to the magnificent mower and binder, the cast iron pony plough to the steam plough, the frame of pointed sticks to the improved disk harrow, the slow ox to the blooded Percheron, the log cabin to the frame cottage—so must the illiterate drudge be superseded by the educated cultivator. It has become a question of the "survival of the fittest," and ignorance must go to the wall. It must seek other pursuits or channels where main strength is the prime requisite. Brute force unaided by a knowledge of agricultural chemistry cannot compete in the race, and those of our farmers who will not avail themselves of scientific knowledge cheaply disseminated are doomed to eternal enslavement.—[Home and Farm.

## THE FERTILIZERS.

### Commercial Fertilizers Are Not Profitable.

In a discussion on commercial fertilizers during the May meeting of the Berks County (Penn.) Agricultural Society, as reported by Cyrus T. Fox, secretary, several farmers expressed the opinion that the use of such fertilizers could not be made profitable at the present relative prices of fertilizers and produce. All acknowledged that stable manure was difficult to procure in sufficient quantities, but it was thought more economical to supplement this manure by clover and lime than by fertilizers purchased at a cost of $40 to $50 per ton.

### The World's Tallest Chimney.

[Philadelphia Record.]

The tallest chimney in this country is the new stack of the Clark Thread Company, at Kearney, near Newark, N. J. It is a circular shaft 335 feet high and $28\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter at the base. This chimney cost $30,000 and contains 1,697,000 bricks. It was finished in September last, but its supremacy among American chimneys will be brief, for one is now being erected for the Fall River Iron Works Company in Fall River, Mass., that will be 340 feet high and 30 feet in diameter at the base. Chicago's highest chimney is 330 feet tall. American chimneys, however, are mere pigmies beside some of the tall Scotch and English stacks. The great Townsend stack at Glasgow, the tallest in the world, is 454 feet high and 32 feet in diameter at the base. Tennant & Co. of Glasgow have a chimney $435\frac{1}{2}$ feet by 40, and the mills of Dobson & Barlow, Bolton, Eng., have an octagonal stack $367\frac{1}{2}$ feet high and 33 feet 10 inches in diameter at the bottom.

### The Envelope Combination.

[The Paper Mill.]

The Standard Envelope Company, which was organized June 30, 1887, is generally known as the envelope trust, but is really a combination of 18 envelope manufacturers, which was formed to put prices on a paying basis.

Last year 3,000,000,000 envelopes were consumed in this country, of which 400,000,000 were made for the government and a majority of the remainder by the combine. An official of the combine states that the properties included in the combination altogether are worth about $6,000,000. Some firms make from 65,000 to 70,000 envelopes per day.

For the first six months of 1889 it is estimated that 1,400,000,000 envelopes have been manufactured, excluding those stamped and manufactured by the government. This shows a slight falling off in comparison to the output of the latter half of 1888.

### An Editor Irritated.

[Cayuga Chief.]

Like a mangy cur scourged back to its den, the Port Byron paper retires snarling from a controversy it provoked, in which it has gained no credit and suffered considerable damage. It backs squarely out in the most contemptible and cowardly manner possible. It foully libelled its neighbor—it lied like Satan—and when brought to book had neither the manhood nor the courage to retract its slander.

### Had Been There.

[New York Weekly.]

Old Grumps (in bed, nearly midnight)—Ooo! I hear stealthy steps on the stairs—some one creeping along barefooted!

His wife (who was young once)—Keep quiet, Joshua. I guess that's only our darter going up with her shoes under her arm.

# OH, TO BE A MAN!

By Hugh Coleman Davidson,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN HILLS BY THE SEA."



MISS Hannah Steptoe was a prim little old maid, with a flat, round ruddy face and dark brown hair neatly fastened behind in a little knot. She invariably dressed in gray silk or satin, wore a gold brooch containing a lock of white hair, and was very particular about her caps—curious compounds of ribbon and muslin and lace, which varied from the severe turban in the morning to the last new fashion from Paris in the evening. These caps wrought a remarkable change in her appearance; she seemed to grow younger as the day advanced, so that the question of her age was often debated by the gossiping inhabitants of Dullish, the small and dreary watering place in which she had made her home.

She lived with a confidential old servant in a little cottage facing a triangular green. Roses were carefully trailed over the wooden porch: the path through the tiny garden was bordered with white pebbles; the flower beds were cut with mathematical precision; in short, the outside of the cottage clearly indicated the orderly habits that prevailed within. Nothing ever went wrong there. Doors opened and shut without creaking; hot mutton punctually at 1 o'clock on Sundays was followed by cold mutton punctually at 1 o'clock on Mondays; the muffins were done to a turn on Thursdays, when a few friends always came to afternoon tea; habit had worn for itself deep grooves, and everything ran smoothly and undeviatingly along them.

When any Sunday-school teacher wanted a model of common-place propriety for the example of her pupils, she was sure to select Miss Hannah Steptoe. No one would have dreamed of suspecting the slightest tinge of romance in this quiet little lady.

And yet, so inconsistent is human nature, she had set her affections upon a man much younger than herself, while her life was haunted by the dark desire to see the world as it really is, and not as it was presented to her, and her set of highly respectable friends, all of whom stood upon the neat and narrow platform of conventionality and never ventured to look over the edge. She longed to do what they dared not. The placid smile that sometimes lighted up her face, as she sat in the arm-chair before the fire and watched her cat sleeping on the hearthrug, was caused, not by a pleasant retrospect which affords enjoyment to so many old ladies, but by a fanciful picture of her friends' feelings as they believed her plunging into some wild extravagance.

Certain persons of undoubted piety, John Wesley among them, are said to have been beset by a horrible and almost irresistible temptation to do something outrageous. The temptation that beset Miss Steptoe was somewhat similar in degree, though different in kind. "Oh, to be a man!" was the thought that continually rose to her lips but never escaped them. It was more than feminine curiosity; it was almost a mania with her, cleverly as she concealed it. Perhaps, after all, the very stiffness of manner and habit, which was supposed to be her leading characteristic, was but an extreme precaution against her besetting temptation.

"Oh, to be a man!" The thought was no sooner driven from her mind than it was back again, often bursting upon her at the most incongruous times, when she was making a pudding or knitting a stocking. But the day came when, with dazzled eyes, she saw a way to the attainment of a wish which she had always regarded as unattainable.

Late one autumn there arrived in Dullish a mesmerist, who called himself Professor Sobrinski. In spite of his name he spoke English with a very good accent. He was a tall, thin, sallow-faced man with an enormous nose and cold, snake-like eyes. Possessed of a fund of grim humor, he regarded human nature as a plaything, and was never so pleased as when trying the effect of a round block in a square hole. It was doubtless this propensity that had led him to adopt mesmerism as a means of livelihood.

A successful seance in the Town Hall brought Professor Sobrinski into notice. At first his vocation as a public performer—a sort of play-actor, in fact—was decidedly against him, but somebody started the story that he was a Polish count, whereupon he became quite the rage in Dullish. He was invited to dinners, teas and suppers, and at all of them was expected to give illustrations of his art gratuitously. This he did, revenging himself by making fools of his host and hostess.

Among the professor's warmest admirers was Miss Hannah Steptoe. In the crowd that used to gather round him she always occupied a prominent place; her prim little figure rigid, her daintily-attired head held on one side as she hung upon his every word. She had conceived a most fantastic idea of the powers of mesmerism. By its aid, it seemed to her, the transmigration of souls was brought within the range of possibility, if not of accomplished facts. Glowing with excitement, she hatched a little plot based upon this conclusion. She invited to a cosy afternoon tea, a few friends, including the professor and Captain Henniker, a tall, handsome, indolent man with a big moustache, which had captivated all the young ladies in Dullish—and Miss Hannah Steptoe. But it was not solely the moustache that had wrought the mischief in her case. The captain, in spite of his drawling tones, and eyes, which were seldom really open, was reputed to have seen more of the world than most people of double the age. This alone would be quite enough to explain her secret admiration of him.

The preparations for her entertainment were prodigious. Never was there such a baking of cakes and toasting of muffins and washing of quaint little cups and saucers. The kettle was unusually tedious, and when the tea was made the solemn servant terrified her mistress with the suggestion that the water had never boiled after all. With awed faces they peered into the splendid silver teapot, which was reserved for state occasions, and when they beheld several leaves floating on the surface, their expressions were most tragic.

"Martha, this is too dreadful," exclaimed Miss Steptoe, with uplifted hands.

"Yes, ma'am, it is," replied Martha. "I've never known the like happen in our house before—no, never."

It was some time before Miss Steptoe recovered from the shock. Her domestic duties imposed such a strain upon her that she almost forgot the excitement of her plot. But when, attired in her best gray silk and daintiest cap, she sat down to await the coming of her guests, she was all a tremble.

Her manner, when receiving them, was marked by extreme nervousness, but no one, looking at that prim little lady, would have attributed the cause to anything more extraordinary than a catastrophe in the kitchen. When she had poured out the tea, and Martha had handed round the cake and muffins and retired, she lost no time in coming to the point.

"Wouldn't it be very nice and interesting, you know, Prof. Sobrinski," she said to that distinguished foreigner, whose big nose, hovering over his cup, resembled the beak of a bird, "to carry mesmerism a little further than you do?"

A breathless silence fell upon all, for the professor was about to speak. Every eye was eagerly bent upon him as he sat down his cup. The only person who saw any humor in the situation was himself, and he was too clever to show it.

"In what way?" he asked.

"Well," replied Miss Steptoe, "your subjects can't resist the power of your will, can they?"

"No, Miss Steptoe."

"You can make them do precisely what you like. You can even separate soul from body."

"Just so," assented the professor.

"Then why not make somebody's spirit enter somebody else's body? A sort of temporary exchange, you know, and then each would have the thoughts and feelings of the other. Wouldn't such an experiment tend to more brotherly love? I mean, by enabling us to see things from different standpoints."

"No doubt," said the professor, smiling, though the glitter in his eyes was anything but pleasant. "Upon whom, Miss Steptoe, do you wish me to experiment?"



"NO DOUBT," SAID THE PROFESSOR, SMILING

As she glanced around the silent circle gathered before the fire, there was a very general shrinking. The ladies cowered behind their teacups, and several of the gentlemen standing in the background were mean enough to hide behind their neighbors.

"Well," said Miss Steptoe with resignation, "if it will serve the interests of science, I don't mind offering myself."

By this time the ladies were thoroughly frightened, and several began to remonstrate. But Prof. Sobrinski took no notice of them.

"Who else?" he asked.

"Capt. Henniker, won't you?" timidly said Miss Steptoe, after a pause. "A soldier oughtn't to be afraid, you know. Won't you join me in the sacred cause of science?"

"With pleasure," he drawled, bowing from a chair opposite. "Only too happy to oblige a lady. But no larks, professor! You must let me get back to myself, or it might be awkward for Miss Steptoe. I wouldn't inconvenience her for the world."

"My experiments never fail," said the professor; "pray let us begin at once."

He proceeded in the usual way, making each of his subjects gaze fixedly at a coin held in such a position as to throw a strain upon the eyes. The spectators watched the operation with some curiosity and no little trepidation, not a word being spoken by any of them. It was the professor, and not his subjects, who riveted their attention. There was a strange fascination about his glittering eyes, and as the flickering firelight fell upon his tall figure and sallow, birdlike face and hovering hands, he reminded many of a vulture.

Capt. Henniker, though at first a trifle restive, eventually fell under the magician's spell. Miss Steptoe succumbed at once. When Prof. Sobrinski examined their eyes, he found that both his subjects were thoroughly under the mesmeric influence. Then he smiled grimly, just as he had smiled before.

"So far, so good," he said; "now for the next stage." He fluttered his fingers in front of Capt. Henniker. "Remember you are Miss Steptoe." He turned and repeated the gesture before her. "And you are Capt. Henniker."

With a singular sly expression she looked up to him and said, "No larks, professor."

The gentlemen fairly shrieked with laughter, the speech was so unexpected. Their merriment was increased by the ridiculous appearance of Capt. Henniker. With his hands folded over his knees, he wore an air of mild reproval, just such an air as Miss Steptoe would ordinarily have worn under the same circumstances.

All this time she had been fidgeting in her chair. As nobody spoke, all waiting for what was coming next, she rose impatiently, saying:

"You people are so uncommonly dull that I really can't stand this any longer—I'm off."

"Where to?" asked Professor Sobrinski, the only one who was able to speak.

"For a spree. Bother these old maids! they are enough to drive one crazy."

Her words threw a sudden stiffness into the attitudes of the ladies present. They positively glared after her, as, with her little nose high in the air, she walked to the door.

Capt. Henniker almost dropped from his seat, he was so dismayed. Like her, he was only obeying an irresistible power, for he had full possession of his own identity. He knew what an ass he was making of himself, but he could not act otherwise, hard though he tried to do so. And now that Miss Steptoe was going out he was filled with horror, for how in her abscence could he regain control over himself? Yet her womanly bashfulness and other characteristics having been impressed upon him, he could not utter one word to stop her. "There she goes with my spirit," he said to himself, shuddering. And when the door closed upon her, this careless soldier with the big mustache actually began to weep.

Miss Steptoe went upstairs to her room, and, with the speed and inattention of a man, put on her mantle and bonnet. There was no lingering at the glass, no searching for stray ribbons, no final pluming of feathers. In a wonderfully short space of time she was out of the house and on her way to the Parade.

Mr. Macnish, a pompous little man, who would have been startled to learn that he was a butt for every joker in Dullish, happened to be swaggering along in front of her. She stepped up to him and slapped him on the back.

"Well, old chappie, where are you off to?" demanded this astonishing little lady.

When Mr. Macnish recognized Miss Steptoe he nearly had an apoplectic fit.

"Oh, you wag!" she exclaimed, pointing at him.

"Good gracious!" gasped Mr. Macnish, falling back in alarm.

"Ta-ta," laughed Miss Steptoe; "I'm bound for the parade. You are not going my way, I suppose?"

Mr. Macnish, with very shaky knees, stood staring after her. "The woman's mad," he said at last. "There can be no doubt about it." Then he turned and made for her cottage as fast as his legs could carry him.

Here another surprise awaited him. Martha, who did not know that her mistress had gone out, told him there were a number of visitors in the drawing-room; should she show him in? "Yes," he replied in bewilderment; and entered, peering about like a traveller arrived at dead of night in a strange land. He found Prof. Sobrinski speaking to an entranced audience, but his arrival caused a general flutter. His extraordinary story created much amusement, and while the mystery was being explained to him there was a good deal of laughter.

"Poor thing," exclaimed Mr. Macnish, "she shouldn't have been allowed out; I call it an abominable practical joke."

"My good sir," said Prof. Sobrinski, "you speak too fast. It was Miss Steptoe herself who proposed the experiment. She has sacrificed herself in the cause of science."

"Science be hanged," cried Mr. Macnish, "I'm going after her."

Capt. Henniker rose eagerly.

"Allow me," he said. "I ought to have kept near her. I feel dreadfully ill apart from her. If you will be good enough to excuse me, I will go after her." He looked doubtfully at Professor Sobrinski.

"You may go," said the professor.

Captain Henniker bowed and left the room. He felt obliged to proceed slowly and sedately, eager as he was to regain the society of Miss Steptoe. Besides his anxiety to recover that part of himself with which he believed she had walked off, her spirit was working within him, and while he shrank from the contemplated act, he was irresistibly impelled to make a declaration of love. "What a dolt I am," he kept saying to himself as he went towards the parade: "I don't care a straw about the old frump, and yet—I love you to distraction, my darling. There, was there ever such a horrible position! The words will come out, but they are not my words."

Grassy banks, thinly planted with shrubs, sloped down to the parade, a converted park by the side of the sea. A few lamps twinkled along the edge of the beach; they had just been lighted when Capt. Henniker arrived. The breeze being chilly, he was surprised to see a good many people walking about, while a few occupied seats near the little circular erection where the band played in the evening. In the distance was a prim little figure sauntering along as if the whole place belonged to her. She stopped and spoke to nearly everybody she met, and as she passed on again they gazed after her in speechless amusement. Miss Hannah Steptoe they knew; but who was this eccentric person who assumed her guise, and then startled them with the most extraordinary speeches and gestures? They gathered in groups and pointed after her. There was quite a commotion upon the parade.

If there was one thing more than another that Capt. Henniker abhorred it was being mixed up in a scene. He shuddered at the very idea of making himself ridiculous, and yet he went after Miss Steptoe, and, though struggling against what he was compelled to do, entered into conversation with her, and walked by her side. The curious spectators observed that she dropped her flippant manner at once, but they did not know what had caused the change. They could not help, however, being struck with Capt. Henniker's respectful attitude.

"I very much wanted to see you alone," he said, "so I have taken the liberty of following you. You can guess what I am going to say, can't you?"

"How should I?"

"Oh, my darling, how I love you! You know it, don't you? You have known it all along. Do you love me?"



"OH, MY DARLING, HOW I LOVE YOU!"

"I do," she answered softly.

"Then," cried this miserable puppet, "I am the happiest man in the world."

He stretched out his arms toward her. As he did so a peal of laughter reached his ears, and proved stronger than the spell. He started back, shivering.

"This place is frightfully public," he said; "let us get away from it."

A pompous little man came tearing along the parade. He waved his stick, and was evidently in a tremendous passion. It was Mr. Macnish.

"Captain Henniker," he cried, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You are making Miss Steptoe the talk of the whole town."

"Not me," stammered Capt. Henniker.

"But you are, sir. Pray," said Mr. Macnish, turning to Miss Steptoe, "let me see you home. The air is keen here."

To Capt. Henniker's surprise, she went quite meekly. She did not utter a word of remonstrance; she did not even look back. He had yet much to learn of Prof. Sobrinski's power over his subjects.

When Capt. Henniker awoke next morning he was painfully conscious of what had happened on the previous day. There could be no doubt he was in a very awkward predicament, and he could see no way out of it. In despair he sent his servant to ask his friend and confidant, Leonard Haughton, to come to breakfast. Haughton accepted the invitation, but was rather late in arriving.

"I say, old boy," he began, "you look precious seedy. Did Miss Steptoe's tea disagree with you?"

"I hate a fool," said Capt. Henniker testily. "Sit down and help yourself."

"Bilious, eh?" said Haughton with a smile. "Well, perhaps it's not to be wondered at. Thank goodness, my appetite will make amends for yours."

He helped himself largely, and for a time breakfast proceeded in silence; but presently Capt. Henniker threw down his knife and fork, and said:

"Look here, Leonard, I'm in a most frightful mess. It makes my hair stand on end when I think of it. How I can have been such a fool I can't conceive. I allowed that viper Sobrinski to mesmerise me, and then I became Miss Steptoe, and she became me. Do you follow me?"

"Not exactly," answered Haughton drily. "But go on."

"Well, Miss Steptoe—that was me, you know—walked off to the parade, and left me—that was Miss Steptoe—behind, and after awhile, I—or, rather, Miss Steptoe—followed her—that was me. It sounds funny, doesn't it?"

"Very."

"Then I, like an ass—though I couldn't help it—proposed to Miss Steptoe. But, you understand, it was really Miss Steptoe who proposed."

"In other words, Miss Steptoe proposed to herself."

"Nonsense, man. I'll put it more plainly for you. The spirit of Miss Steptoe in my body proposed to my spirit in her body."

"Was the spirit whiskey or gin? Upon my word, Henniker, you are not sober yet. Who proposed to whom?"

"That is just what I can't make out. It seemed as if I was proposing to her, but it was she who proposed to me. How do I stand? That is what I want you to tell me."

"Give it up," answered Haughton. "Never was good at riddles."

"Do be sensible for a moment. Am I bound by the proposal?"

"I should say you were. When a fellow takes too much—shall we call it tea?—over night he must expect to answer for it in the morning."

"Then," said Capt. Henniker, desperately, "the proposal must be repeated by me. Say goodby to your old friend, Leonard. I feel as if I should cut my throat."

That afternoon he called at Miss Steptoe's cottage, in order to ratify what had occurred between them. It was, he considered, the only honorable course open to him, and therefore he had resolved to take it, though the spell itself had ceased to operate. It seemed as if its hateful effects were to last a lifetime, compelling him to do what he detested, and leaving him no more control over his own destiny than is possessed by chaff driven by the wind.

Martha opened the door to him. With a face brimful of importance, she said before he had time to speak:

"Have you heard the news, Captain Henniker?"

"News!" he gasped, fearing that he knew it only too well.

"Miss Steptoe is engaged to Mr. Macnish."

He scarcely knew how he made his escape, he was at once so astonished and so delighted. It was not until afterwards, when he was able to think more clearly, that a slight feeling of soreness entered his mind. It was rather humiliating to be rejected in favor of Mr. Macnish. He could not conceive how it happened. Any woman could have told him. But Captain Henniker thought it prudent not to ask.

### How the Whipping Post Works.

[New York Star.]

"Our whipping post doesn't seem to take very well with your people up here," said Governor Biggs of Delaware shortly after he had made his great "short talk" at the Tammany centennial. I told him that there did seem to be something of a feeling in New York against the whipping post and other methods of 16th century punishment.

"Well," continued the old gentleman, "we are old-fashioned people down in Delaware, and I presume we are way behind the times in a good many things, and rather set in our ways, and that method of dealing with certain classes of criminals is one of our ways. Now, I am not an apologist for the whipping post, because I don't believe that Delaware needs any apologies to be made for her people or her acts, and if I did they wouldn't come with very good grace from her executive; but I can tell you some facts.

"There is not in the State of Delaware today a single penitentiary. If a man beats his wife or sets fire to a neighbor's barn, or breaks into a house, he isn't shut up with a lot of other criminals with full time and opportunity to learn all their tricks of deviltry that he did not know before. As a preventative of crime the whipping post has a much greater terror than a term in a penitentiary, and I have never known of a man that came back for the second dose. He simply leaves the State. Maybe he comes to New York; I don't know. At any rate he seeks another home, and you may rest assured that if he stays in Delaware he lives a very quiet life. To be sure it is a relic of barbarism, but it is our way."

### A Young Wife's Bargain.

[Somerville Journal.]

Mrs. Inexperience—Oh, my dear, I've made such a bargain. You know you said you would have to hire a man to cut that wood. Well, a man came here today and he said he would cut all the wood if I would only give him that old overcoat of yours on the rack in the hall. Wasn't that quite a bargain, now, for your little wife to make?

Husband—Yes, my dear, I should think it was. That coat wasn't worth more than $40 at the outside. But, my dear, I don't see as your man has cut the wood, after all.

Mrs. Inexperience—Oh, no. He couldn't today, he was so busy. He said he was coming around to do that next week.

### Ready for Anything.

[Puck.]

Gentle applicant—I read your advertisement for a governess, and I have called to see about it.

Prof. Von Greutz—So?

Gentle applicant—Yes, a little, and I'm a daisy knitter, besides.

### Happy Despatch.

[New York Tribune.]

Ambitious wife—My dear, all the people in our set are going away for the summer.

Brutal husband—Good! Then they won't know we're at home.


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### OSCULATORY EXTRAVAGANCE.

The case of the Florida man who had his love letters produced and read in court should teach other lovers moderation in the making of osculatory contracts.

In a single postscript the Florida man undertook to deliver to the lady of his choice no less than 1,000,000,000,000 kisses. And as such contracts are not infrequently made in love letters it may be well to give a thought to the magnitude of the undertaking.

Whoever will take the trouble to figure it out will find that even if this amorous Southerner should give the lady 15,000 kisses a minute (and we affirm that no person could hope to do more than that), and even if he could keep up this rate of osculation 24 hours a day, never pausing to eat, sleep, take breath or read The Globe, working 365 days every year, it would take him more than 100 years to complete the contract. And by that time, it is painful to reflect, the ardor of his love may have cooled. Even at the end of 100 years, counting 15,000 kisses a minute, there would remain an undelivered balance of more than 200,000,000,000; a number which in itself might well appal the most industrious.

We therefore feel constrained to advise writers of love letters not to undertake contracts of the magnitude of that reported from Florida. Even in the happiest married life some time must be reserved in which to discharge the cold duties imposed by an unsentimental world. One trillion kisses is entirely too much to promise.

### IN A FIERY FURNACE.

The wonderful feat performed by William H. Marvin at Ruthven, Ont., deserves to be remembered and its suggestiveness appreciated.

There is a natural gas well at Ruthven, and the stream of gas issuing from it caught fire. All efforts to put it out were unavailing. No one could go near it on account of the fearful heat. Streams of water thrown from a distance had no effect, except that volumes of steam were generated, which made matters worse. The roar of the escaping gas was deafening to the entire village. Eleven million cubic feet of gas, as estimated, were consumed every day. The ground in the vicinity was baked like brick, and red hot.

The company owning the gas well sent for the best engineers, but they were powerless. Then the company offered a reward of $1000 to any one who would stop the leak. Marvin volunteered. At first he tried to reach the orifice with long iron levers, but they melted as soon as they came near the place where the gas was burning. Then the young man hit upon a bright idea. He resolved to walk into the fiery furnace, clad in a complete suit of that wonderful material, asbestos, which, though fine and pliable as the softest silk, will neither be consumed by fire nor conduct heat. The suit was made, including a cone-shaped hood with a glass front, to envelop the head. The first attempt was a failure. Before Marvin got near the flame he accidentally dropped his tools on the ground and saw them turn red hot before his eyes. The second attempt was successful. To the horror and wonder of the spectators the man walked into the flame, as "She," in Rider Haggard's romance did, and after one or two retreats accomplished the purpose and turned off the gas. Beyond being scorched in a few places and almost suffocated for want of air, he was unharmed.

This suggests the advisability of providing asbestos clothing for firemen. Many a life might thus be saved. And why should not railroad cars be covered inside and out with this material, as a protection against fire? When one stops to think of it, the uses to which asbestos might be put are seen to be almost unlimited. The terrors of old Sheol, however, are not to be disposed of by asbestos clothing.

### EQUALITY IN EDUCATION.

In the current number of the Nationalist Magazine Edward Bellamy contributes an article in which he argues that "the present school system of Massachusetts, with its wretched twenty weeks of compulsory attendance up to the age of fourteen, with grammar and high schools for a few fortunate ones, is not a serious attempt to educate the people." He would have the age of compulsory education raised to at least seventeen years, and the school year extended to at least thirty-five weeks.

Mr. Bellamy recognizes the practical difficulty in the way of this programme, which is, of course, the necessity poor parents are under of putting their children to work for wages as soon as possible. He does not shrink from the only practical solution of this difficulty, but boldly advocates "a sufficient State provision for the support of the children of indigent parents while at school." Rabbi Schindler, in a recent article contributed to our Sunday editorial page, ably presented the same view.

The proposition that the State shall feed and clothe, as well as educate, poor children sounds at first somewhat audacious, and doubtless will be stigmatized as socialistic by the more conservative minds. Looked at logically, however, it is just as socialistic a thing to educate children and furnish them with books at the general expense, which is already done, as it would be to feed them at the general expense, as Mr. Bellamy thinks ought to be done. It will hardly be argued that children can be educated at all unless they are fed and clothed; to feed and clothe them is therefore an essential condition of their education, and if the State is going to insist on the education it evidently must face that fact.

It is undeniable that our school system as it stands does not, in practice, impose equal burdens and confer equal benefits on all citizens alike. The higher schools are as useless to the children of poor parents as if they did not exist. There are two roads to educational equality; one is by doing away with all free public schools except the primary and lower grades of the grammar schools, of whose advantages all children can avail themselves, and the other is by making the higher grade schools equally accessible to all children by some such State action as Mr. Bellamy suggests. It is for the people to make up their minds which road is the best to take.

### ENGLAND'S "MANLY WOMEN."

A recent article in the London Saturday Review on what the writer calls "Manly Women" has created much comment in England and been widely quoted in this country.

The writer's assertion is that there is a dangerous proneness of late among the best classes of English women to imitate men by appearing at the great races, betting on their favorite horses, attending hunts and witnessing with indifference the wholesale slaughter of innocent birds and quadrupeds, and conducting themselves generally at public places in a very "mannish" manner.

With proverbial English egotism this deplorable tendency is charged largely to the influence of American women. In reply, any one who has come into personal contact with English social and domestic customs, or has read of them at the hands of English writers, will not hesitate to say that American women have taken on more unwomanly traits than they have left behind in English society. The bibulous and gormandizing habits which are not uncommon in many English households seem fully as shocking to American women as the glibness and freedom of the American woman's tongue may seem to staid and measured English tastes.

But on larger and general grounds all men would do well to reflect that their anxiety lest women should imitate them is an open self-condemnation of the habits imitated, but which they as men parade before the world as very manly, and not immoral. If it is manly to slaughter poor birds for idle sport and sit down in the English country house to lunch, besmeared with innocent blood, then it is either womanly or it is very immoral. If it is not womanly to be there it is not manly, unless morality can be justly sexed.

And here lies the vital point, for which American women deserve the thanks of all who believe in equal rights and equal measures in morals. For many years the English journals sneered at some of the noblest of American women for demanding equal standards of justice for both sexes in politics and morals. Now their English sisters, who had been frightened out of talking, have taken to deeds, and appear boldly at Ascot, Sandown and other racing localities, betting on the runners and stopping at the lunches to talk horse and tipple with the men.

It is ungenerous to charge this latter-day new departure to American women. It is rather chargeable to disregard of the advice of a few noble American women whom not so many years ago journals like the London Saturday Review were berating as "short-haired Amazons."

### EDITORIAL POINTS.

Forty French newspapers have been nominally fined for publishing the indictment against Gen. Boulanger. Very nominally, indeed, for the present government desires nothing more earnestly than to circulate this document in every corner and nook of France.

It now appears that a good deal of swindling has been going on in connection with the Johnstown relief fund. Let us hope the peculiarly mean and heartless perpetrators of such frauds can and will be brought to the bar of justice and severely punished.

The land situated over a series of mines near Scranton having caved in, the people of Pennsylvania are beginning to think seriously of this and other similar occurrences. It is strange that with all our advances in engineering knowledge no successful means has yet been devised for averting catastrophes of this nature.

Edward Bellamy: "First of all we must heed the cry of the children. We must deliver them from the taskmasters and turn them over to the schoolmasters."

Gen. Von Schellindorf of the German army assures the world that there will be no war in Europe. None but alarmists have supposed that there was any likelihood of war. The equipments of all the powers are too formidable to make anything but an armed peace feasible.

There is no present hope of peace in Hayti; indeed it looks now as if the civil war would be one of extermination. Perhaps that would not be a bad thing, either.

Thomas A. Edison says emphatically that "poor Kemmler" can be certainly and instantaneously killed by an electric current. There never was any reasonable doubt of it. The trouble is that "poor Kemmler," like all the other wife killers, just hates the idea of being killed himself, whether by one method or another. Jack the Ripper, it will be observed, is extremely careful to avoid arrest; he, too, poor fellow, evidently shrinks from the public executioner. They all do.

### THE MUSICIANS.

[Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Sunny Hour.]

The strings of my heart were strung by Pleasure,
And I laughed when the music fell on my ear;
For he and Mirth played a joyful measure,
And they played so loud that I could not hear
The wailing and moaning of souls a-weary,
The strains of sorrow that sighed around;
The notes of my heart sang blithe and cheery,
And I heard no other sound.

Mirth and Pleasure, the music brothers,
Played louder and louder in joyful glee,
But sometimes a discord was heard by others,
Though only the rhythm was heard by me.
Louder and louder and faster and faster,
The hands of those brothers played strain on strain,
Till, all of a sudden a mighty master
Swept them aside, and Pain,

Pain, the musician, the soul refiner,
Restrung the strings of my quivering heart;
And the air that he played was a plaintive minor,
So sad that the tear drops were forced to start.
Each note was an echo of awful anguish,
As shrill as solemn, as sad as slow,
And my soul for a season seemed to languish
And faint with its weight of woe.

With skilful hands that were never weary,
This master of music played strain on strain;
And between the bars of the miserere
He drew up the strings of my heart again.
And I was filled with a vague strange wonder
To see that they did not break in two;
"They are drawn so tight they will snap asunder,"
I thought, but instead they grew,

In the hands of the Master, firmer and stronger,
And I could hear on the stilly air,
Now my ears were deafened by mirth no longer,
To sounds of sorrow, and grief and despair.
And my soul grew tender and kind to others;
My nature grew sweeter, my mind grew broad,
And I held all men to be my brothers
Linked by the chastening rod.

My soul was lifted to God and heaven,
And when on my heart-strings fell again
The hands of Mirth, and Pleasure, even,
There was no discord to mar the strain;
For Pain the musician, the soul refiner,
Attuned the strings with a master hand,
And whether the music be major or minor,
It is always sweet and grand.

## SWALLOW-TAILS,

### Their Sway to Continue for Generations.

### How Many Whose Calves Could Stand the Test of Knee Breeches?

### E. Berry Wall on the Latest Leading English Fad.

[Copyright, 1889.]

New York, July 26.—There is much discussion among young men as to the use of what is known as the summer dress coat, meaning thereby a black sack with a rolling collar, and worn with the conventional low-cut black vest and black trousers. It is a sensible garment when worn seasonably, but it must always be borne in mind that it is not part of a ceremonious attire. It is a light, airy, comfortable piece of dress, and well fitted for the informal gatherings of the hot season when most of the staid formalities of the winter are set aside. For seaside hops, for escorting ladies to the theatre, and even for dinner parties in country houses, the summer dress suit is admirably adapted, and its use is sensible and commendable. For formal gatherings, however, such, for instance, as a dinner given to honor an individual or commemorate an anniversay or an occasion, the summer dress suit is entirely out of place, and we must place ourselves in the tight embrace of the full-fledged swallow-tail.

The sway of the swallow-tail, by the way, is the most arbitrary in the world of dress. Its reign will outlive generations yet to come. Many, but futile, efforts have been made to break away from its bonds. Enterprising society youths, determined to send it into exile, have cast themselves against the iron wall of dress conventionalism, only to fall back utterly crushed in spirit. A slight breach in the custom which holds us was attempted two years ago by the young men who suddenly blossomed forth in plum-colored swallow-tails, but they soon faded out of sight. We may make a brief summer time escape through the medium of the sack coat compromise to which I have referred, and we may, as we do now, make a great show of courage by declaring that

**Broadcloth is Bad Form for Dress Suits,**

and that only a fine diagonal is proper, but through all these petty attacks the swallow-tail rules triumphant. It is not beautiful, it is not graceful, it is rarely comfortable, but it has a clutch upon us which cannot be shaken off.

The most frequently expressed objection to the swallow-tailed coat, that it permits no distinction in appearance between guests and servants in the dining-room, is not, however, a valid one. The attire of servants is a matter which is in every master's control. Why could not the servitors be distinguished by the wearing of knee breeches, if you please? That reminds me of how, last season, half a dozen New Yorkers practised the reverse of that proposition and attempted to revolutionize the customs of evening dress for men. Their daring has not heretofore been recorded. They move in the most exclusive circle in society. Whether or not their feelings had been exasperated by their being mistakenly ordered to perform some menial service at a swell reception I am unable to say, but they determined upon an innovation in evening attire. By prearrangement they appeared one night at a small but formal gathering arrayed in the conventional dress suit, but the trousers terminating abruptly at the knees, the costume thence continuing in a pair of black silk stockings and a pair of pumps. They certainly won attention if not admiration. They wore those costumes throughout the season but never had the audacity to appear in them at large gatherings or public occasions. They exhibited them only in their own social clique and never without the support of their united presence. But they have found no imitators and candor compels me to record that the departure was not a success. Folks seemed disposed to make sneering allusions to the young men's calves, which I may say confidentially were slightly padded. But the revelation of that fact need cause them no shame. Few of us can with any degree of pride put our legs to the test of the knee breeches, and in this we resemble—popular belief to the contrary—our ancestors for generations back. I have examined many specimens of men's garments of centuries ago and I have found almost invariably that where knee breeches were used,

**The Stockings Were Thickened Largely**

at the calves. The sturdy Englishman of today resorts to the same aid to symmetry. At the Queen's drawing-rooms and the Prince of Wales' levees the gentlemen who attend are obliged to wear knee-breeches and black silk stockings and the best-built swells in London have the greatest pains taken with their hose in order that judicious thickening in the right places will enable them to present at least the appearance of possessing a well-turned leg. In that I think they display only Christian consideration for the feelings of others. They do no one any harm by the slight deception, and they give gratification to the admiring eyes of charming woman. It may not be popular to say so, but I think the knee breeches costume very beautiful and attractive. I never heard any contempt expressed for George Washington on account of his displaying the contour of his calves, and I never knew that Benjamin Franklin suffered in public esteem because his trousers only reached to his knees. But custom nowadays says otherwise, and we who are its creatures must bend to the yoke of the swallow-tailed coat, with vest cut low and trousers cut long.

In any young man wishes to make a hit and lead where others are sure to follow, let him adopt the latest English fad in the matter of dress. Only yesterday I received a letter from a friend in London, who is one of the best dressed man in the British kingdom, and the brother of an earl, in which he describes the attire newly adopted by the swells of London. To begin with, the hat is a high white one, the use of which was tabooed this season and last by well dressed men in all the Eastern cities, the Derby supplanting it. But, as I have said, it is now reinstated in swell favor in London and consequently it is as certain as day to be in vogue next season, in New York, anyhow. That may not be altogether creditable to New York, but it is true. With this hat the London swells wear a frock coat, either of slate or tan color, trousers of the same material and a white vest. The coat is made so that it will slightly roll, and is never buttoned. The necktie is the oddest feature of this costume. It is wrapped twice around the neck and then tied in a semblance of the "chokers" of half a century ago. The man who has the courage to appear thus arrayed will be in advance of next season's fashions. If the doubly-neck-enfolding cravat comes into general use there will be

**Much Rivalry Among Young Men**

as to their relative expertness in tying. Nowadays there is much more general attention paid to neckties than ever before. This is largely owing to their remarkable cheapness, and is also due to the increasing attention which the men of this country bestow on dress. All well-dressed men now realize that they must tie their own cravats. No tie which is made up can be properly adjusted. It is stiff and lacking in gracefulness. Ties for evening dress are now worn much wider than has been customary. Either black or white is correct.

If our young men follow Englishmen in matters of dress, they don't in methods of drinking. It is a continual cause for surprise to New Yorkers, who have heard and read of the proverbial hard-headedness of the Britisher, to witness the marvellously rapid way in which they succumb to the potency of American liquor. A newly arrived Englishman who sees the sights with an American cousin is apt to fall by the wayside before the journey is fairly started, and the next morning while he holds his expanding head he blames it all on the "blarsted" climate or the vileness of the whiskey. Yet the climate has a dreadfully immoral characteristic which is favorable to heavy drinking, and as to the liquor, Kentucky, Pennsylvania and Maryland produce the finest whiskeys in the world, and we bring from Europe, despite foolish talk about adulterations, the finest liquors which money can buy. The trouble with the Englishman is that he doesn't know how to drink. At home he takes wine only at his dinner table, and confines his daytime imbibings to ale or plain Irish and Scotch whiskey and water, or brandy and soda. When he gets in the wild whirl of American mixed drinks his head and his feet fail him and he

**Wonders What Has Come Over Him.**

Young Americans nowadays display a knowledge of the relative effects of various drinks which might do credit to a doctor of medicine. Moralists may bewail the existence of such dangerous knowledge, but men will drink, and, that being the case, it is certainly better they should drink intelligently and not fall through ignorance, as does the Englishman who comes to America. Through his knowledge of bibulous effects it is absolutely marvellous how much liquor a young American of the world worldly can absorb without suffering any apparent harm. Scorning the old dictum about mixing drinks, he runs the entire alcoholic gamut. He doesn't touch cocktails in the morning, a proceeding which is the beginning of a quickly approaching end with the Englishman in America. The experienced American swell begins the days' imbibations with a frozen absinthe. He finds that gives tone to his stomach and steadiness to his nerves. He doesn't take two. That would be fatal. He touches no more liquor until an hour after breakfast, when he gloatingly approaches a gin fizz, which he finds so refreshing that he assimilates two more before lunch. That meal he prefaces with a glass of sherry, with a dash of orange bitters in it and washes his food down with a bottle of Bass. The afternoon journeyings put him outside of three whiskey punches and one Remsen cooler. Dinner is invited with an old-fashioned whiskey cocktail. At this meal he rarely takes more than one kind of wine. He drinks either a quart of claret or a quart of champagne and follows his coffee with a glass of cordial. After the theatre he drinks as many glasses of beer as his thirst suggests, winding up this attack with a glass of frozen Kummel, which his profound knowledge tells him is a "settler" for beer. Then before turning in for the night he ends the day's proceedings with

**A Small Glass of Brandy**

in a bottle of plain soda. A tally list of the day's drinks makes a formidable total, and yet the American youth does all this without betraying in voice, walk or feature that he has been tippling. His British cousin who attempts to keep pace in the race does not observe the proper order to be pursued, and in the wild conflict between drinks which ensues he is sacrificed.

As to the customs which surround his drinking, the Englishman has, I think, somewhat the advantage of the American. The former does not consider it good form to stand at the bar and drink, and I am glad to see that now in this country those resorts are most patronized by men of position where tables and chairs and waiters are provided for the convenience of customers. But the greatest difference between England and this country in this matter concerns the great American evil of treating. It is a custom born in good fellowship, but is abused to a dreadful extent and is responsible for the larger portion of the evil effects of drinking. In London it is considered in the worst possible form for a man to offer to pay for what another drinks. Friends sit side by side, each one ordering what liquor he wishes and each one paying for what he obtains. When first told of the American custom the London swell says, in surprise: "And do men take their acquaintances into stores and treat them to neckties and hats and shoes and clothing?"

They don't, but why shouldn't they if this "treating" custom is all right?

E. Berry Wall.


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—OF—

# WRITTEN IN RED;

—OR.—

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—BY—

CHARLES HOWARD MONTAGUE

—AND—

C. W. DYAR,

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*There will be a delay of a week or two previous to the publication of the final chapter, which will tell just how and why Paul North was killed. At present this is a secret with the authors. And this secret has been sealed and placed in the safe in the counting-room of THE GLOBE, not to be opened till the night preceding its publication. The action of the story has been directed by the best detectives in Boston. The medical testimony furnished therein is the genuine opinion of prominent city physicians.* **But none of these men are in the secret.** *The problem will be submitted to all GLOBE readers just as it would be in real life. Everybody is at liberty to send in his theory of Paul North's death. To the person sending the nearest to the solution of the mystery given by the authors, the above reward will be paid. If there are two or more theories equally accurate the money will be divided between the contestants among whom the judges are in doubt. The theories are not to be sent in until after all the story, except the final chapter, has been published. No individual may present more than one theory.*

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### How to Make $200.

Read the announcement on the 4th page of the New Story, to begin Next Week, "Written in Red; or, the Conspiracy in the North Case." $200 Reward to the Reader who will tell just how and why Paul North was killed. $1.00 for 14 months.


### A Wise Maiden.

[Philadelphia Record.]

A wise girl shows no preferences. So long as her heart and hand are free she will do well to treat all those gentlemen admitted to her society with an air of well-bred ease, which at once gives them to understand that she expects nothing from them but courtesy, and which not infrequently piques them into a stronger feeling, says Ella Wheeler Wilcox. A great beauty of my acquaintance made herself unpopular and neglected by an air of insolent indifference amounting to rudeness. This is never good form and never pays, unless one wishes to wound and antagonize. I have known two young ladies to lose possible husbands by trying to monopolize the attentions of young men whom they had met. A young man complained to me last summer at the seashore of this propensity of young ladies. "I knew only one young lady here when I came," he said, "and she will not introduce me to any others. I want to dance at the hops, but cannot, of course, unless I know the ladies." I have found it invariably true that the girls who introduce their gentlemen friends freely and readily are themselves the most sought after and popular. Nothing makes a man so desirous of going as the feeling that he is being hindered from going. Nothing makes him so ready to return as a willingness on your part to let him go.

### The Fashion in Dogs.

[Washington Post.]

The fashion in dogs is as capricious as that in bonnets. The pug is said to be rapidly going out. A lady now looks more to the intelligence of her dog than the flatness of his nose. The dainty, delicate little woman is now buying the Scotch and the fox terrier, while the gymnasium-physical-culture-tennis-base-ball girls, with tough muscles and natural waists, affect only the big dogs—mastiffs, St. Bernards and setters. Who can tell? Another generation in the full blaze of amazonian progress may render the entire class of flat-nosed, weak-eyed, long-haired, small dogs entirely obsolete. The new fashion will commend itself to all real lovers of women. It is a step in the right direction. If women must pet dogs let them be dogs of best intelligence—dogs that can walk, dogs that can sleep on the floor, that can eat plain food, such as the woman herself lives on. Let it be a dog that could stand guard over the house, give warning of intrusion and be something more of a protection than a nuisance.

### A FOOLISH TOAD.

#### He Found a Bumble-Bee Too Hot for His Stomach.

[Syracuse Journal.]

The other day as I lay in my hammock I saw a huge toad winking and blinking lazily under the large leaf of a foliage plant. He looked contented and happy, and just as if he didn't care whether school kept or not. A bumble-bee came buzzing around the flowers. That toad opened his eyes, looked around, deliberately winked one eye at me, and then to all appearances went to sleep again. He was not asleep, however, for the next moment, when the adventurous bee came a trifle nearer, he made a little spring, opened his countenance till I thought he would actually drop in two, there was a red flash—and the bee had disappeared. I was just beginning to wonder where it had gone, when I observed the toad begin to look melancholy. I then noticed that his white vest was puffed out like on alderman's. In less time than it takes to tell it he was the most lonesome looking toad I ever saw. He seemed to reflect a minute, and then he got into the attitude in which the old prints represent Nebuchadnezzar when he was out to pasture. His big mouth was close to the ground, while his hind feet stood on tiptoe. He had swallowed something hot and was now going to get rid of it by reversing the process. After several violent efforts, during which his whole anatomy heaved with emotion, the troublesome Jonah was ejected and lay on the grass before him. The toad wasn't winking at me any more. Instead he was venting looks of revengeful spite at the unfortunate author of all his troubles, which by this time presented a sorry appearance. Soon he cautiously approached and with a lightning-like movement the bee again disappeared, this time to stay. For a moment the toad moved cautiously as if to avoid stirring up again that burning fire beneath his vest, and then seeing that it was all right hopped back with an elated air and went to sleep under the leaf.

### Lucky Guesses.

[Inland Printer.]

A San Francisco newspaper offered $200 to the one who would correctly guess the number of types in a jar exhibited in the exposition there. Two men were successful, naming the correct number, 34,200. How they came to hit on that number is interesting. One of them once guessed the number of shot in a jar about the same size as the one containing the type. There were 95,000. He thought there were one-third as many type as shot, and so divided 95,000 by 3, and he said, "added a little to make it even." The other man saw a crowd around the jar, and felt in his pocket for a pencil with which to write a number. He couldn't find one, and moved on; but afterwards, feeling strongly impelled to make a guess, felt again for a pencil, and found an old lottery ticket, on which was the number 34,200. He borrowed a pencil, put down the number, and won $100.

### The Mother Heart.

[Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.]

At the scholastic commencement the other night in this city there arose a hot dispute over the decision in an oratorical contest. The relations and friends of the young girl who had been defeated in the contest protested prodigiously.

Especially one old lady was noticeable in her energetic objections to the medal being awarded according to the judge's decision. She was the defeated girl's mother. Over and over again I heard her say, "I know my daughter's the best speaker—much the best."

I was amused to discover that the good old lady who was so positive of her daughter's superiority in oratorical powers was absolutely stone deaf.

### Gross and Net.

[Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.]

"If you want to make the most out of a little," said the jeweller, "buy a pound of steel and work it up into hair springs for watches. The product will sell for $140,000."

"And then I would be $140,000 in?" said the apprentice, who had enough laid by to get the pound of steel.

"No," replied the master, "it would cost you about $139,000 and all your life to make the springs."

### Encouraging Prospect.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Little 6-year-old Jemmy being permitted to see his new-born baby brother—fifth boy in the family—remarked:

"Mamma, I am so glad it is a boy."

"Why, Jemmy, are you glad it is a boy?"

"Because, mamma, we will soon have enough for a base ball team."

"How many does it take?" asked the fond parent, when Jemmy innocently replied:

"Only nine, mamma."

### DIFFERENT FROM 8 TO 7.

#### How "Counting Out" Was Done by Children When Indulging in Play.

A recent article in The Globe copied from a foreign journal gave a description of what purported to be the method used by children in their plays for "counting out," or designating who should be exempt from the onerous portion of these plays by repeating verses of doggerel. This was very interesting no doubt to young readers, while it caused retrospection as well to many a graybeard who recalled his boyhood days when the custom was extant. But the detail was more suggestive than explicit, leaving room for further elucidation. In former days several plays were in vogue that now appear to be obsolete. "Corum," "bankellulla," "gould" and "seamen on the land" will be recalled as of this nature. These all required the counting out process. The first two named were of the "high spy" species (high spy being evidently a misnomer for I spy, shows its English origin.) The terms "corum" and "bankellulla" simply indicate the cries given by the boys when out, to attract the attention of the seeker. Gould was played with two sides, each trying to go around the other's gould without getting caught (tagged.) In case of success he was at liberty to draw any one of his antagonists to add to his own side. Failing (getting caught), he belonged to his captors. The other game, "seamen on the land," was accomplished by the outs trying to cross to an opposite side, going by the one stationed to prevent it. Whoever was caught took the sentinel's place.

In giving a description of the counting out verses there appears a similarity in some to those quoted in the article referred to, thus disclosing their origin. The others were evidently home made. These follow:

Alley, maley, tippey taley,
Tiley, toley, normy nig;
Dach, roach,
Country toach,
Turning into this.

Ene, mene, moni mi,
Barcelona bona strei,
Ka bell, broken well
We wo wack.

Intri, mintri, cutri corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn,
Wier, brier, limber lock,
Seven geese in a flock,
O-u-t—out.

One er zol, zu er zol,
Zig er zol zan;
Fillasy, follasy, Nicholas, John,
Queeby, quaby, Irish Mary,
Stinkalum, stankalum, buck.

One-ary u-ary igary Ann,
Fillasy, follosy, tittle tol tan,
Intra, mintra, muta mi,
Peska lona mona strei,
Out.

Ink, mink, pepper, stink,
O-u-t—out,
With a rotten dish clout,
Go.

The practice of enumerating by the boy at the gould is of more recent origin. An observer will frequently notice the lightning-like rapidity of enunciation common. It don't seem to be so fair for the hiders as the olden form, and is no check upon trickery.

L.

### Getting Acquainted.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

It is a very simple process for children to become acquainted with each other if they are left to their own devices. This is the way it comes to pass:

"Why, I did not know that you and that little girl had got acquainted yet," said a Roxbury father to his 6-year-old son, who came in from a walk on the adjoining lawn with the tiny daughter of the new next door neighbor.

"Yes, Clara and I have been 'quainted lots of days," said the very small boy.

"What did you say to her first?" asked the father.

"Oh, Clara spoke to me first. She came down by the chicken house and asked me how many prayers I say nights, and I told her, and then I asked her how many prayers she says, and she told me, and then we were 'quainted."

### Beauty Viewed by a Cold Eye.

[From the Wilmington News.]

Frederick Brown of Philadelphia is quite a physiognomist in his way. He never rides in a public conveyance or passes through the streets that he does not find great pleasure in his chosen study. He is an ardent student, and devotes as much time to the examination of a pair of beautiful eyes or a homely turned-up nose, when riding or walking, as the women bestow upon the latest fashions.

Mr. Brown will search for a whole fortnight for a pair of eyebrows that exactly match in color or shape, and even then he seldom finds perfection. A straight and beautiful nose he rarely sees. One nostril is generally larger than the other, or the organ of smell has a crook in it, or does not start from the forehead gracefully, or leans a little to the side of the face, and thus mars the entire countenance.

"Many beauties," said Mr. Brown, "have been admired for their handsome eyes, yet, if you examine those self-same eyes from a physiognomist's standpoint, you will discover in numerous instances that they do not match. One eye may be fuller than its sparkling neighbor, the lines that form the lids may differ very materially, while their sizes may vary much more than a casual observer would ever suspect. Even the lashes, which poets rave over, rarely harmonize, and often reveal wonderful differences. One infrequently finds a perfect mouth. The lips may be cherry red and the teeth behind them may resemble the finest pearls, yet the mouth itself upon examination will be found imperfect in some way. The face is certainly a wonderful study, and the more one looks upon it the more one is impressed with its marvellous beauty and its defects."

Mr. Brown divides the countenance into weekly studies. One week he will devote his attention to matching eyebrows, another he will spend his time in searching for the blemishes of the eye, which will be followed up by an inspection of the forehead, contour of head, shape of ears, etc.

### Baptism Didn't Seem to Take.

[Washington Post.]

"One day when living at Beaufort, S. C.," said a gentleman the other day, "the young colored nurse in my family came in with a terribly lugubrious face. Around her head was wound a white cloth, which extended fully two feet above.

"What on earth is the matter, Tilly?" said my wife.

"'Oh! I's a-seekin'.'

"'What are you seekin'?'

"'I'se a-seekin' 'ligion.'

"'Do you have to wear that when you are seeking religion?'

"'Oh, yes, miss. I has to wear that to mortify de flesh.'

"That afternoon she came to her mistress and said: 'I cyarn't tek keer de chill'n dis arfternoon. I'se got to go to de woods an' wrassle wid de sperut.'

"She 'wrassled' for four days, and finally came in with a beaming countenance, and with the cloth taken from her head. She had found Jesus and had been baptized. 'Tilly,' I said, 'do you have to go through that performance every time you get religion?'

"'Yes, Marse Thompson.'

"'How many times have you been baptized in the course of your life?'

"'Bout 'leb'n times.'"


### $200 TO ANY MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD

Who will tell just how and why Paul North was killed. For particulars of offer read the announcement of New Story on 4th page. $1.00 for 14 months.


### A Gilt-Edge Recommendation.

[Omaha World.]

Employer—Are you watchful and prudent in looking after business interests?

Applicant for position—I've carried the same umbrella over two years without losing it or having it stolen.

Employer—Then you may have entire control of my extensive business and name your own salary.

### An Aristocratic Tiger.

[Jewelers' Weekly.]

Mrs. Softop—Softy, dear, do you know that some of the animals in the park wear jewelry?

Mr. Softop—Humbug!

Mrs. Softop—Yes, they do, Softy. The paper states that the new tiger has 17 bright golden rings on his tail.

### Timing Themselves.

[Midsummer Puck.]

James Browne Stone (at the big Top-Notch hotel in the Rathskills)—Dinner is going on. Are you hungry yet? I'm not!

Mrs. Stone—I am not, either; but we might as well go down and take seats. We'll be hungry by the time our orders are filled.

### Given Away.

[New York Sun.]

Toliver—I caught a 16-pound fish yesterday.

Oliver—So you say.

Toliver—What do you mean? I had it weighed.

Oliver—On the iceman's scales, I suppose.

### At the Pier.

[Harper's Bazar.]

"How those Boston people lionize that Miss Hunter—and a more unattractive girl than she I never met."

"Ah, but you forget. She is the only Boston woman who hasn't read Robert Elsmere and never heard of Browning."

### The Secret of Success.

[New York Sun.]

Prodigal—If I had as much money as you I wouldn't be so careful of it.

Economy—That's the very reason you will never have it.

### A Cool Engagement.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Mr. Gotham—Isn't it a long while since you kissed me, love?"

Miss Boston—I can't remember, really. Wait till I refer to my diary."

### Iced Coffee With an Egg.

[Arkansaw Traveller.]

He gave him the cold shake, but as it was made of milk and was well shook, he (the recipient) seemed very grateful.

### INCONVENIENT PRESENTS.

#### Boys and Girls Given to Explorers Who Visit Savage Tribes.

[New York Sun.]

Now and then when an explorer visits a savage tribe they insist upon presenting him with a girl or boy as a token of their esteem. These presents, being inconvenient to carry around, are generally declined with thanks, but a few of them have reached Europe. Among the Akka dwarfs who have been taken to Europe are two who were presented to white men. One of them, now a young man, is living in the palace of Count Miniscalchi at Verona, and the other, a bright-eyed little girl, who was presented to the explorer Gessi, is a servant in the family of his widow at Trieste.

A while ago, when Mr. Lumholtz was travelling among the cannibals of Queensland, Australia, some villagers wished to give him a young girl whom they regarded as the beauty of the village, by way of recognizing his valuable services in scaring away a hostile band with a few shots of his revolver, so Lumholtz told them to send her to his camp.

There was to be a dance that night, and Kelanmi, a slim, good-looking girl, about 15 years old, was in full dress, which consisted chiefly of paint. She did not fancy the white man, and at the request of Lumholtz a lusty young chap in the village whom she did fancy was sent along with her. She trembled like a leaf as Lumholtz bade her sit down by the fire. The white man tried to win her confidence by giving her bread and meat, but she could not be induced to say a word or to look at her new master, and the eatables lay untouched beside her. Lumholtz said it pained him to witness the anguish of the timid little thing, and soon, to the great astonishment of the blacks who were looking on, he told Kelanmi she might go home. She bounded away, another creature entirely, as soon as she found she no longer belonged to the strange-looking man.

In the household of young Arnot, the missionary whose travels have made him famous, are several little girls whom he found in slave caravans marching to the coast. They were nearly dead with fatigue, and as they were likely to be left to perish by their Arab masters he bought them for a few yards of cloth. The youngest of them, who was about 9 years old, particularly interested him, because, after she had been nursed back to health, she was very bright and happy. About six months after this little girl, Mwepo, became a member of his family Arnot went one morning to take breakfast with King Msidi, who is now the chief potentate in the Congo basin. While they were together a little girl entered the yard, threw herself at the King's feet, and did obeisance by rubbing dust on her arms and forehead. The King asked her what she wanted, and she said, as she wept, that she was a little slave girl whom the King's soldiers had taken from her home in Luba. She said her mistress kept beating her and she had run away to beg the King's protection.

As Arnot arose to leave the sly old King told the little girl to follow the white man if she wished a home where she would not be beaten any more. Arnot saw her coming after him, and so he took her hand and led her to his cottage. What was his astonishment when little Mwepo and the newcomer flew into each other's arms, weeping as though their hearts would break. He says that for several days he was scarcely able to do anything with them, so continually did they hang on each other's neck.

Three years before these freeborn children of Luba were playing in the water, near the huts of their parents, when their childish glee was turned to terror by slave stealers, who tore them from their homes and from each other. After many months of unmixed sorrow and hardship a better fate had reunited them, and they were free once more in the home of a kind white friend, who had come thousands of miles to brighten the pathway of unfortunates like themselves.

### Show This to Your Mother-in-Law.

[Today.]

One good old rule, avoiding strife,
I've followed since my youth—
To always live an upright life
And tell the downright truth.


# TO AGENTS.

**Many of the friends of The Weekly Globe, who have sent clubs in the past, will receive a copy of this issue and a circular giving new rates of commission to agents.**

**Special attention is called to the announcement of the new story to begin next week. Now is the time for subscriptions to begin, as every one who subscribes with the first instalment of the new story, can compete for the prize of $200, which is offered to the reader who solves the mystery of the sequel of the story. Send for free sample copies.**




# THE Enchanted Necklace

Once upon a time there was a little girl who could not speak the truth. It does not seem a wicked thing to certain children to tell lies, if by so doing they escape some duty or punishment. It appears to them the most proper thing in the world. Our little girl was just one of that kind. For her the truth was something that did not exist, and any excuse was a good one, provided she could persuade any one to accept it. For a long time her parents were deceived by her stories; but they finally discovered her untruthfulness, and from that moment they had not the slightest confidence in her. It is a terrible thing for parents when they cannot believe their children's word.

After having vainly tried all means to break her of this dreadful habit the father and mother resolved to take her to the enchanter Merlin, who was then celebrated all over the world, and who was the greatest lover of truth who ever existed.

From all directions little children who told lies were brought to him to be cured. He lived in a palace of glass, the walls of which were transparent, and he never had a thought of disguising any of his actions, or of making any one believe what was not really true. He could smell a liar a mile off, and when the little girl arrived near his palace he was obliged to burn vinegar to purify the air, for he felt himself becoming ill.

The mother, red with shame and confusion, began to explain to him the terrible misfortune of her little daughter, but Merlin stopped her.

"I know all about it, my good lady," he said. "More than an hour ago I perceived that she was coming. She is a fearful liar, and she has made me feel very uncomfortable."

The parents recognized that they had not been deceived as to the power of this great enchanter, and the little girl, covered with confusion, did not know where to hide herself. She fled to her mother, who clasped her in her arms, frightened at the turn affairs had taken. The father placed himself before her, determined to protect her at any cost, for the enchanter glanced at her with an expression which was anything but reassuring. They wished him to cure their child, but without doing her any harm.

"Don't be afraid," said Merlin, seeing the terror of these people. "I do not employ violence to cure maladies of this kind. I only wish to present a gift to the young lady, which I think will not displease her."

He opened a drawer and took out a magnificent necklace of amethysts, beautifully mounted, with an agrafe of diamonds of an incomparable purity, which shone so that they dazzled the eyes. He placed it around the little girl's neck, and dismissed her parents with a benevolent smile.

"Go, good people," he said, "and have no more fears. Your daughter carries with her a sure guardian of truth."

The little girl, blushing with pleasure, was about to withdraw, when the enchanter Merlin called her back.

"I will come for my necklace in a year," he said, looking her full in the face. "Until then I forbid you to take it from your neck for a single moment. If you dare to disobey, woe to you!"

"Oh! I should like to wear it forever, it is so beautiful!"

Now, you must know, this necklace was no other than the famous necklace of truth, which is spoken of in the old books, and which laid bare every kind of lie.

The day after her return the little girl was sent to school, and as she had been absent so long, all the other little girls crowded around her, and all exclaimed when they saw her beautiful necklace:

"Oh, how lovely! Where did you get it? Where have you been?"

"I have been sick a long while," she replied calmly, "and when I got better my parents gave me this beautiful necklace."

All the children uttered a loud cry.

The diamonds in the agrafe which but a moment before had shone so brilliantly, now seemed to be nothing but common glass.

"What are you exclaiming at? I have been sick, I tell you."

At this the amethysts in their turn were changed into ugly yellow stones.

A new cry arose from the children, and seeing all eyes fixed upon the necklace, the little girl looked at it and shuddered with terror.

"I went to the enchanter Merlin," she said humbly, for she did not dare persist in her lie.

No sooner had she confessed the truth than the necklace regained all its beauty; but the shouts of laughter which arose humiliated her to such a point that she felt the need of vindicating herself.

"You need not laugh," she replied, "for he received my parents and myself in a most friendly manner. He sent his carriage to the next town to meet us, and you never saw such a magnificent carriage. Six white horses; cushions of red satin, bound with gold lace. The coachman was a negro with a powdered wig, and three lackeys rode behind. When we arrived at his palace, which was built of jasper and porphyry, he came to the door to meet us, and conducted us into the dining-room, where a grand banquet was prepared. First, there was—"

The laughter, which had ceased as she began this interesting story, now burst forth afresh, and the little girl stopped in amazement and again gazed at the necklace. She shuddered once more.

At each detail which she had invented the necklace had grown longer and longer, and, without her noticing it, had already reached her feet.

"You are exaggerating!" cried the little girls.

"Well, I acknowledge it; we went on foot, and we only remained five minutes."

The necklace immediately began to shrink, and presently assumed it's proper length.

"But the necklace! the necklace!" cried the children.

"He gave it to me without saying anything; probably —."

She had not time to say more. The fatal necklace began to grow smaller and smaller, so that it nearly choked her, and she could hardly utter a word.

"You have not told us all," cried the others.

While she could yet speak the half-strangled child managed to gasp out:

"He told me that I was an awful liar."

At once she was delivered from the terrible noose which was strangling her, and she wept with shame and pain.

"That is the reason he gave me this necklace," she sobbed. "He said it was a guardian of truth."

Her little companions sympathized with her in her trouble, for, good little souls that they were, they knew how they should feel if they were in her place.

"If I were you," said one, "I would throw the necklace away. Beautiful as it is, it is a regular nuisance. Why don't you get rid of it?"

The poor little girl remained silent; but the necklace began to dance up and down so that the stones rattled against each other, making a fearful noise.

"There is something you have not told us," cried the children, shouting with merriment at this extraordinary dance.

"I was only thinking of something which I prefer to keep to myself."

The diamonds and amethysts still kept up their lively dance.

"You are concealing something from us."

"Well, then, since I can keep nothing from you, he forbade my taking it off under the penalty of a great misfortune."

The necklace suddenly became perfectly quiet.

You can imagine now, that with a constant companion of that sort, which transformed itself when one perverted the truth, which grew longer when one added to it, which grew smaller when one kept back part of it, and which commenced to dance when one remained silent, a companion of which one could not rid one's self, it was impossible for even the most determined liar not to walk straight in the path of truth. So, when the little girl once understood that every lie was useless, and was made known the instant she uttered it, it did not require any great effort on her part to give up her dreadful habit. What happened? When she had become accustomed to always tell the truth, she felt her conscience so light and her mind so tranquil that she felt a horror at the very idea of telling a lie, and the necklace had nothing more to do. Before a year had passed the enchanter, Merlin, came to get the famous necklace, which he needed for another little girl. By his magic art he knew that it was no longer needed where it was.

What became of this wonderful talisman no one knows. It seems that, after the death of the great Merlin, his heirs were afraid of the ravages which it might make upon the earth, and caused its disappearance. I leave you to think what a calamity it might be to many men, to say nothing of children, if it were placed on their necks. Travellers who returned from the interior of Africa related that they saw it on a negro king who did not know how to tell an untruth; but their story lacks confirmation. It is still being sought for, and, if I were an untruthful child, I should not feel at all my ease, for some one may yet find it.

## THE BEAUTIFUL GREEK PRINCESS.

### A TURKISH FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time there lived in China a powerful emperor named Faghfur. His grand vizier was a wise and learned man who could at any hour enter his sovereign's chamber. One day as he availed himself of this privilege, Faghfur who was sleeping upon a divan suddenly awoke, and in an excess of fury threw himself sword in hand upon his minister.

Presently, however, he became calmer and said to the vizier:

"I had, in my sleep, a delicious dream. I saw a young girl so beautiful that there was never any one compareable to her in the whole world. On entering you awoke me, and I was furious at being awakened from my dream. But that charming image is still before my eyes, and I shall carry the memory of it in my heart forever."

The vizier was a man endowed with an extraordinary intelligence. Besides, he was a painter of the first order. He gave life to the faces that he painted.

Desirous of rendering a service to his royal master, he begged him to describe again, minutely, the being he had seen in his dream, and, as Faghfur gave the description, the skilful artist, having taken a piece of white cloth and colors and brushes, painted the features of the young girl and the palace in which she appeared.

When the picture was finished, he placed it at the gate of the city, through which all the caravans passed, and the guard asked all strangers who arrived, if they knew that palace or that young girl.

One day a traveller from a distant country arrived, who, on looking at the picture, exclaimed:

"It is astonishing! I know that face."

They conducted him to the vizier who eagerly questioned him.

The stranger replied: "The picture I have just seen is very like the daughter of the Greek emperor. This princess is marvelously beautiful. But she has vowed, absolutely, never to marry, for a very singular reason. One day she was in her garden watching, in a thicket, a nest in which a peacock, a peahen and their young were resting. Suddenly a fire broke out in the thicket. The peacock immediately fled. The peahen would not abandon her little ones, and, not being able to carry them off, she remained with them and perished in the flames. This desertion by the male bird and the devotion of the female produced a deep impression upon the princess. She reflected seriously and came to the conclusion that what she had seen was only an example of what passed in the human world. She was persuaded that selfishness and infidelity are the distinctive traits of our sex. She refuses to see any man, and declares, positively, that she will never marry.

The vizier received this information with joy, and at once imparted it to Faghfur. Then he said to himself:

"As our master has fallen in love with this young girl, she must fall in love with him."

He asked permission to absent himself for awhile, and in the garb of a peasant he departed for the distant empire in company with the traveller who had recognized the picture of the princess.

On his arrival at Constantinople, the vizier had himself conducted to the gardens of the imperial residence, and saw the palace which Faghfur had seen in his dream, and which he, himself, had painted. He had thus every reason to believe that the picture of the princess was equally exact, and that this princess was the daughter of the Greek emperor. He desired to see her, and, to accomplish this, he established himself as a painter in the city.

He speedily acquired a great renown, and was spoken of enthusiastically at the imperial court.

The princess, who was a great lover of the arts, begged her father to employ this foreign artist, whose works were so admirable.

The emperor ordered his attendance at the palace, and directed him to paint a picture for him.

The vizier charmed every one by the excellence of his work, and when his task was accomplished he asked permission to decorate the door of the chamber occupied by the princess. On it he painted a vast garden in which could be seen great trees loaded with fruit. Masses of roses filled the middle of this garden, and nightingales sang on the green branches. At one end of the garden he painted a kiosque and, in this kiosque, the Emperor Faghfur in all the glory of his power and his beauty. Beyond the garden could be seen a green field, through which wound a limpid river. On the bank of this river lay a male antelope, which had been drowned with its little one, and, near by, stood a female antelope devouring the green grass.

The princess was greatly moved at the sight of this picture. After contemplating it some time in silence she asked where this garden was, and who was the young man seated in the kiosque and what the group of antelopes signified.

The vizier had hoped that these questions would be addressed to him, and his answers were already prepared.

"You see there," he said, "the garden of the palace of the emperor of China. That handsome young man is the emperor himself. He is alone. He has never wished to marry. An incident, of which he was a witness, has inspired him with a hatred for the feminine sex."

"What incident?" asked the princess quietly.

"One day, according to his usual habit, he was seated in the kiosque, when he saw two antelopes, a father and a mother, who came with their little one to drink at the river. The little one slipped into the water and was borne away by the current. The father at once precipitated himself toward him to save him, and the two were drowned. The mother, thinking only of herself, drew back from the river, and went and sought a good place to graze. This cold indifference seemed to Faghfur only a fair example of the feminine character. He said to himself that undoubtedly all women were as selfish and unfaithful. He would have nothing to do with them, and he resolved never to marry."

The princess listened to this recital with a profound attention, and thought she was wrong in refusing to mar the virtues attributed to woman. Then she said to the vizier:

"Your emperor pleases me. It is doubtless by the will of God that I have refused all propositions of marriage. I will willingly marry such a sovereign, and I believe that I am worthy of him."

She at once sought her father and rejoiced his heart by announcing the idea of her marriage.

The Greek emperor immediately wrote to Faghfur, and chose one of the principal personages of his court to deliver the letter.

The vizier departed with this envoy, and the two arrived in China without mishap.

One can imagine with what pleasure the amorous Faghfur listened to the recital of his faithful vizier, and with what joy he received the Greek embassador. His answer was given at once and he married the beautiful princess, and they lived happily to the end of their days.

## FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

### Cordials, Wines, Shrubs, Fruit Vinegars and the Like to be Put Up Now for Future Use.

While putting up jellies and preserves this season the housekeeper should not forget the cordials, shrubs, fruit vinegars and the like, which a trifling outlay of time, labor and money made now will secure for valuable future service.

Here are a few recipes for things of this sort, the most of them old-fashioned and all "tried and true," which may be useful at this time.

**Currant Shrub.**

Boil currant juice and sugar, in proportion of one pound of sugar to one pint of juice, five minutes. Stir it constantly while cooling; when cold, bottle it. Use like raspberry shrub, one spoonful or two to a tumblerful of water.

Raspberry shrub is a delicacy also, and raspberries and currants used together makes a very nice shrub.

**Raspberry Liquor.**

A pint of raspberries in a quart of spirits must be corked tightly for a month; then clarify a pound of sugar in a pint and a half of water; filter off the spirit and add it to the syrup; mix well and put in small bottles.

**Raspberry Vinegar.**

Mash two quarts of raspberries in an earthen vessel; put them in a large stone bottle or jar; pour into them two quarts of good wine vinegar; cork the jar slightly, and let the juice distill in the sun or warmth for two or three weeks; then filter clear and bottle it, corking it well.

**Raspberry Vinegar with Sugar.**

Mash the fruit in an earthen bowl; to every pound of raspberries add a pint of vinegar; cover, and let it stand two or three days; then press it through a jelly-bag; to every pint put half a pound of loaf sugar, set the juice on the fire to come to a boil, take off any scum that rises; allow five minutes' gentle boiling, set it to get cool; then pour it into small bottles and cork well.

**Current Vinegar.**

This fine vinegar is made by simply pressing the fruit to a mash; let it stand a night, then strain the juice off clear and fill the bottles to the brim. Set them uncorked in the sun or in a warm place until the fermentation ceases. Any little impurity that rises skim off with a piece of blotting paper and cork the bottles well. White currents are excellent for delicate pale vinegar. Red ones make a vinegar equal to that made from the finest red wine.

**Blackberry Cordial.**

To one quart of blackberry juice add one pound of white sugar, one tablespoonful of ground cloves, one tablespoonful of ground allspice, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, one grated nutmeg; boil 15 minutes, add a wineglass of whiskey. Bottle at once and seal close. A wineglass for an adult, in severe cases, can be given four times a day.

Wild grapes are so plentiful in this region that it seems a pity they should not be used more than they are. In addition to this, so many grapes are raised that it is easy to get some for

**Grape Wine of Home Manufacture.**

Mash the grapes, and strain them through a cloth; put the skins in a tub after squeezeing them, with barely enough water to cover them; strain the juice thus obtained into the first portion; put three pounds of sugar to one gallon of the mixture; let it stand in an open tub to ferment, and for a period of from three to seven days skim off what rises every morning. Put the juice in a cask, and leave it open for 24 hours; then bung it up, and put clay over the bung to keep the air out. Let your wine remain in the cask until March, when it should be drawn off and bottled.

**$200 Given Away.**

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## CROPS DOING WELL.

### Rumor Exaggerated the Damage Done to Montana Fields.

HELENA, Mont., July 24.—Reports received concerning the state of cattle and crops throughout the Territory are much more favorable than was expected. Want of water is felt in many sections, but people have generally circulated the rumor that the situation was much worse than was actually the case. Although but little rain has fallen in this city there has been rain all around, which has materially helped matters, and the same may be said of all other dry districts, except that in many cases rain came long before there was any damage done. From Bozeman comes the news that the Gallatin valley is green, and crops will not be inferior in quality, while reports from Jefferson and Madison valleys are to the effect that neither crops nor cattle were hurt, and there is in all directions a feeling of renewed confidence.

## "WELL, I DECLARE!"

[John P. Sjolander in Galveston News.]

Old Silas lived three score and ten
Of years, to him one long surprise;
To ways of women and of men,
To ways of flees, and fools, and flies,
To reptiles crawling on the ground,
To swift birds flying through the air,
Wide-mouthed, but one comment he found,
"Well, I declare!"

It was the same from morn till night,
From night till morn, and everywhere;
When life was dark, when life was bright,
When doctors told him "have a care,"
When preachers pleaded with all might,
When judge and jury bid him "swear,"
Surprised, he answered, wrong or right,
"Well, I declare!"

When some one said the earth was round,
And others said the earth was flat,
The disputants he would confound
By saying nothing but just that.
When he was told "Oh, this is hot!"
It seemed to take him unaware,
And he would gasp out as if shot:
"Well, I declare!"

One summer day old Silas died,
And friends sad tears above him shed;
He passed beyond the great divide
That parts the living from the dead;
But from the blue and tender skies,
A-down the sun-lit summer air,
A whisper came of glad surprise:
"Well, I declare!"

## Some Pleasing Medical Discoveries.

[Chicago Times.]

We have learned some facts in medical science during the last few days that we should store up for future reference in our domes of thought. Among them, and of the greatest importance are these:

That persons suffering from insanity may be restored to consciousness by being kicked in the abdomen.

That it frequently improves the general health of an invalid to have his ribs broken.

That muscular contraction may break a man's leg or superinduce pulmonary consumption.

That an insane person may be danced upon by his attendants without experiencing a shock.

That when an insane person dies from the effects of brutal treatment it is customary for the physician in charge to certify that his death was caused by phthisis.

That—but is not this enough to begin with?

## What it Costs to Run a Locomotive.

[Benjamin Stone in August Scribner.]

The following statement of averages represents fairly what it costs to run a locomotive under ordinary conditions:

AVERAGE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Number of miles run to pint of oil | 15.32 |
| Number of miles run to ton of coal | 46.17 |
| Number of pounds of coal per mile run | 48.62 |
| Number of pints of oil per mile run | 0.06 |

COST IN CENTS PER MILE RUN.

| | Cts. |
|---|---|
| For oil, tallow and waste | 0.32 |
| For fuel | 7.42 |
| For engineers | 3.60 |
| For firemen | 1.79 |
| For wipers and watchmen | 1.25 |
| For water supply | 0.49 |
| For supplies (miscellaneous) | 0.10 |
| For repairs | 2.40 |
| Total | 17.37 |

## A Close-Fisted Millionnaire.

[Chicago Herald.]

Millionnaire Hutchinson has finally succumbed to the torrid weather and discarded his black slouch hat. He walked along Clark street yesterday morning with the air of a man with a purpose, and he paid no attention to a small boy who swept the refuse of a furnishing store over his feet while he gazed fixedly in at the show window, where hats of all shapes and sizes were arrayed in tempting profusion. But "Old Hutch" would have none of these: they were a trifle too high for his purse, and he moved on until he came to an open counter on the sidewalk, where straw hats of all colors and various prices were displayed in three different piles. There was a dollar pile, a 75-cent layout and a 45-cent joint. Ignoring the first two piles, he halted in front of the 45-cent article, took off his greasy felt hat, and tried on several "real Mackinacs" until he struck a good fit. Then he took out a quarter and two dimes, received back his old cady neatly rolled up in a manilla paper, and retraced his steps down Clark street toward the board.

## GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

### Mackerel Season Half Over and a Failure—Largest Week's Receipts of Codfish This Year.

GLOUCESTER, July 26.—The mackerel fishing season is now half over, and thus far is a complete failure. There has not been a full trip landed here this year, the largest fare being 103 barrels. Once in awhile a few "pod" schools of mackerel show, but beyond this there is nothing but discouragement in the outlook.

The total receipts of codfish during the past week have been the largest for any week of the year, but a great deal below the averages of other years.

The supply of fresh fish has been light. Fare sales of halibut have been effected at 9 cents per pound for white and 5 cents for gray.

Fare sales of mackerel, $21 for large and $14 for small, sea packed.

Fare sales of split codfish, $2.90 for large and $1.60 for small; hake, $1.25; haddock, $1.25; cusk, $1.50. Fresh haddock, 65 cents; hake, 65 cents; cusk, 90 cents.

The arrivals and receipts for the week have been 31, with 449,000 lbs of cod and 11,800 lbs of halibut; 10 from the Grand Banks, with 1,275,000 lbs codfish; 5 from the Banks, with 69,000 lbs halibut; 7 from Shoals, with 92,000 lbs of codfish; 5 from Lake Shore, with 108,000 lbs of codfish; 1 from shore, with 5000 lbs codfish; the mackerel fleet have landed 431 bbls of fish caught off the American shore and 10 bbls from North bay. Other receipts; 33,000 lbs of haddock, 26,000 lbs of cusk, 20,000 lbs of hake, 21,000 lbs of pollock and 36 bbls of swordfish.

Large new Georges codfish are quoted at $4.75@5 ⅌ qtl for large and $3.75 for small. Large Bank, $3.75; small do, $3. Old Bank, $3.50. Large shore, $4.50; small do, $3.50. New kench cured Bank, $4.75 for large; $4.50 for mediums.

Cured haddock, $2.50 ⅌ qtl.; lake, $1.75; heavy salted pollock, $1.75; English cured do, $2.75; cusk, $2.50.

Boneless codfish, 5@9c ⅌ lb; boneless haddock, cusk and hake, 4@5c ⅌ lb.

Labrador herring, $6 ⅌ bbl; medium split, $6; Nova Scotia do, $6; Newfoundland do, $5; split shore, $4.75; Eastport, $3. Nova Scotia salmon, $25; Newfoundland do, $25; California do, $15. Swordfish, $14; shad, $12; trout, $15; alewives, $5; tongues, $7; sounds, $10; tongues and sounds, $9; pickled codfish, $6; pickled haddock, $5; halibut heads, $3.50; halibut fins, $14; clam bait, $7; slivers, $6.

Smoked salmon, 13c ⅌ lb; smoked halibut, 9@10c ⅌ lb; smoked haddock, 6c ⅌ lb; smoked medium herring, 20c ⅌ box; bloaters, 60c; No. 1s, 14c; lengthwise, 14c; tucks, 17c. Canned salmon, $1.90 ⅌ doz; fresh mackerel, $1; trout, $1.50; fresh halibut, $1.25; lobsters, $1.75; clams, $1.25.

Medicine oil is quoted at 60c ⅌ gal; cod oil, 27@30c; blackfish oil, 55c; menhaden oil, 25c; livers, 30c per bucket.

Fish skins, $20@30 ⅌ ton; fish scrap, $6; dry do, $16; liver scrap, $4.

## FOOD FOR BRAIN AND BRAWN.

### Prices of the Delicacies and Substantials in the Market.

"The new things on the list this week did you ask?" said Mr. Tucker of Tucker & Roak, 15 Boylston street. "Well, native tomatoes and Delaware grapes are new, and pickling cucumbers entered the market yesterday. And let me give the housekeepers some advice: They usually wait till late in the fall before they buy their cucumbers to pickle; then they are liable to be small and spotted. Now, if they would only get them at the present time they would avoid the risk of getting poor cucumbers."

"How are watermelons?"

"Watermelons have dropped in price, and still continue to be plenty. But here is the schedule, which will tell you all about everything:"

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

New potatoes, 30 cents a peck.
Butter beans, 40 cents a peck.
Native string beans, 25 cents a peck.
Native sweet corn, 25 and 30 cents a dozen.
Scullions, 5 cents a bunch.
Cucumbers, 3 and 5 cents each.
Pickling cucumbers, 30 cents a hundred.
Tomatoes, 15 to 30 cents a quart.
Cauliflowers, 35 cents each.
Summer squash, 5 to 15 cents each.
New marrowfat squash, 5 cents a pound.
New cabbage, 5 to 15 cents each.
Egg plants, 15 to 25 cents.
Poiree, 25 cents a peck.
Pineapples, 15 to 25 cents each.
Yellow bananas, 25 cents a dozen.
Blueberries, 12 to 15 cents a quart.
Currants, 10 to 15 cents a quart.
California and Georgia peaches, 10 to 60 cents a dozen.
California apricots, 75 cents a basket.
California plums, $1 a basket; 15 to 35 cents a dozen.
California Bartlett pears, 25 to 50 cents a dozen.
Watermelons, 25 to 40 cents each.
Cantaloupes, 10 to 50 cents each.
Green apples, 40 to 50 cents a peck.
Blackberries, 15 cents a quart.
Raspberries, 25 cents a quart.
Hamburg grapes, $1.50 a pound.
Muscat grapes, $2 a pound.
Delaware grapes, 30 cents a pound.

MEATS.

Hindquarter spring lamb, 20 cents a pound.
Forequarter spring lamb, 12½ cents a pound.
Leg of lamb, 20 cents a pound.
Forequarter of lamb, 10 cents a pound.
Extra sirloin roast, 25 cents a pound.
Sirloin steak, 25 cents a pound.
Tip of loin, 20 cents a pound.
Mutton, hindquarter, 15 cents a pound.
Mutton, forequarter, 8 cents a pound.
Lamb fries, 30 cents a dozen.

POULTRY.

Green ducks, 25 cents a pound.
Spring chickens, 25 to 35 cents a pound.
Fresh-killed fowl, 20 cents a pound.
Turkeys, 25 cents a pound.
Squabs, 30 cents each.

GAME.

Reed birds, 50 to 75 cents a dozen.
Chicken grouse, $1.50 a pair.

FISH.

Bluefish, 10 cents a pound.
Halibut, 15 to 20 cents a pound.
Lobsters, 12 cents a pound.
Fresh salmon, 35 cents a pound.
Fresh mackerel, 7 to 25 cents each.
Spanish mackerel, 25 cents a pound.
Shrimp, 40 cents a quart.
Soft shell crabs, 75 cents a dozen.
Butterfish, 12 cents a pound.
Black bass, 12 cents a pound.
Swordfish, 12 cents a pound.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Fresh cooking eggs, 20 cents a dozen.
Nearby eggs, 25 to 28 cents a dozen.
Extra creamery butter, five-pound boxes, 28 cents a pound.
Dairy butter, 20 to 25 cents a pound.

## George was Doing Quite Well.

[New York Weekly.]

Anxious mother—My dear, I'm afraid George is getting into bad company. He is out very late every night.

Observing father—Oh, he's all right. He goes to see some girl or other. Shouldn't wonder if he'd announce an engagement soon.

"He hasn't said a word about any young lady."

"No; but he's keeping company with one all the same. His right wrist is full of pin scratches."

## Then She Opened and Shut It Very Fast.

[Omaha World.]

Wife—I notice that the writers on health say we should keep the mouth closed while we are asleep. I've a notion to try it. Do you think I could?

Husband—It would do no harm to practice it a little first while you are awake.

## Her Vociferousness Was Excusable.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Bessie—I met Miss Shapely out shopping today, and I never before realized what a loud voice she has.

Jennie—But you must remember, my dear, that she was asking for a pair of No. 2 shoes.

## Encouraging to the Good.

[Today.]

Mrs. A.—What a delightful man young Mr. Jaggs is, dear. One can't help liking him, he is so charmingly wicked.

## Then He Knows When She Gets New Ones.

[Atchison Globe.]

A man never knows that a woman has any old clothes until be has married her.

# COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

## BOSTON MARKETS.

### Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, July 29.

BUTTER.—The market is a little quiet and sales are very light. The stock of butter on the market is so large that low prices must prevail for some time. Sales are slow and difficult to effect. The lower, and in fact all the grades, are dull.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, ....@18½ ⅌ lb; do, Western, extra, 17@17c; do, extra 1st, ..@16½c; do, 1st, 15@15½c; Franklin Co., Mass., extra creamery, ...@20; do, Dairy, extra, ..@18; Vt. Dairy, extra, 16½; do, N. Y., 16@16½; N.Y. & Vt. extra 1st, 15@15½c; do do 1st, 15c; Western dairy, extra 1st, 14@ ..; do, 1st, 13@ ..; Western imitation creamery, extra, ...@15; do, ladle-packed, extra 1st, 12@13; do, 1st, 12@12. Trunk butter, ¼ lb or ½ lb prints, extra, 20@ ..; extra 1st, 18@19c ⅌ lb.

OLEOMARGARINE.—Trade is exceedingly quiet and there is only a local demand. Supplies are heavy and prices low.

Oleomargarine—No. Four: 10, 13c ⅌ lb; 20, 12½c; 30, 12½c; 50, 12½c. Fort Washington: 10, 14½c ⅌ lb; 20, 14c; 30, 14c; 50, 14c.

CHEESE.—The market is a little weaker and receipts continue quite as heavy, so that the market is well stocked.

Liverpool quotation, new, white, 43s, 6d.

We quote: New York extra, 8@8¼c ⅌ lb; do 1st, 7½@8; do, 2ds, 5@6; Vermont extra, 8½@.. c; do, 1st, 7½@8; do, 2ds, 5@6. Sage, ..@..; Skims, 2@3c; part skims, 4@6c; Ohio extra, 7½@8c; Ohio 1sts, 7@7c.

EGGS.—The market shows no improvement. Receipts of common Western, P. E. Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick stock have not been so large.

We quote: Near-by and Cape, 19@22c; Eastern extra, ..@18c; do, firsts, ..15@16c; Vermont and New Hampshire extra, ..@18; Michigan, extra, 15½c; Western, firsts, 14½c ⅌ doz.

BEANS.—The market is no lower this week and trade is much slacker. White domestic beans are in light request. Yellow eyes are scarce and command good prices. Red kidneys firm.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked $2.30@2.40 ⅌ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, $2.40 ⅌ bush; do, screened, $2.00@2.30; do 2ds, $1.65@1.85; Medium choice, hand-picked, $2.35@2.40; do, screened, $1.90@2.25; Yellow Eyes, extra, $3.55@3.75; do, 2ds, $3.30@3.55; Red Kidneys, $3.00@3.25.

DOMESTIC FRUITS.—The market is not particularly active but articles move quietly and in fair demand. Strawberries are about finished. Evaporated apples are very firm. New apples are selling well. Watermelons, raspberries, blackberries, currants, etc., are in fair demand and sell well.

We quote: apples, new, crate, $1.00@ 2.25 Evaporated apple, 5½@6c; do, fair to good, 5½@6; do, fancy, 6@7; sundried, sliced and quartered, 3@4.

Raspberries, ⅌ cup, 7@8c; Blueburries, 8@10c; Cherries, 10@15c; Plums, wild goose, good, ¼ bush, 75c; Gooseberries, bush, $2.50@3.00; Cherry currants, 7@8c.

VEGETABLES.—The market is moving fairly well and the demand is good, with plenty of stock. Arrivals continue heavy, and on many things the market is overstocked. Potato receipts are large and in fair condition. Onions are slow of sale. Squash and cabbage are active and in good demand.

We quote: Potatoes—Bermuda, new, ....@....; Southern, $1.75@2.00.

Asparagus, Native, ..@..c; String beans, green, 60 @ 65; Wax, $.65@1.00. Green Pease, ⅌ bbl., .75@1.00; do, natives, $1.00. Lettuce ⅌ doz, 25@40c; Radish ⅌ doz, 40@50c; Parsley ⅌ bush, $1.00@1.50; Cabbage, 45c@$0.60; Rhubarb, Native, 1c ⅌ lb. Tomatoes, Florida, ⅌ crate, 50 @72; Spinnach, ⅌ bu, 30c@35c; Cucumbers, ⅌ crate, $1.00@1.50. Squash, Florida—Summer, ⅌ crate, 50@75c; Marrow, bbl., $2.50@3.00. Turnips, ⅌ bbl—Russia, 75@80. Onions, Bermuda, 75c@ $1.00 ⅌ crate.

HAY AND STRAW.—The market is not active. Receipts have been smaller, but the large stocks have been reduced slightly. Choice hay is not very plenty.

We quote: Fancy, $18.00@18.50; Choice, $..@..; do, fair to good 17.00@18.00 Fine, $14.00@17.00; Swale, $10.00@11.00; Poor to ordinary, $12.00@ 16.00, Rye straw, $17.50@18.00; Oat straw, $8.00 @9.00 ton.

### Groceries.

COFFEE.—The coffee market has taken a slight rise within the past week. Stocks are in rather fair supply.

We quote: Java Pad'gs, pale, 21@....c; do do, medium brown, 21½@ ..c; do do fancy brown, 22 @22c; do Timor, 20c; do Palembang, 19c; do Malang, 19c; do Ankola, 24@25c; do Holland bags, 20½@21c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, 25c; Mocha, 25c; Rios, prime, ..@18c; do fair, 17½@ ..; do ordinary, 16@ ..; Maracaibo, 18¾@ 19½; Laguayra, ...@19; Costa Rica, 18½@20c; Jamaica, 19@20; Guatemala, 19½@21¼; Mexican, 19@20½; Hayti, uncleaned, 16½@17; do, cleaned, 18; Manila, 17.

FRUITS AND NUTS.—Oranges and lemons are moving well considering the large stock. Pears, bananas, and dried fruit are selling well.

Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.50@ 2.85; Muscatel, new, $1.80; Sultana, 10@15. Currants, 6@9. Citron, Leghorn, 20@22. Dates —Persian, new, 5 @6½; do, skins, ..@..; do, frail, ..@..; do, fard, new, 7@9. Figs, layers, 8@20; do, keg, 5@7. Prunes, French, case, 6@12; do, Turk, new, ..@4½; do, 3¼@3½. Lemons, Sicily, $4.50@5.50. Oranges—Sicily, $2.50@5.00; Valencia, per case, $.... @ ....; do, Florida, bright, $.... @ ....; do, russet, $.... @ ....; Messina, $4.00@ 6.00; Palermo, $4.00@6.00. Bananas — Baracoa, yellow, $1.15; do Red, $1.00; Port Limon, $1.75@ 1.75; Jamaica, No. 1, $1.85; 8 hands, $1.25; No. 2, 85; No. 3, 55. Peanuts, hand-picked, 7½@8; Filberts, 9@11; Almonds, 13@15; Walnuts, 10@12; Castinas, 6@10.

SUGAR.—The market for refined sugar has been quiet for the past two weeks. There appears to be a little impreuent.

We quote: Powdered, 9⅜c; Pulverized, 10c; Granulated, 9⅜c; Confectioners' A, 9¼c; Standard A, 9⅛c; Extra C, 8⅜@8⅝c; C, 8¼@8½c; Yellow, 7¾@8⅛c.

FLOUR.—The market holds strong owing to some advance in wheat. The foreign market is strong. Winter flours are high.

### Flour and Grain.

Fine Flour, $2.50@2.75; Superfine, $2.75@3.25; Common extras, $3.20@3.90; Choice extras, $4.25 @4.75; Minnesota bakers, $4.25@4.50; Michigans, $4.25@5.50; patents, $5.25@5.25; Michigan roller, $4.65@5.00; New York roller, $4.65@4.85; Ohio and Indiana, $4.60@4.75; do, do, strai't, $4.70@ 4.90; do, do, patent, $5.10@5.40; St Louis and Ill, $4.60@4.70; do, do, straight, $4.85@5.00; do, do, patent, $5.20@5.50; Spring wheat patents, $6.00@ 6.35; old, $6.35@6.60 ⅌ bbl.

CORN—We quote: Steamer Yellow, 47c ⅌ bush; Steamer Mixed, 45¾@46 ⅌ bush; ordinary, 44½ @45c ⅌ bush.

OATS—Fancy, clipped, 38@39c ⅌ bush; No 1 white, 37½@38; No 2, do, 35½@35¾c; No 3, do, 34c; No. 2 mixed, 32c ⅌ bush; rejected white, ..33c ⅌ bush.

### Fish.

The salt fish market is quiet but steady. The receipts have been liberal. Mackerel have been received in moderate quantities. A moderate business is being done in cod.

Mackerel—Extra Bloaters, mess, $33.00@34.00; No 1, do do, $29.00@30.00; No 1, shore, $26.00@ 27.00; No. 1 Bay, $25.00@26.00; No. 2, large, $22.00@23.00; No. 2, medium, $21.00@21.50; No. 3, plain, large, $16.00@16.50.

New Mackerel—No. 2, large, $22.00@23.00; No. 2, medium, $20.00@21.00; No. 3, plain, $18.00 @19.00.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $4.25@4.50; do, do, medium, $3.75@4.00; do, N. S. Shore, $6.00@ 6.50; Pickled Bank, $4.25@4.50; Georges, $5.25@ 5.50; Shore, $5.00@5.50; Hake, $2.25@2.50; Haddock, $3.00; Pollock, pickled, $2.50@2.75; do, slack salted, $3.50@3.75. Boneless Hake, 4@ 4½c ⅌ lb; Boneless Haddock, 4½@4¾c; boneless Cod, 5@7.

### Miscellaneous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, green, 5@5½; New England steers, green, ..@4; do, do, cow, 3@3½c; do, do, bulls, 3; Salted steers, 7@ ..; do, cows, 5@ 5½; bulls, 5. Calfskins—deacons, 15@25c; 6@6½ lbs, 45@50; 8@12 lbs, 55@60c; Tex flint hides, 9@....; Texas, dry-salted, 7@8; Texas kips, 9@ ..; Buenos Ayres, 16@....: Rio Grande, ..@14; Montevideo, ..@16; Calcutta slaught., cow hides, 10; do, dead green, ..@8½; do, buffalo, 5@5¼; Sierra Leone, 13@ ; Bissao & Gambia, 10½@12; Zanzibar hides, 9½@10.

SEEDS.—The seed market is very quiet, with no change to note and prices nominal.

We quote: Clover, West, 8 @8½c ⅌ lb; do, North, 8¼@9¾; do, white, 14@18; do, Alsike, 12@16; do, Lucerne, 16@18; Red Top, West, ⅌ sack, $2.35@2.60; do, Jersey, $2.40@2.65; R. I., bent, $1.70@1.85; Hungarian, 75@90c; Gold Millet, 85c@$1.15; common Millet, 70@85c; Orchard, ⅌ bush $1.35@1.60; Blue Grass, $1.00@1.10 ⅌ bush; Timothy, West, $1.60@1.75 ⅌ bush; do, North, $1.80@1.95 ⅌ bush; American flaxseed, $2.25@2.50.

SALT—Quotations are as follows: Liverpool, in bond, hhd, $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@ 1.55; B. & W'th'ns, $1.35@1.50; Liverpool, c. f., 85c@$1.00; Cadiz, in bond, $1.87½@..; Trapani, bond, $2.00; Turk's Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

STARCH—The quotations for starch are: Potato starch, 4@4½c; Corn, 2¾c; Wheat, 4⅞@5¾c; dextrine, ..@..c.

TOBACCO.—The market is quite active on desirable grades of wrappers, both Sumatra and seed, also Havana fillers.

We quote: Havana wrappers, $3.50@5.00; do, fine fillers, 95c@$1.25; do, good fillers, 75c@$1.15; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 85@1.00; Kentucky lugs, $1.50 @5.00; do, leaf, $7.50@12.50; Havana s'd wr's, 30@60; do, 2ds, 15@25; do, binders, 8@12; do, seed fill, 5@8; Conn and Mass fill, 5@8; do, binders, 10@15; do, 2ds, 15@19; do, fair wrappers, 20@25; do, fine wrappers, 22@34; Penn wrappers, 20@40; do, fillers, 10@20.

TALLOW—Following are the quotations: Tallow, prime, 4½@5; Country, 4⅛@4⅛; Bone, 3½@ 3¾; house grease, 3⅜@3⅝; grease, tanners, 1⅝ @2⅜; do, chip, 2⅛@2⅝; do, naphtha, 1⅛@2⅛; do, hard, 4⅛@6½.

WOOL—The receipts of the week have been 31,018 bales domestic and 1071 bales foreign, against 30,336 bales domestic and 3408 bales foreign last week and 21,534 bales domestic and 490 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1888.

## WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

PRICES OF WESTERN CATTLE.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, July 26, 1889:

Western cattle, 3296; Eastern cattle, 45; Northern cattle, 244. Total, 3585.

Western sheep and lambs, 12,481; Northern sheep and lambs, 1326; Eastern sheep and lambs, 20. Total, 14,728.

Swine, 18,551. Veals, 1567. Horses, 542.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from $4.00 to $4.75.

| | |
|---|---|
| Extra quality | $4.75 @5.00 |
| First quality | 4.37½@4.65 |
| Second quality | 3.12½@4.50 |
| Third quality | 3.62½@4.25 |
| Poorest grade coarse oxen, bulls, etc. | 3.00 @3.50 |

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

| | Cents ⅌ lb. | | Each. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Brighton hides | —@6½ | Sheepskins | 25c@$ .... |
| Brighton tall'w | .4 @.. | Lambskins | 25c@$ .... |
| Country hides | ..5 @.. | Dairyskins | 15@35c |
| Country tall'w | ..3 @.. | Woolskins | $ .50@1.50 |
| Calfskins | ....5 @6 | | |

## IN LEADING MARKETS.

### Quotations of Staple Products in New York, Chicago and St. Louis.

NEW YORK, July 27. — Cotton quiet, steady; sales, 261 bales; uplands, ordinary, 8 9-16c; good do, 9 15-16c; low middling, 10⅞c; middling, 11 5-16c; gulf, ordinary, 8 13-16c; good do, 10 3-16c; low middling, 11⅛c; middling, 11 9-16c. Flour, receipts 17,971 pkgs; exports, 1214 bbls, 5265 sacks; quiet; held firmly; sales, 15,600 bbls; low extra, $2.75@3.25; city mill, $4.45@4.60; city mill patent, $5@6.25; winter wheat, low grade, $2.75@3.25; fair to fancy, $3.30@5; patents, $4.50@5.65; Minnesota clear, $3.50@4.50; do straights, $4.35@5.65; do patent, $4.85@ 6.35; do rye mixture, $3.60@4.30; superfine, $2.35@3.05; fine, $2@2.85; Southern dull, steady; rye flour quiet; buckwheat, 53c; corn meal steady. Wheat, receipts, 2200 bush; exports none; sales, 193,000 bush, firmer, more active, chiefly for export: No. 2 red, 88@88¼c; store, 89½@ 89⅞c afloat, 89@90¾c f. o. b.; No. 3 red, 83c; No. 1 red, $1@1.00½; No. 1 white, 95c; Rye, steady; State, 52@54c; Western, 50½ @52c. Barley, nominal. Barley malt, quiet; four-rowed State, 87½@97½c; two-rowed do, 85@88c; Canada 90@$1.05 for old and new. Corn, receipts, 57,700 bush; exports, 18,026 bush; sales, 69,000 bush; quiet, weaker; No. 2, 43¾@44c elevator, 44⅛@ 44¼c afloat; No. 2 white 52c; No. 3, nominal; steamer mixed, nominal. Oats, receipts, 16,000 bush; exports, 187 bush; sales, 63,000 bush; dull and steady; No. 3, 27c; do white, 32¾@33c; No. 2, 27⅞@ 27¾c; do white, 33½@34c; No. 1, 30c; do white, 38c; mixed Western, 26@29c; white do, 34@40c; white State, 34@40c; No. 2 Chicago, 28¾c. Coffee, Rio quiet. Sugar, raw nominal, refined steady, quiet; C, 7⅛ @7¼c; extra C, 7½@7¾c; white extra C, 7⅞@8⅛c; yellow, 7¼@7⅛c; off A, 8 3-16@8⅜c; mould A, 9c; standard A, 8¾c; confectioners' A, 8¾c; cut loaf, 9⅜c; crushed, 9⅜c; powdered, 9⅜c; granulated, 9c; cubes, 9¼c. Molasses, foreign dull; 50 test, 30c; New Orleans dull; open kettle, good to fancy, 28@46c. Rice steady, quiet; domestic, 4¾@6⅜c; Japan, 4¾@5¼c. Petroleum firm; United, 100¼c. Tallow firm, quiet; city, $2 for pkgs, 4 11-16c; out-of-town pkgs free; common to strictly choice, 4⅝@5c. Rosin steady, quiet; strained common to good, 107½@ 110c. Potatoes quiet, steady; prime, $1.25@1.50; poor to good, 75c@$1. Turpentine dull, steady, 39¾@40½c. Pork quiet, steady; mess inspected, $12.50@ 12.75; do uninspected, $12.37½@12.50; extra prime, $14.25@11.50. Beef inactive; extra mess, $7@7.50; plate, $7.50@8; beef hams dull, quoted 15@15.50c; tierced beef quiet; city extra India mess, $12.50@14. Cut meats firm; pickled bellies, 12lbs, 7⅝@7¾c; pickled hams, 11½@11¾c; pickled shoulders, 5⅛@5¼c; middles easy; short clear, 6.30c. Lard weak, dull; sales, 250 tcs Western steam, 6.50c; 40 tcs city, 6.15c; refined quiet; continent, 6.55@6.90c; S. A., 7.30@7.40c. Butter depressed fairly active; State dairy, 11@16c; Western dairy, 10@12½c; do creamery, 11@17c; do factory, 8@12½c; Pennsylvania State creamery, 17@17½c. Cheese quiet, unsettled; State, 6¾@8⅜c; fancy, 8@8⅛c; do colored, 8¼@8⅜c. Freights to Liverpool firmer. Cotton, per steam, 5.32d; grain, per steam, 4d. Pig iron quiet, Scotch, $19.75@21.50; American, $15.50@17.50. Copper dull, Lake August, $11.50. Lead quiet, domestic, $3.87½ Tin unsettled, quiet; straights, $19.60; plates quiet, unchanged. Spelter strong, domestic, $5.10.

CHICAGO, July 27.—Flour neglected, jobbers holding off for lower prices. Wheat weak; No. 2 spring, 79½c; No. 2 red, 79½c. Corn quiet; No. 2, 36¾c. Oats quiet and steady; No. 2, 22¼c. No. 2 rye, 42½@43c. No. 2 barley nominal. Mess pork irregular, closing quiet, $10.75. Lard dull, quiet, 6.12½c. Short ribs sides quiet, 5.40@5.50c. Dry salted shoulders, 5.12½@5.25c. Short clear sides, 5.75@5.87½c. Whiskey, $1.02. Receipts—Flour, 17,000 bbls; wheat, 113,000 bush; corn, 219,000 bush; oats, 114,000 bush; rye, 2000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 9000 bbls; wheat, 60,000 bush; corn, 213,000 bush; oats, 145,000 bush; rye, 1000 bush.

ST. LOUIS, July 27.—Flour quiet and steady. Wheat lower; No. 2 red, 73⅞@74c. Corn firm; No. 2 mixed, 33¼@33⅜. Oats nominal, weak, No. 2, 23c. Rye, No. 2, 43c. Whiskey, $1.02. Provisions lifeless and lower; pork, $11.50; lard, prime steam not salable over 5.75c; dry salt meats, shoulders, 5c; longs and ribs, 5.65@5.75c; short clear, 5.90@6c; bacon, shoulders, 5.62½c; longs and ribs, 6.37½@6.45c; short clears, 6.50@6.55c; hams, 11.25@13.25c. Receipts—Flour, 5000 bbls; wheat, 146,000 bush; corn, 85,000 bush; oats, 25,000 bush. Shipments — Flour, 7000 bbls; wheat, 33,000 bush; corn, 18,000 bush; oats, 6000 bush.

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## Scene in the —th Congress.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Member from Massachusets (rising to address the chair)—"Mr. Speaker. I 'bject to this yere motion to 'djourn for the reason thet ——"

The Speaker (mildly interrupting)—"The gentlemen from Massachusetts is out of order. A motion to adjourn is not debatable."

Member from Massachusetts (fiercely)—I reckon the rules kin be suspended, can't they?

The speaker—By unanimous consent, of course.

Member from Massachusetts (taking off his coat)—I don't reckon nobody's goin' to 'bject.

The speaker (in some haste)—The chair hears no objections.

[Extract from Congressional Globe of next morning: The gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Sullivan) then proceeded to argue at some length against adjournment, etc.]

## Destroying Stable Odors.

[American Agriculturist.]

It is difficult to remove smells imparted to the clothing by milking and the care of horses. But they may be largely prevented. Common land plaster sprinkled freely in horse and cow stables will absorb most of the ammoniacal odors. A weak solution of copperas sprinkled from a watering pot is an additional and very effective deodorizer. Of course all such means for maintaining purity are useless without perfect cleanliness and good ventilation. But with those and the simple appliances named, the air of the stable may be kept as free from offensive odors as that of a parlor.

## Latest Quotations..............3 P. M.

| LAND STOCKS. | July 27 Bid. | July 27 Asked. | July 29 Bid. | July 29 Asked. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Anniston City | 65 | 66 | 65 | 66 |
| Aspinwall | 9⅜ | 9⅝ | 9⅜ | 9¾ |
| Bar Harbor | — | 1¼ | — | 1¼ |
| Boston | 6 | — | 6 | 6¼ |
| Boston W Power | 6 | — | 6 | 6¼ |
| Boylston | — | 3½ | — | 3½ |
| Brookline | 4½ | 5 | 4½ | 5 |
| Campobello | 1 | — | 1 | — |
| Cutler | — | 2¼ | — | 2¼ |
| East Boston | 3¾ | — | 3¾ | — |
| Frenchman's Bay | 6¼ | — | 6 | 6 3-16 |
| Lamoine | .70 | .75 | .65 | .75 |
| Lenox | 4½ | 4¾ | 4½ | 4¾ |
| Maverick | 2 | 2½ | 2 | 2½ |
| Newport | 2 | 2½ | 2 | 2½ |
| Payson | 1 | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| Penobscot Bay | — | 1½ | — | 1½ |
| San Diego | 25 | — | 27 | — |
| Sullivan Harbor | 1¼ | — | 1½ | 1¾ |
| Topeka | 3⅛ | 3¼ | 3¼ | 3⅜ |
| West End | 27¾ | 27⅞ | 27¾ | 28 |
| Winthrop | — | 1⅞ | — | 1⅞ |
| Wollaston | .50 | — | .50 | — |
| RAILROAD STOCKS. | | | | |
| Atch, Top & S F | 35¾ | 35⅞ | 36 | 36⅛ |
| Atlantic & Pac | 6¼ | 6½ | 6 | 6½ |
| Boston & Alb | 215 | 217 | — | 217 |
| Boston & Lowell | — | 162 | 160 | 162 |
| Boston & Maine | 201 | — | 201 | — |
| Boston & Prov | — | 259 | — | 259 |
| Cal Southern | 15 | 17 | — | — |
| Central Mass | — | — | 11 | — |
| Central Mass pf | — | 25 | — | 25 |
| Chic, Bur & N | — | 50 | — | 50 |
| Chic, Bur & Q | 99¾ | 100 | 100¼ | 100½ |
| Chic & W Mich | 26 | — | 26½ | 28 |
| Clev & Canton | — | — | 5½ | — |
| Clev & Can pref | — | — | 21½ | — |
| Cin, San & Clev | — | 23 | 22⅝ | 24 |
| Conn & Pass | 113½ | — | — | — |
| Conn River | 200 | — | 200 | — |
| Eastern | 100 | 101 | 99 | — |
| Eastern pref | 131 | — | 130 | — |
| Fitchburg pref | — | 70 | 59 | 70 |
| Flint & P Marq | — | 26 | — | 26 |
| Flint & P M pref | — | 95 | — | 95 |
| Louisv & Ev | — | — | 25 | — |
| Louisv & Ev prf | — | — | 35 | — |
| Kan C, M & Bir | — | 50 | — | 50 |
| Maine Central | — | — | 125 | — |
| Mexican Central | 14¾ | 15 | 14¾ | 15 |
| N Y & N Eng | 48¾ | 49 | 48⅝ | 48⅞ |
| N Y & N E pref | 120 | 121 | 119½ | 121 |
| Norwich & Wor | 176 | — | 175 | — |
| Old Colony | 175 | — | 171 | — |
| Oregon S Line | 46 | 48 | 46½ | 48 |
| Rutland pref | 40 | — | 40 | — |
| Summit Branch | — | — | 6 | 8 |
| Union Pacific | 59⅛ | 59⅜ | 59⅜ | 59½ |
| West End pref | 87⅞ | 86 | — | 86 |
| Wisconsin Cent'l | 21⅞ | 22 | 21½ | 22 |
| Wis Cent'l pref | — | 60 | — | 60 |
| Worc N & Roch | 120 | — | — | — |
| MINING STOCKS. | | | | |
| Allouez | .50 | — | .75 | — |
| Atlantic | 8½ | 9 | 8½ | 9 |
| Bonanza | .50 | .85 | .75 | 1 |
| Boston & Mont | 35½ | — | 37 | 37⅜ |
| Butte & Boston | — | 22 | — | 22 |
| Calumet & Hec | 208 | 209 | 210 | 112 |
| Catalpa | — | .15 | — | — |
| Dunkin | .97½ | 1 | .97½ | — |
| Franklin | 8½ | 9 | 9 | — |
| Huron | .50 | 1 | .75 | 1 |
| Kearsarge | 4 | — | 6 | 7 |
| Napa | 3½ | 3¾ | 3½ | 3¾ |
| National | .50 | 1 | 1⅛ | 2 |
| Osceola | 8¾ | 9 | 9½ | 9¾ |
| Pewabic | 2 | — | 2 | — |
| Quincy* | 48 | — | 48 | — |
| Ridge | .75 | 1⅛ | .75 | 1¼ |
| Santa Fe | .45 | — | .50 | .55 |
| Tamarack | 97 | — | 102½ | 104 |
| BONDS. | | | | |
| Mex Central 4s | 65½ | 65⅞ | 65½ | 65⅞ |
| Mex Central inc | — | 19 | 16 | 19 |
| Atch & T Con 5s | 75½ | 78 | — | — |
| Chic, K & W 5s | — | — | 66 | 68 |
| Chic, K & W inc | 18 | 18½ | — | 18½ |
| Wis Central 1sts | 95 | 96 | — | 96¼ |
| Wis Central inc | — | 50 | — | — |
| TELEPHONE STOCKS. | | | | |
| American Bell | 227½ | 228 | 229 | 230 |
| Erie | 35¾ | 36 | 37½ | 38 |
| Mexican | .60 | .65 | — | .65 |
| New England | 55½ | 56 | 55½ | 56 |
| Tropical | .20 | .25 | .20 | .25 |
| MISCELLANEOUS. | | | | |
| Eastman Car H | — | 3 | — | 3 |
| Lamson Store S* | 57¼ | 57¾ | 58 | 59 |
| Pullman Pal Car | 182 | 183 | 182 | 183 |
| UNLISTED STOCKS. | | | | |
| Am'Pneu Tool | 5⅛ | — | 5½ | — |
| Edison Phon Doll | 9 | 10 | — | 10 |
| Illinois Steel | 94½ | 95 | 94⅞ | 95 |
| Nat Lead Trust | — | — | — | — |
| Sugar Refineries | 108¾ | 109 | 108¾ | 109 |
| Th-Hous Electric | 98 | — | 95¾ | — |
| Westinghouse El | 51¾ | 52½ | — | — |
| Winnisimet | 26 | — | 26 | — |

*Ex dividend.

# CHECKERS.

EDWIN A. DURGIN.................Editor.
BOSTON, July 31, 1889.

All communications intended for this department must be addressed to Edwin A. Durgin, lock drawer 5220, Boston, Mass.

New England chess and checker rooms, 691 Washington street. Open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. All are welcome.

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Schaefer & Kelley's "Paisley," 25 cents; "Single Corner," 25 cents; "Ayrshire Lassie," Part I., 25 cents; "Ayrshire Lassie," Part II., 25 cents; Baker and Reed's "Alma," $1.25; Spayth's "American Draught Player," $3; "Game of Draughts," supplement to the above, $1.50; "Draughts for Beginners," 75 cents; Sweet's "Elements of Draughts," 50 cents; "Barker's American Checker Player," latest edition, including the Barker vs. Martins match games, $1.25; "Match Games Between Barker and Martins," 25 cents; McCulloch's "Guide to the Game of Draughts," stiff paper covers, 50 cents; the same, bound in cloth, $1; a supplement, containing all the known corrections on the book, is given with each copy; single supplements, 15 cents; Gould's "Book of 1000 Problems," stiff paper covers, 50 cents; the same, bound in cloth, board covers, $1; Gould's book of "Match Games," from Anderson and Wyllie in 1847 to the present time, stiff paper covers, 50 cents; bound in cloth, board covers, $1; special copies of the same, a really handsome book, being bound in bevelled board covers, gilt back and sides, also gilt edges and containing the photographs of the two great champions, the late R. D. Yates and James Wyllie, price $1.50; Strickland's "British Draught Player," valuable books for the amateur; Part I., "Old Fourteenth"; Part II., "Single Corner"; Part III., "Ayrshire Lassie"; Part IV., "Laird and Lady"; the four for 50 cents. Subscriptions received for the American Checker Review, one year, $2. Blank diagrams, 2x2, for recording positions, 30 cents per 100; 12 cents for 25. "Checkers Improved," 25 cents; Robertson's "Guide," $3; Lyman's "Book of Problems," $5; "Checker Primer," 25 cents; Frazer's "Ayrshire Lassie," 500 variations, 75 cents; ruled paper for MS. books, just what you need, 48 pages, 25 cents; 100 pages, 40 cents; "Smith and Barker's Match Games," 35 cents.

### Solution of Position No. 1471.

By Dr. Brown.

Black men on 14, 17, 18, 20, 22, king on 29; white men on 27, 28, 30, 32, king on 9. Black to play and win.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 18..23 | 17..21 | 26..31 | 18..22 | 27..31 |
| 27..18 | 13..17 | 22..18 | 29..25 | 29..25 |
| 14..23 | 22..26 | 31..27 | 22..29 | 31..26 |
| 9..13 | 17..22 | | | B. wins. |

### Position No. 1472.

By W. Beattie, Liverpool.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and draw.

### Game No. 2467—Glasgow—Whilter.

By T. W. Kimley, Greenford, O.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11..15 | 17..13 | 32..28-A | 22..18 | 7..2 |
| 23..19 | 8..11 | 15..24 | 10..14 | 14..18 |
| 8..11 | 13..6 | 28..19 | 19..15 | 23..14 |
| 22..17 | 2..9 | 9..13 | 13..17 | 9..18 |
| 9..14 | 19..16 | 26..23-B | 15..10 | 2..6 |
| 25..22 | 12..19 | 14..17 | 3..8-D | 22..26 |
| 11..16 | 23..16 | 21..14 | 10..7-1 | 6..10 |
| 26..23 | 1..6 | 10..26 | 8..12 | 26..31 |
| 16..20 | 24..19 | 31..22 | 16..11-2 | 10..14 |
| 30..26 | 15..24 | 7..10 | 12..16 | 31..24 |
| 4..8 | 28..19 | 25..21-C | 18..15 | 14..23 |
| 29..25 | 11..15 | 6..9 | 17..22 | 24..19 |
| 6..9 | | | | Black wins. |

Notes by Mr. Kimley:

A—Losing move, 27..24, 20..27, 31..24 draws, but in GLOBE game No. 2452—Mr. Price says 32..28 here will draw; but then any move may draw if followed by defective play.

B—Mr. Price says 26..23 does not lose, but will draw as in game No. 2452.

C—At this point Mr. Price, ever generous, thrusts this 25..21 move forward, presenting white with spurious draw.

D—Leading to an invincible black win. In GLOBE game No. 2452 Mr. Price played 17..22, allowing white to draw.

(Var. 1.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 16..12 | 18..15 | 23..14 | 6..10 | 31..24 |
| 8..11 | 17..22 | 9..18 | 26..31 | 14..23 |
| 10..7 | 7..2 | 2..6 | 10..14 | 24..19 |
| 11..16 | 14..18 | 22..26 | | Black wins. |

(Var. 2.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 7..2 | 2..6 | 14..32 | 6..31 | 32..27 |
| 12..26 | | | | Black wins. |

### Game No. 2468—Edinburgh.

By Edwin A. Durgin, Boston, Mass.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 9..13 | 11..18 | 12..16 | 19..23 | 11..25 |
| 22..18 | 29..25 | 32..28-B | 26..19 | 31..22 |
| 10..15 | 8..11 | 7..10-C | 16..23 | *6..10 |
| 25..22 | 24..15 | 14..7 | 25..22-2 | 14..7 |
| 6..10 | 4..8 | 3..19 | 21..25* | 2..11 |
| 18..14 | 28..24 | 23..14 | 30..21 | 22..18 |
| 10..17 | 1..6 | 8..12 | 23..26 | 25..30 |
| 21..14 | 24..20 | 27..23 | 28..24 | 18..15 |
| 15..18-A | 13..17 | 17..21 | 12..16* | 11..18 |
| 22..15 | 19..15 | 23..18-1 | 18..15 | Drawn. |

A—If the play given in Robertson's Guide had been sound, this would be a losing move.

B—Offered as a winning move by Robertson, who claims to correct Janvier's Anderson and all published play.

C—Offered as a correction of Robertson, who plays 6..9, allowing white to win. If sound, this restores the draw to Janvier's Anderson and published play.

(Var. 1.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 25..22 | 23..16 | 24..15 | 15..10 | 13..6 |
| 21..25-D | 9..25 | 25..30 | 26..22 | 18..15 |
| 30..21 | 31..27 | 26..22 | 17..13 | 11..8 |
| 11..15 | 12..19 | 18..25 | 22..18 | 15..11 |
| 20..11 | 27..24 | 21..17 | 10..6 | 8..3 |
| 6..9 | 15..18 | 30..26 | 2..9 | Drawn. |

D—Best.

(Var. 2.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 28..24 | 31..24 | 17..13 | 8..4 | 18..11 |
| 23..27* | 2..7 | 10..17 | 17..22 | 8..15 |
| 25..22-3 | 24..19 | 19..15 | 18..14 | 15..18 |
| 12..16* | 6..10 | 27..31 | 7..11 | Drawn. |
| 24..19 | 22..17 | 15..8 | 4..8 | |
| 16..23 | 23..27 | 31..27 | 11..15 | |

(Var. 3.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 24..19 | 6..10 | 30..23 | 10..17 | 19..15 |
| 2..7 | 25..22 | 7..10 | 23..18 | 9..14 |
| 31..24 | 10..26 | 18..14 | 5..9 | B. wins. |

I have about 150 variations of analyzed play, beginning with the 7..10 move at note C in the trunk game, which will follow in due time.—[E. A. D.

## REVIEWS.

The June numbers of the Draught Players' Quarterly and the International Draughts Magazine are before us. Mr. Kear is to be congratulated on the able manner in which he conducts his publications, the character of their contents and the punctuality with which they are issued. The present number completes the first volume of the Quarterly, and all players are advised to subscribe for the ensuing year.

### New Bristol.

We have received from the publisher, J. A. Kear, a copy of Mr. Atkinson's Bristol, and after a careful examination cannot do better than indorse the opinion of the draughts editor of the West Lothian Courier, who says:

Among the knowing ones of the draughts fraternity there is an unceasing craze for "something new," and hence magazines and columns have their raison d'etre. The greatest "find," perhaps, that has been made for a considerable time is the book now issued by J. A. Kear, which gives in a compact form Parts I. and II. of the New Bristol, by Mathew Atkinson of Manchester, as it has been appearing for some time in the International Draughts Magazine. The New Bristol is the variation formed by playing 23..18 at the second move in reply to 11..16. Whether this line has been considered weak or not, it has been generally avoided, and in so recent and complete a work as Robertson's Guide, only some 30 variations are given on it. Mr. Atkinson considers 23..18 "a most powerful move," and the fact that he now offers to the votaries of the game over 400 variations, nearly all original, with more to follow, proves the truth of his statement that the move opens out "a vast field of new play yet undiscovered." Where there is so much original effort it will be strange it a good many flaws do not turn up; but the author has done his best to reduce these to a minimum. The play will be found in many cases to be of the most critical nature. We have not had time to do more than make the most cursory examination of it; but if the stock be all like the sample we should say that, with Mr. Atkinson's in his possession, the expert will be able to polish off the "scrub" on all occasions where the Bristol is wanted. An immense convenience has been introduced by Mr. Atkinson in the arrangement of the play by giving the variations in the endings first, and coming up the trunk game instead of going down; this enables the player to have all the play on a particular line before him at a glance, before proceeding to other lines further removed. Opposite the index figures the results of the variations are also indicated by letters—B for a black win, W for a white win, D for drawn. These are departures which it is hoped compilers will adopt, as the convenience they afford is ample compensation for the extra trouble. A number of critical positions, several of them arising out of the play, are given in the book, and a further enchancement is a study of the "first position," being a compilation of the various forms in which it is to be met with, which will be of great use to beginners.

### Checker News.

Messrs. Parrow and Wright finished their match for the championship medal last Saturday evening. As in their former match, the result was a draw, but in this instance the score stands one each and eight games drawn, instead of 10 drawn games, as before.

## A STARTLING PROBLEM.

### Population a Century Hence—What Is to Be Done About It?

[Washington Star.]

S. L. Loomis predicted the result of the census of 1880 within 18,000 of the actual figures. He estimates that the population of the country in 1890 will reach 67,250,000, an increase during the past decade of more than 30 per cent. To allow a reasonable margin for possible error we may place the total at 67,000,000, and the decennial increase at 30 per cent. Should this ratio of increase continue, our population at the end of each decade during the next 100 years will be represented by the following figures, the progressive immensity of which will surprise most people and perhaps cause them to wonder:

WHAT THIS WORLD IS COMING TO.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1900 | 87,100,000 |
| 1910 | 113,230,000 |
| 1920 | 147,199,000 |
| 1930 | 191,358,700 |
| 1940 | 248,765,300 |
| 1950 | 320,393,290 |
| 1960 | 416,513,277 |
| 1970 | 541,467,250 |
| 1980 | 703,907,425 |
| 1990 | 915,079,642 |

People of a speculative turn of mind may well ask themselves what is to be done with so enormous a population, how are they to be supported, and many other questions that, though purely speculative now, may assume a vital importance before the close of the next century. The total area of the United States, including Alaska, is 3,580,242 square miles, or 2,291,354,880 acres. This area necessarily includes the lakes, rivers and uninhabitable mountains and deserts, yet we find that there will be an average of more than two and one-half persons to each acre of our total area when the enumerators enter upon their duties 100 years hence. The exact figures are 2,504.

According to Mr. Loomis the ratio of increase of population by births over deaths, although much less than it was a century since, is at present 2.01 per cent. per annum, or 20.1 each ten years. Accepting, for convenience, the ratio of decennial increase as 20 per cent., and casting aside all accretion from immigration, we find that in the year 1900 our total population will be more than 610,000,000.

Whether these figures are accepted as reasonably trustworthy, or rejected as gross exaggeration, the fact still remains that the natural and inevitable increase of the population, not alone of our country, but of the whole world, presents a problem that may well engage the thoughtful mind.

## LAWNS AND LAWN MOWERS.

### A Little Instruction Regarding a Favorite Occupation Nowadays.

[American Agriculturist.]

A large proportion of the lawns in this village and country are deteriorating, and close examination shows the turf to be thin, the desirable grasses weak, browning quickly under drouth and hot sun, while coarse, unsightly plants creep in and retain a foothold. The beauty of the lawn diminishes with age in spite of liberal fertilizing and close and regular cutting. What is the reason? Mainly, it is the excessive use of the modern lawn mower.

In nearly every locality may be found pasture lands, long set with grasses, fine and rich, holding color well under midsummer sun and drouth, with a thick, elastic turf, through which no color of soil can be seen—the very perfection of a lawn if it were trimmed close and even. Why does the pasture flourish through a score of years and the lawn decay? Simply because the pasture is kept nearly under natural conditions and the lawn is subjected to an intense dwarfing system.

Suppose the lawn is newly made, according to the best instructions, the soil deeply dug, enriched and made clean and fine, the seed sown and the grass plants show thick and strong. What next? The lawn mower—two or three times a week until growth stops in autumn. Next spring the grass makes a renewed struggle for existence, starts early and strong again. It lifts its blades to the sun and air that it may push its roots into the rich soil for moisture and sustenance. The effort is promptly met by the lawn mower. Growth is checked above and under ground; so through an entire season and succeeding years.

The law is that the root growth of the plant is in proportion to its top growth; the root growth is shallow. Of what avail is a deep, rich soil? Is it a wonder that the lawn browns early and that coarse, hardy plants get a foothold? Give the grass plant a chance to make adequate root growth if you would have and keep a good lawn. Read the lesson of the pasture lands. Encourage it a little in early spring, and in the autumn lay the lawn mower away early and let a thick, strong growth of grass be the winter protection of the lawn.

## A Sudden Fall in Value.

[Epoch.]

Stranger—Have you any choice lots on hand?

Landowner—Yes, sir, yes, sir; something fine! The nicest lots that ever laid out doors! There are two; all improvements, convenient to cars, clear title, etc., etc. They are choice, but I will make them fifteen hundred for cash.

Stranger—Well, I'm not buying; I'm making assessments—did you say fifteen hundred each for those lots?

Landowner (hastily)—No, oh, no; for the two!

Stranger—Any more choice lots?

Landowner—That's all; just about sold out.

## They Set the Fashion.

[Cartersville (Ga.) Courant.]

These Cartersville boys set the pace for the fashionable world. They say one of them went to a swell tailor in Atlanta last week to have a pair of trousers cut, and upon being asked what sized legs he desired, he wanted to know what was the largest they had ever made. The reply was from 30 to 32 inches. "Make mine 34," he said, "for I intend to break the record or bust." So if you see a man on the street whose pants—trousers, I should have said—flap like the sails on a double-masted schooner, you may know him to be the record breaker of whom I write.

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# POUNDING AT VICKSBURG.

## What Grant Was Doing When This Event Occurred.

### How a Spy Carried News from Gen. Johnston to Gen. Sherman.

### Capturing a Scout and Personating Him in the Confederate Camp.

[New York Sun.]

While Grant was pounding away at Vicksburg Gen. Johnston was collecting an army at Jackson. His idea was to co-operate with Pemberton, and had things turned out as was arranged for on two or three different occasions Grant might have found himself in a bad fix. The country overflowed, preventing a movement of the Confederate army. Grant gained certain advantages where his total defeat was looked for, and during the last three weeks of the siege every single rebel scout or spy attempting to pass between Vicksburg and Jackson was captured. Grant had over 500 detailed men on the watch for these gentry, and as slick as some of them were not a man passed the lines.

Two days before the surrender I was lying 10 miles out of Vicksburg in a swamp, in command of a small party of scouts, and a rebel messenger, making his way through the morass, entered the thicket in which we were concealed. We had been watching his approach, and we had him covered before he had a show of escape. He was a messenger from Johnston, but as he was in butternut and not strictly within our lines, he could not be called a spy. His name, as he gave it, was George Sloan. He was 22 years old, fairly intelligent, and stated that he had been detailed from an Arkansas regiment. The despatch from Johnston to Pemberton was concealed in the lining of his boot leg, and was a request that the latter should set a date when he would be ready for a grand sortie. Johnston would arrange to be on hand at the same time, and Grant would thus be attacked front and rear. Sherman was between them, but with such a meagre force that Johnston did not seem to fear it.

While I knew that Sloan could not be convicted as a spy, he was badly broken up with fear that he could. When I therefore offered to intercede for him, providing he would furnish me certain information, he was not slow to close the trade. We were of the same height and weight, and looked near enough alike to be brothers. His regiment was not then in Jackson, and this was his first trip as a scout. He gave me a description of Gen. Johnston, the conversation had with him, the names of his colonel and captain and several of his chums, and much other information which I greatly desired to know. He couldn't see my reasons for asking after certain particulars, and pumped himself dry under the idea that I was simply queer or curious-minded. Among other particulars he gave me the names of three citizens of Jackson with whom he was acquainted, and of one in whose house he had passed several nights. He described the house outside and in, and I drew a plan of it to be sure that I had it correctly. When we took him to Grant's headquarters I had a proposition to make, but it was not made until the day after the surrender. Then Grant had turned his thoughts from Vicksburg to Jackson, from Pemberton to Johnston. He at once gave orders to send off all troops that could be spared to Sherman, with further orders that he move on Jackson, and when I proposed to enter Johnston's lines as a spy I was at once sent off to Sherman post haste, which meant as fast as I could ride a blooded horse. A quarter of an hour from the time I entered Gen. Sherman's tent I was out again and making my few preparations. I had asked Sloan to exchange his butternut for a suit of blue, and as he had been sent to prison to have his case investigated, he was not unwilling. I even took from his neck a buckskin string with a rabbit's foot attached, which he had been wearing for a year as a "hoodoo" to keep Yankee bullets away, and his knife, pocket comb and other personal property were transferred to me with the suit.

I reached a Confederate outpost in front of Jackson one night at 10 o'clock. Sherman's advance had now driven Johnston behind his entrenchments, and the position was a pretty strong one. I had a pass for George Sloan signed by Johnston himself, and there was a delay of only a few minutes in passing into the Confederate lines. Every one I met inquired about Vicksburg and Sherman's movements, and no one seemed to have the slightest suspicion of my identity. The officer of the day of the regiment whose sentinel I sought to pass sent me under escort to Gen. Johnston's headquarters. That Confederate dignitary had little use for me. If I could have reported that I had entered Vicksburg and brought him a despatch from Pemberton it would not have altered the case. Vicksburg had fallen and Pemberton was a prisoner. When I stood before him he simply said:

"Well, you were too late, but I am glad you escaped capture or death. You may report to Col. Lount. I may have use for you again."

I saluted and retired, and my first business was to find out who Col. Lount was. It turned out that he was a sort of provost marshal—about as near to the real article as the Western Confederates ever had—and, after running around for an hour I found him and reported.

"Sloan, eh?" he queried, as he looked me over. "Oh, yes; the old man tried to fly you into Vicksburg. You are about the only one out of 40 who has had the cheek to come back. Take care of yourself until I want you."

He had a brusque, menacing way with him, but, as he did not question me, I reasoned that he had no suspicions. He told me to take care of myself, which I interpreted to mean that I was to skirmish around for my rations. There was much confusion in Jackson just then, and instead of seeking to join a soldier's mess, I went down to the railroad and got a room at the Confederate House, as the hotel was then called. The house was full of officers, privates and civilians, and I went off to bed and out of the way as soon as possible. When I turned out next morning I found the excitement increased. Sherman was moving up rapidly, and Johnston was strengthening his position to delay the Federals as long as possible while he shipped his stores away.

I set out after breakfast to inspect the works, and by the use of my pass whenever I was halted I travelled about the entire day unquestioned. At night I called upon Col. Lount to report myself for orders, but he was very busy at the time and gave me no notice. I slept at the hotel again that night, and next day resumed my tramp through the camps. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when I returned to the centre of the town, I knew Johnston's strength to within 200 men. I had the number of his cannon, the strong and weak points in his defences, and all other particulars Gen. Sherman would care for. I was intending to leave Jackson that night and was congratulating myself on the good luck that had attended me, when trouble came all of a sudden. The streets were full of soldiers, and as I stood leaning against a wall opposite the Capitol building, a provost guard of six men came along. All except officers had been ordered to their camps, and as I was clothed in the uniform of a private no courtesy was wasted on me. I was ordered to move at once, but in response I exhibited my pass. Four or five officers and two or three civilians were attracted, and as the sergeant read out the name of George Sloan, Col. Lount himself came up, and at the same moment a lieutenant, who had taken a square look at me, called out:

"What the d—l is he doing with George Sloan's pass. He has no more right to the name than I have."

"What! Do you know him? Isn't he George Sloan?" demanded the colonel, while the crowd at once increased.

"No, sir; not the one I mean, and I don't believe there are two of them."

"Do you mean the George Sloan of Company H, 7th Arkansas?" I quietly asked.

"I do."

"Well, you forget faces very quickly. You are Lieut. Hatfield, formerly my orderly sergeant. You left us a year ago."

"Yes, that's correct," he said in an uncertain way, "but I can't believe you are George Sloan."

I gave the name of the colonel of the regiment, those of several sergeants and corporals of the company, and gave the present location of the regiment. Fortunately for me it was not in Jackson.

"Well, you are dead right," said the lieutenant, "but there's something mighty queer about this."

"Take him to the guardhouse until I can investigate further!" ordered Col. Lount, and, presto change, I was on the road to the gallows.

In the presence of an enemy a spy gets a speedy trial for his life. Within an hour Col. Lount sent for me. His face was hard and his voice stern as he said:

"You are accused of being a Yankee spy."

"I can prove to the contrary in half an hour," I quietly replied.

"How?"

"Take me to Gen. Johnston."

"I was about to do so. What can you prove by him?"

"I can detail every word of our conversation before I set out for Vicksburg."

Johnston was then with his chief engineer establishing a new line, two or three miles away, and the colonel could not have taken me to him. I did not know this, however, until afterward.

"Do you know any citizen of the town?" asked the colonel, after a pause.

"Yes, sir; I know David Oldfields, John Hampton and William Rich. I have lodged with Rich several nights."

"Oh you have, Sergeant!"

He stepped to the door and called to a sergeant who was just then passing with a squad of men, and the officer halted and saluted. He continued:

"Take this man under guard and see if he can lead you to the house of William Rich. If he can, see if the people can identify him as George Sloan. Have him describe the interior of the house and conduct you to the bedroom he occupied."

Had I not pumped the captured rebel scout on these very particulars I should have been in a nice fix. I had identified the house that very day, and so when the sergeant took me in charge I made no mistake in leading him directly to the dwelling.

"You are right," he said, as we halted at the gate. "Now describe the rooms."

"This front door opens into a hall, which runs back to a dining-room. The stairs are on your left, the parlor on your right. Back of the dining-room is the kitchen. Upstairs there are only two rooms, front and back. I slept in the front room. It has a green carpet on the floor. Opposite the bed is a picture of an old English castle and grounds. On the wall at the foot of the bed is a picture of the crucifixion."

"That's pretty glib, but we'll see about it," he answered, as we advanced and knocked at the door.

It was opened by a woman whom I knew to be Mrs. Rich, and I called her by name and passed the time o' day. She looked hard at me for a minute, and I thought she was going to deny my presence, but after a time she said:

"Oh, yes, you are one of the soldiers whom William has brought home with him. Yes, I recall your face now. What name, please?"

"Sloan, ma'am—George Sloan."

"Oh, certainly. And what is the trouble?"

"My friends here seemed to doubt that I ever lodged here."

"They did? Why, of course you have."

"I want to see the front bedroom upstairs," observed the sergeant, and he was told to go right up. When he came down he had a good-natured look on his face, and as he walked away he asked:

"What is the old man driving at, any way?"

"A half-drunken officer, who couldn't see straight, denied that I was George Sloan," I replied.

"I see. If you were not Sloan you must be somebody else—a Yankee spy, perhaps?"

"That's it."

"And the colonel would have stood you up for a target within half an hour."

When he had made his report the colonel seemed a bit disappointed for a moment, perhaps having made up his mind that a shooting match was to come off. He rallied, however, and after congratulating me, turned me loose and ordered me to report next morning. That night at 9 o'clock I passed out through the lines and made a bee line for Sherman's headquarters. Next day, when he opened fire with all his artillery, he knew all the weak points in Johnston's line.

It was three years after the war that I got the last chapter of my adventure. When the inebriated lieutenant sobered up he pushed the case against me, declaring his belief that I was not George Sloan. As luck would have it, a Confederate prisoner escaped from Vicksburg and brought in the news that Sloan was there, and then Col. Lount began a hot hunt for me. I had been gone for hours, however, and they looked in vain. In his chagrin at being duped he caused the arrest of about a dozen civilians who were camp followers, and in his zeal to make amends for one blunder he convicted a good Confederate of being a Yankee spy, and had him hanged.

# HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

### Something History, by the Way, Will Never Do When a Fellow is in College.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Listen to me, Maud!"

The voice of the young man trembled with the intensity of his passion.

"From my home in the shadow of Bunker Hill monument I have come to plead with you, Maud. I have taken a solemn vow that I will neither eat, dr——that I will neither eat nor sleep, I mean," he continued, "till this, the most momentous question of my whole life, is settled once for all!"

The glorious dark eyes of the proud Monumental City girl sank beneath his burning gaze. Her cheek glowed with an unwonted flush, and she tapped the carpet irresolutely with her foot. She was not to be won without a struggle, but her heart pleaded for the youth who stood before her.

"Mr. Backsorrel," she said, "are there not differences of temperament, irreconcilable prejudices relating to locality, pride of ancestry, civic loyalty, and——"

"All these, Maud," he protested vehemently, "are mere straws that may float on the surface, but are powerless to stay the progress of the irresistible passion that sweeps me on, and that will bear you, too, on its bosom, my proud beauty, in spite of the influences that——"

"Have a care, Mr. Backsorrel!" exclaimed the imperious maiden, her eyes flashing. "The old Boston ideas of coercion are——"

"Are distasteful to the patrician intolerance and majestic selfhood of Baltimore's blue-blooded nobility. I know it, Maud. But love sweeps away all barriers, levels all ranks, obliterates all local landmarks, and changes the face of nature itself."

The maiden shook her head and sighed tremulously.

"Would—would it change deep-rooted and in-bred convictions and preferences, Mr. Backsorrel, as—as to habits of daily living, involving such questions as literature, recreation, diet——"

"Diet!" he broke in. "It would! It would! With the communion of soul with soul there would come to you in time a calm tolerance of that which is leguminous and brain-producing. With the longings of my heart satisfied I could raise my hand and swear by every impulse of my being, every fibre of my frame, that my physical nature needed terrapin! Oh, Maud!" he exclaimed rapturously, as he folded the radiant Southern beauty in his arms and drew her to his bosom, "in the arena of love have not Boston endurance and habits of training triumphed over Baltimore, even as—as—the other day, you know, down in Mississippi—in short, is not history repeating itself?"

"It is, Harold," she murmured, with her head on the young man's shoulder. "I throw up the sponge."

### An Inexperienced Financier.

[Youth's Companion.]

Many are the absurd transactions which take place in banks, some of them showing an over-cautiousness in the care of money, and others, like the following, an amusing ignorance of its value:

A Georgia paper says that a negro, the fortunate possessor of a valuable house lot, one day sold his property for $10,000.

He was given a check for that amount, which was carried in due time to one of the banks. The paying teller asked him how much of the money he wanted in cash.

"I wants all dat ar paper calls fur," replied the negro.

"What! You don't want $10,000 in cash?"

"Jesso, sah."

"All right," answered the man, and in five minutes he began piling the money on the counter.

As he laid the $500 packages on the counter the negro's eyes grew larger and larger. Finally, when 20 of the packages had been placed before him, he looked intently at them for a moment, and then, with a broad grin on his face, said:

"I's jist paralyzed! Gimme a dollar'n'a half, 'n' you kin keep de rist till I call agin."

### Statistics of Coin.

[New York Telegram.]

The weight and bulk of the gold and silver coin now held by the United States Treasury, forms the subject of inquiry by a correspondent of a mathematical turn of mind, and he finds that the weight of the gold is 601 tons of 2000 pounds, and the silver 8000 tons. Packing it along the highway as cord wood is packed, the gold would make a barricade four feet high, four feet thick, for a distance of 335 feet, and the silver, if similarly packed, would extend 4248 feet, or five-sixths of a mile. If packed in carts, one ton to each cart, the procession would be nearly 33 miles long, of which distance the gold-bearing carts would cover two and a half miles, and the silver a fraction over thirty and a quarter miles.

### What Becomes of All the Paper?

[New York Tribune.]

There are 1000 pulp and paper mills at work the year round. But the newspapers and magazines consume vast quantities of it. The Century company take nearly 200 tons a month for their publications, and their paper bill amounts to $300,000 yearly. Harper & Brothers take 25,000 reams, Robert Bonner 10,000 reams at a time. Two cheap literature firms buy $500,000 worth of paper a year. One patent medicine firm buys $300,000 worth of paper every year.

### Babies in California.

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]

At one time a woman could hardly walk through the streets of San Francisco without having every one pause and gaze on her, and a child was so rare that once in a theatre in the same city where a woman had taken her infant, when it began to cry, just as the orchestra began to play, a man in the pit cried out, "stop those fiddles and let the baby cry. I haven't heard such a sound for 10 years." The audience applauded this sentiment, the orchestra stopped and the baby continued its performance amid unbounded enthusiasm.

# KENTUCKY COURT DAY.

## Interesting Scenes Common in Days Before the War.

### How the Well-to-Do Kentucky Farmer Used to Spend His Life.

### All the Population of the County Gathered in the Court House Yard.

[James Lane Allen in August Harper's.]

To describe minutely the scenes of a county court day in Kentucky, say at the end of the half century, would be to write a curious page in the history of the times, for they were possible only through the unique social condition they portrayed. It was near the most prosperous period of State life under the old regime. The institution of slavery was about to culminate and decline. Agriculture had about as nearly perfected itself as it was ever destined to do under the old system of bondage. The war cloud in the sky of the future could be covered with the hand, or at most with the country gentleman's broad-brimmed straw hat. The whole atmosphere of the times was heavy with ease, and the people, living in perpetual contemplation of their superabundant natural wealth, bore the quality of the land in their manners and dispositions.

When the well-to-do Kentucky farmer got up in the morning, walked out into the porch, stretched himself, and looked at the sun, he knew that he could summon a sleek kindly negro to execute every wish and whim—one to search for his misplaced hat, a second to bring him a dipper of ice-water, a third to black his shoes, a fourth to saddle his horse and hitch it at the stiles, a fifth to cook his breakfast, a sixth to wait on him at the table, a seventh to stand on one side and keep off the flies. Breakfast over, he mounted his horse and rode out where "the hands" were at work. The chance was his overseer or negro boss was there before him; his presence was unnecessary. What a gentleman he was! This was called earning one's bread by the sweat of his brow. Whose brow? He yawned. What should he do? One thing he knew he would do—take a good nap before dinner. Perhaps he had better ride over to the blacksmith shop. However, there was nobody there. It was the county court day. The sky was blue, the sun golden, the air delightful, the road broad and smooth, the gait of his horse the very poetry of motion. He would go to county court himself. There was really nothing else before him His wife would want to go, too, and children; so away they went, he on horseback or in the family carriage, with black Pompey driving in front and yellow Cæsar riding behind. The turnpike reached, the progress of our family carriage is interrupted or quite stopped, for there are many other carriages on the road, all going in the same direction. Then pa, growing impatient, orders black Pompey to drive out on one side, whip up the horses, pass the others, and get ahead, so as to escape from the clouds of white limestone dust, which settles thick on the velvet collar of pa's blue cloth coat and in the delicate pink marabou feathers of ma's bonnet, which Pompey can't do, for the faster he goes the faster the others go, making all the more dust; so that pa gets red in the face, and jumps up in the seat, and looks ready to fight, and thrusts his head out of the window and knocks off his hat; and ma looks nervous, and black Pompey and yellow Cæsar both look white with dust and fear.

A rural cavalcade indeed! Besides the carriages, buggies, horsemen and pedestrians, there are long droves of stock being hurried on toward the town—hundreds of them. By the time they come together in the town they will be many thousands. For is not this the great stock-market of the West, and does not the whole South look from its rich plantations and cities up to Kentucky for bacon and mules? By-and-by our family carriage does at last get to town, and is left out in the streets along with many others to block up the passway according to the custom.

The town is packed. It looks as though by some vast suction system it had with one exercise of force drawn all the country life into itself. The poor dumb creatures gathered in from the peaceful fields and crowded around the court house, send forth, each after its kind, a general outcry of horror and despair at the tumult of the scene and the unimaginable mystery of their own fate. They quite overflow into the by-streets, where they take possession of the sidewalks and debar entrance at private residences. No stock-pens wanted then; none wanted now. If a town legislates against these stock sales on the streets and puts up pens on its outskirts, straightway the stock is taken to some other place, and the town is punished for its airs by a decline in its trade.

As the day draws near noon, the tide of life is at the flood. All mixed in with the tossing horns and nimble heels of the terrified, distressed, half-maddened beasts, are the people. Above the level of these is the discordant choir of shrill-voiced auctioneers on horseback. At the corners of the streets long-haired—and long-eared—doctors in curious hats lecture to eager groups on maladies and philanthropic cures. Every itinerant vender of notion and nostrum in the country-side is there; every wandering Italian harper or musician of any kind, be he but a sightless fiddler, who brings forth with poor unison of voice and string the brief and too fickle ballads of the time, "Gentle Annie," and "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt." Strangely contrasted with everything else in physical type and marks of civilization are the mountaineers, who have come down to "the settlemints" driving herds of their lean, stunted cattle, or bringing in slow-moving, ox-drawn "steamboat" wagons, maple-sugar, and baskets, and poles, and wild mountain fruit — faded wagons, faded beasts, faded clothes, faded faces, faded everything. A general day for buying and selling all over the State. What purchases at the dry goods stores and groceries to keep all those negroes at home fat and comfortable and comely—cottons, and gay cottonades, and gorgeous turbans, and linseys of prismatic dyes, bags of Rio coffee and barrels of sugar, with many another pleasant thing! All which will not be taken home in the family carriage, but in the wagon which Scipio Africanus is driving in; Scipio, remember; for while the New Englander has been naming his own flesh and blood Peleg and Hezekiah and Abednego, the Kentuckian has been giving even his negro slaves mighty and classic names, after his taste and fashion. But very mockingly and satirically do those victorious titles contrast with the condition of them that wear them. A surging populace, an in-town holiday for all rural folk, wholly unlike what may be seen elsewhere in this country. The politician will be sure of his audience today in the court house yard; the seller will be sure of the purchaser; the idle man of meeting one still idler; friend of seeing distant friend; blushing Phyllis come in to buy fresh ribbons, of being followed through the throng by anxious Corydon.

And what, amid all this tumult of life and affairs — what of the justice of the peace, whose figure once towered up so finely? Alas! quite outgrown, pushed aside, and wellnigh forgotten. The very name of the day which once so sternly commemorated the exercise of his authority has wandered away into another meaning. "County court day" no longer brings up in the mind the image of the central court house and the judge on the bench. It is to be greatly feared his noble type is dying. The stain of venality has soiled his homespun ermine, and the trail of the office-seeker passed over his rough-hewn bench. So the new constitution of the Commonwealth comes in, to make the autocratic ancient justice over into the modern elective magistrate, and with the end of the half century to close a great chapter of wonderful county court days.

### What are "Morganatic" Marriages?

[London Life.]

The term "morganatic" applied to marriages had its origin in an ancient custom by which the bridegroom on the day after the wedding gave his bride a morning gift—morganabe. In the case of a nobleman wedded to a wife of low estate this morning gift constituted the wife's portion, or endowment, and from this gift such marriages took the name morganatica. The German law, continuing this tradition, allows the members of the reigning house and certain noble families to contract marriages in all respects legal and valid, except that it gives to the partner of lower birth and to the children no share in the rank, titles and distinctions of the privileged house. Such marriages have often been eminently happy ones.

### Wilkie Collins' Wondrous Talent.

[New York Metropolis.]

Dining one evening with Wilkie Collins, he spoke of the difficulty of imagining a place or character which had not its original in real life. Af he had described the house in "Armadale" a gentleman called upon him an upbraided him for putting his residence into print. The description was exact, although Wilkie Collins had never seen the place. He invented a man who was so careful about his food that he weighed it in little scales at table. A gentleman was introduced to Mr. Collins and said: "You had no right, sir, to caricature me. I weigh my food in little scales, sir! Here they are, sir! I always carry them about with me by advice of my physicians. But is that any reason why I should be held up to ridicule, sir?" In vain Mr. Collins protested that he had never before heard of such a habit.

# BOSTON BOOK THIEVES.

### Their Bold Operations Described by an Experienced Dealer Who Used to Live at the Hub.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

"The stealing of plates from books," says F. H. Thomas in the Globe-Democrat, "is not by any means a new offence. While I was engaged in the book business in Boston many years ago, I became very familiar with the methods of this class of thieves. Some of them had simply a mania for stealing books, while others stole that they might realize from their plunder. One case in particular which I remember well is of some interest because of the personnel of the thief, and has been recalled to my mind through seeing the thief and hearing him preach here in St. Louis."

My experience with bookbuyers and bookstealers, and my intimate acquaintance with the frequenters of book stores in Boston was well known by the trade, and when several books and plates were stolen at different times from a well-known store on Washington street, near School, I was asked to come down there and see if I could recognize any one who would be likely to be the offender.

I went down and stayed around for awhile one day, and had not been there long before a well-known clergyman who lived in a suburban town came into the store. I had suspected this man for some time, and had been watching him.

After looking at several books he went up stairs, and I followed him, standing behind a pillar so he would not see me. He was looking at a copy of Hall's History of American Indians, which contained numerous plates. He turned the leaves over casually, looking around stealthily while he was doing so. Not seeing any one looking at him he quickly got out his knife and deliberately cut out several plates from the book.

Taking off his high hat he folded up the plates and placed them under the inside band. After glancing at several other books he walked down stairs. I quickly followed him and told the proprietor the facts.

A detective was sent for and the clergyman detained by being shown rare works. On the arrival of the detective the clergyman was pointed out to him. He went up to the reverend gentleman and told him he was his prisoner. The clergyman was very indignant and wanted to know on what charge. On being informed he denied it most emphatically, and said he was willing to be searched.

I stepped up behind him and gently taking off his hat pulled out the plates and asked him where he got them. This was sufficient. With the detective I visited his house.

We found piles of books, plates cut from books, stationery unopened, and various pamphlets, engravings and other things stolen from stores. Two dry goods boxes would not hold half the plunder he had in his house.

Sixty-four volumes of Swigard's "History of England" were found, which he had stolen from one store.

Clerical influence was brought to bear and prosecution dropped.

I was very much surprised several years after I came to St. Louis to see an announcement that the reverend gentleman would preach here. Out of curiosity I went to hear him. It was the same man.

The methods that some of these book thieves adopt are very cunning. I knew of another clergyman who was a notorious book thief who carried a flat box wrapped up in newspaper with one side open. He would select the book he wanted to steal, and with studied carelessness lay the box open side down on the book. In a few moments he would pick up his box, which looked like an ordinary parcel, taking care to place his hand beneath the push and hold the book in the box. He would then transfer it to a large pocket in the inside of his coat.

I could fill a column with stories of this kind, for very many came under my observation.

## GIVE THE CHILDREN A CHANCE.

### A Practical Way of Making Them Happier This Summer.

[Christian Union.]

When packing trunks for summer outings a large space, as large as possible, should be given to the children. Picture books, especially those that can be cut, should be taken; colored beads of all sizes, with fine wire and strong thread; simple outlining patterns, with colored thread, worsted, crochet needles, mucilage and brushes, pads of paper and pencils, a brick of moulding clay for wet days, simple kindergarten materials, paper patterns for dolls' clothes, and a bundle of cotton and woollen materials to make the clothes; fill all the crevices left with patience.

When landed in summer quarters reserve one corner of a room for the trash so precious to the children—stones, shells, bits of moss, bark, birds' nests and the thousand odds and ends from outdoors that appeal to the fancy and immagination of the young followers of Columbus.

In arranging for the children, remember that the more they learn to depend on themselves for amusement the more independent and self-reliant they will be in after life. Who of us has not seen the pitiable helplessness of the men and women who depend for enjoyment and happiness on outside sources—people who are wretched if they do not have the prospect before them of some social excitement! The child who learns to make his own pleasures with as little assistance as possible from others, in after life finds his sources of pleasure within, and is a giver, not a receiver merely.

The months spent in the country are the months giving the opportunity to parents of finding the powers of originality, of expression, in the child; the rest of the year the child lives under more or less system, and is the photograph of its leaders to a great extent. Books for reading are not and should not be the only things thought necessary for amusement. There are times when the mind refuses to live on letters, as the stomach refuses to live on bread alone. The months out of school, if wisely used, or rather directed, will go far toward counteracting the one-sided developement of the present school system.

To keep the children happy, the end of their employments must be useful. Gifts for friends, for Christmas, for sick children, necessary clothing for dolls—many objects might be presented for which a child could work. Hammock cushions, stuffed with newspapers torn into tiny bits, will cost next to nothing, and yet furnish employment for dull hours for days at a time. The cover could be of chintz or turkey-red calico, and the materials occupy a fraction of the space required for a pillow.

The curse of the race has proved its blessing, for the smallest child is happiest when most employed.

### To Construct a Compass.

[Youth's Companion.]

A very good compass may be easily constructed as follows:

Get from a druggist a common pasteboard pillbox of about 1¾ inches in diameter. Cut in the lid a round hole an inch in diameter. Cover the hole on the inside with a piece of thin window-glass, which can be held in place by bits of sealing-wax at the corners.

Break off about three-eighths of an inch from the point of a sewing-needle and affix it point upward by means of sealing-wax to the centre of the bottom of the box. This is to be the pivot upon which the magnetic needle is to swing.

For a needle, use the permanent magnet made of a darning-needle in a previous experiment. To adjust this to the pivot, saw out a piece of ivory or bone—the handle of an old toothbrush is good material—a quarter of an inch square by a tenth of an inch thick. In the centre of the square side bore a hole, by means of a knife-blade or the handle-end of a file, nearly through the piece.

The inner extremity of the hole must be smooth, with no small crevices or sharp edges. To the opposite surface attach, by sealing wax, the needle, and, after placing it upon the pivot put the cover on the box. If the hole in the ivory be well made, one end of the needle will point to the north.

Place the compass near any large mass of iron, as, for example, the kitchen stove, and see where it will point then.

### Cautious by Experience.

[Terre Haute Express.]

Deacon Podsnap—What a beautiful sight it will be in the world to come, all the streets paved with gold. Brother Haiseed—I don't believe it's nothin' but brass. I bought one of them there gold bricks myself oncet.

### Why He Did It.

[New York Sun.]

Rev. Primrose—You're a good boy, my little fellow. I saw you take the fly out of the basin of water. Such little acts of humanity never escape my attention.

Little Johnnie—I did it so that I could pull his legs out.

# LIME KILN CLUB.

## No Intention of Starting a Woman's Branch Just Now.

### Waydown Beebe's Habits Prove the Boston Solicitor a Fraud.

### Nothing Said About Chicken Lifting in the Constitution of the Club.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Owing to the embarrassing condition in which the Rev. Penstock found himself at the close of the last meeting, the members generally predicted that he would never enter Paradise Hall again. They were disappointed, however. He was on hand at the usual hour, his phiz wearing the serene and self-satisfied expression habitual to it, and he had nothing to say out of the usual line. When the meeting opened Brother Gardner looked up and down the aisles as if searching for some one, and finally inquired:

"Does any member of dis club desiah a report as to our finanshul standin'?"

No one replied. Penstock had a very innocent look, and Judge Cahoots was busy with a jack-knife almost as long as his arm.

"Nobody seems to desiah a report," continued Brother Gardner, "but I will make one fur de benefit of de club in gineral. All moneys paid into dis club pass de hands of de secretary, who makes a record an' keeps an account. When he pays ober to de treasurer he takes a receipt. De treasurer passes de cash along to de finance committee, makin' a record an' takin' a receipt. De finance committee make a record, an' de cash am put in de safe. Dat safe can't be opened onless de three members of de committee am present, each wid his key. De hall am guarded day an' night by a watchman, who has orders to shoot any one pusson of de committee who approaches widin fo' feet of de safe. De cash is counted an' a balance stricken once a week, an' dat cash an' dat balance has got to agree to a cent or dar am a row. We hev now in bank an' in de safe a leetle less than $2000, an' all accounts hev bin audited and passed as correct up to date.

"De system under which our finances am taken in, paid out or held, may not be as good as dat of some banks, but up to date we haven't lost a penny an' no one has been branded as a theif or embezzler. If dar am any furder informashun wanted I shall be happy to furnish it. Would Brudders Penstock and Cahoots like to examine de books an' papers fur the last nine years."

Both the gentlemen named declined with thanks, and the regular order of business was proceeded with.

The secretary announced the following communication from Boston:

Brother Gardner, President Lime-Kiln Club, Detroit, Mich.:

RESPECTED SIR—An individual called on me during the present week representing himself as Waydown Bebee, a member of your club, and soliciting subscriptions to be used as a woman's branch of the Lime Kiln Club. My suspicions were aroused that he was a person trading on the reputation of your esteemed club, as his appearance did not justify me in the belief that he was fresh from your edifying influence. I refused to give him any contribution, and write to you in order that I may ascertain how to distinguish impostors from real representatives of your club, as I should be sorry to allow one of your people to go without some encouragement.

Will you kindly inform me and the public in general, through the usual channel, of such means as you may deem necessary for us to distinguish real members of your club, and oblige yours truly,

EDWIN JOHNSON.

"De thanks of dis club am due to Mr. Johnson fur his consanguinity in holdin' off on dat pusson," said the president. "Dat man was a base imposter. Waydown Bebee, as you all know, has not bin out of Detroit in five y'ars, an' de Lawd only knows when he will git money 'nuff to make eben a 20-mile trip. De public am hereby informed dat we do not contemplate a woman's branch of dis club, nor any odder radical changes. We give no prizes an' employ no trabblin' agents. When a member of dis club in good standin' sots out to trabale he ar' furnished wid a certicate of identity, on de left-hand co'ner of which will be found his signachure an' fotograf. None genuine widout it."

Judge Asphalt Green arose to a question of privilege. Time after time he had listened to communications in which the colored race was referred to as "coons," and none of the members had been moved to object. He could hardly pick up a newspaper without seeing the same reference, and more than once he had heard the expression used on the street and in shops. He didn't want to be captious, he said, but such things pained him. He hoped the club, as a club, would take some decided action to express its deep displeasure.

"Brudder Green, would you object to being called a fox?" queried the president.

"I reckon not, sah."

"Well, dar am no great difference between de fox an' de coon—not 'nuff to kick about. It's jist a habit sartin white men hev got into, dat's all. Dey would call you a fox or 'possum or wood-chuck jist as quick, but dey dun doan' think quick 'nuff. I'll spoke to 'em about it an' hev 'em call you a hoss or a mule, if dat will relieve your mind."

"But, sah, do you uphold sich conduct?" protested the judge.

"No, Brudder Green, but I ar' keepin' quiet fur fear of results. De white man has got a mighty long head on him, an' if he was prevented from callin' you a 'coon' he'd hunt up sunthin' a good deal wuss befo' he was a day older. Sot down, jedge—sot down an' rest yer back-ache. You hasn't bin feelin' well fur de las' week, an' perhaps dis change in de wedder has affected yer mind."

A communication received from Charlotte, N. C., made inquiry if chicken lifting was one of the things prohibited by the constitution of the club, and if the establishment of branch clubs had had any effect towards reducing this evil.

"Nuffin was said on dat subjick in our constitushun," replied the president. "De matter was not eben thought of. As fur the odder queshun, I hev no data at hand on which to form a reply."

"Does dis cha'r intend to let dat slur pass widout criticism?" asked Whalebone Howker, as he bobbed up.

"What slur am dat, Brudder Howker?"

"'Bout cull'd people liftin' chickens, sah. Dat queshun ar' an insult to ebery member of dis club."

"I doan' see it dat way, Brudder Howker. As a race we like de taste of chicken. As a race I expeck we lift fully our sheer."

"I deny it, sah!"

"Well, I hev no figgers on de subjeck. I know I has helped five different members of dis club out o' chicken scrapes in de las' y'ar, an' it wasn't six weeks ago dat you was 'rested yo'self wid six chickens in a bag. Sit down, sah! Virtuous indignation am a good thing in its place, but yours comes in jist whar' you orter be keepin' powerful quiet."

A communication from Cleveland announced that one John Y. Scott had invented a double-barreled skillet, in which bacon could be fried and egg boiled at the same time, and he wanted the indorsement of the club to its being a good thing, promising to forward a dozen skillets free if his request was complied with.

Samuel Shin moved to indorse, and half a dozen members spoke for and against the action, and Brother Gardner then disposed of the matter by saying:

"If we had eggs an' bacon at de same time some of us might hev to steal one or de odder, an' we'd better keep dat double-barrelled skillet as fur off as we kin. It are now time to go home an' let de kentry run herself fur a week or two."

### A Loving Wife.

[Chicago Herald.]

"You didn't kiss me good by," she murmured, as Charles, after hastily swallowing his breakfast, rushed away to catch the train to the city. He came half-way back to the house, dabbed her on the forehead and again started off.

"Don't forget the pattern!" she called out. He nodded back.

"And the linen I left to be stamped."

"All right, all right," he muttered, savagely.

"And say, dear, if you see any good peaches you might bring a basket."

"Why don't you charter a train?" he growls. "I'm sick of being a walking express wagon."

But she was back in the cottage, running her fingers over the piano keys and thinking what a dear hubby she had.

And Charles was racing to the station as hard as he could tear, mentally swearing that he would be eternally roasted if he ever lived in the suburbs another season.

### The Renaissance of the Fan.

[August Harper's.]

After a long interval, a long period of neglect, the year 1829 saw a revival in the taste for fans. It chanced that a grand ball was preparing at the Tuileries, at which several "costume quadrilles" were to be danced. Madame la Duchesse de Berri had undertaken to get up a Louis XV. quadrille, and was seeking everywhere—had sought everywhere in vain—for fans of that period. Suddenly some one remembered having seen some old fans in the shop window of a perfumer named Vanier, who lived in the Rue Caumartin. Vanier had collected old fans for some time as an amateur. His fans were taken to the palace; in the quadrille they created a furor, and were all purchased. The Duchesse de Berri's ball began the renaissance of the fan.

## THE FRONT GATE AJAR.

### Her Father Raised His Chamber Window, and This is What Came to Him Through the Summer Air.

[Time.]

"Purty night, ain't it, Tilly?"

"Yes, purty enough; good night, Hank."

"What's yer rush?"

"I'd say 'rush' if I were you."

"Why, we aint been standing here but a few minutes."

"O-o-o-h, Hank Sparks, what a big storyeller you are. We've been here over an hour."

"Well, what if we have?"

"Well, that's long enough, that's what. We'd ought to be 'shamed of ourselves, anyhow."

"What for?"

"For being so silly."

"I reckon we ain't the only silly folks in the world then."

"That don't make no difference. Good night."

"No, wait a minute, Tilly."

"What for? You s'pose I'm going to stand here all night?"

"Nobody wants you to stay here all night; but I don't see why you snatch yourself away like this."

"Pa'll be calling me first thing I know."

"Let 'im call; it won't hurt him."

"It might hurt you if he took a notion to come out or to set old Bose loose."

"Pooh! Who's afraid?"

"You'd better be. Good night."

"Wait a minute."

"What for, you big gump, you?"

"Oh, because."

"I shan't stay out here another minute."

"Yes you will."

"I shan't. Let go my hands."

"I don't have to."

"You mean thing, you! I—I—if you dare kiss me again, Hank Sparks!"

"Oh, I daren't, eh? There!"

"Hank Sparks!"

"There's another."

"I've a notion to call for pa. I will if you kiss me again, sir!"

"Oh, you will? There! Now call him."

"You're the worst case I ever saw. Shame on you!"

"Pooh! I pity a feller who aint grit enough to kiss his girl when he can."

"I'd be ashamed if I was you, sir. Good night."

"Good night, Tilly."

"Good night."

"Good night. Don't forgit that we're going to the singing school Friday night."

"Maybe we will and maybe we won't."

"You better look out or I'll kiss you again."

"Yes, you daren't! Good night."

"Bye-bye."

"Goodby."

## HAUNTED BY A VOICE.

### The Pathetic Story Told to a Brooklyn Court Clerk.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Genial Clerk McGarry of the Butler street Police Court was locking up his desk yesterday afternoon, preparatory to quitting work for the day, when he heard a timid knock at the side door. Opening it he was confronted by a really handsome woman, he says, of about 38 years of age. She was tall and dark and her eyes flashed with a peculiarly wild stare. In a frightened whisper she said: "Is this Mr. McGarry?" The clerk assured her that she was right in her surmise. "Are you entirely alone?" was her next question. "Yes," replied the clerk. "Then I will tell you my story, and, oh! Mr. McGarry, you must do something for me or I shall go crazy." She took the seat offered by the clerk and in well-chosen words told a long and strange story, the gist of which is contained in the following.

"I am haunted by a voice," she began, "by the voice of my former employer. It is seven years ago since I worked for Mr. De Lano on Fourth avenue, but there has not been a day since that time but his voice has talked to me. Talked about things to me which no one should say. Talked about family affairs which happened 20 years before I kept house for Mr. De Lano, and which I know I never told him. I kneel down to pray and the same voice whispers to me that my prayers are useless and in vain.

"The voice never changes its tone, but is always cold and hard, and when I start up from my knees, frightened, it seems to laugh. I never see or feel any presence in the room, but the voice is real. Since I left Mr. De Lano, trying to get away from the voice, I have not been able to get any work, for wherever I go the voice comes and whispers to me that all my efforts are useless, and before I have been in the place any time at all I am discharged, always on some silly pretext."

As the woman progressed in her story she grew more excited and groaned and cried. Between nearly every sentence she would exclaim: "Can't you do something for me, Mr. McGarry? Please say you can." The clerk ascertained that her name was Margaret O'Donnell, and she gave her residence as 414 Warren street, with a Mrs. Rice. Mr. De Lano, she said, kept a spiritual school for young ladies.

### About the Fool.

[New York Herald.]

He who is born a fool is never cured.

Enjoy your little while the fool is seeking for more.

He is a fool that praises himself and he a madman that speaks ill of himself.

The reason the fool said it "in his heart" was because he had no head to speak of.

A fool always finds a greater fool that admires him.

The wise man hiveth his pence, while the fool expendeth his substance in the purchase of nose paint.

The fool may be depended upon to keep a secret if he does not know it.

The fool joineth church thinking he will be able to enter heaven in the crowd.

The fool paddles somebody else's canoe and carries all his grist to another's mill.

### Pointing Out the Lions.

[Time.]

An undergraduate of Oxford University was taking a detachment of strangers round to see the sights and, when he had exhausted the chapels and the cloistered shades, he brought them into the quadrangle of his own college.

"There is only one thing left for us to see," he said. "Look there; that is the window of my college tutor."

As the young man spoke he picked up a pebble from the path and sent it crashing through the pane of glass. An elderly gentleman, in cap and gown, put his head out and shook his fist.

"I thought that would bring him out," exclaimed the undergraduate, in triumph. "That, ladies and gentlemen, is my tutor himself."

### Paid By the Hour.

[Lady Bluebeard.]

In Bushire the buildings which really impressed me the most were the buildings in embryo. . . . . "Brother," said the man on the top scaffolding, "in the name of God toss me up a brick," and the man below, as he threw it up, said: "Brother, in the name of God receive the brick."

### Vengeance.

[New York Weekly.]

First clubman—What did you black ball Goodman for? You don't even know him.

Second clubman—No, I never spoke to him in my life, but I hate him and his whole family. They live in the flat below us, and they have corn beef and cabbage three days a week.

### Hard Lines.

[Texas Siftings.]

She—Last night I dreamt we were at Saratoga, and stopping at one of the finest hotels.

He—Don't talk that way. Money is so scarce nowadays that we can't afford even to dream of going to Saratoga.

### Malicious.

[Texas Siftings.]

Mrs. Youngwife—I am so happy. My dear husband never goes out. He always stays at home with me in the evenings.

Female friend—Yes, I have heard that he never cared for pleasure of any kind.

### The Reason is Plain.

[Terre Haute Express.]

Wibble—I wonder why ministers always wear long-tailed coats?

Wabble—If you were a country minister with a $300 salary and a large family you wouldn't ask such a foolish question.

### Bright Prospects.

[Texas Siftings.]

Visiting friend—How are you and your husband coming on?

Mrs. Hopeful—O, he is a model husband! There is no species of vice from which he has not sworn off several times. I feel very much encouraged.

# TROUBLED TENNIS.

## George Doesn't Play with His Customary Skill.

### His Rival Sits Calmly in the Shade with Gladys by His Side.

### The Girls Think They Understand the Situation, but They Don't.

[Manley H. Pike in Puck.]

[A tennis court. George is about to begin serving in a set of doubles. Gladys and George's rival are watching the game from a lawn tent in his immediate vicinity.]

George's rival—How comfortable we are here! It's much more pleasant to look on—sometimes.

Gladys—Yes, sometimes. Especially now, when— (Her voice drops to an indistinct murmur.)

George (aside)—"Especially now, when—" When what? When I'm playing, so that I can't speak to her? When she isn't playing, so that she doesn't have to play with me? When he isn't playing, nor she either, so that they can talk together? When?

Harry (one of George's opponents)—Come, old man, it'll be sunset in three hours.

Sibyl (the other)—Please make haste. We are tired of waiting.

George's partner (who very reluctantly consented to become such)—Goodness! Are you never going to begin?

George (flurried)—Oh, I really beg pardon! Play! (Blindly bangs ball.)

Harry—Fault! It's gone out of sight.

Sibyl—Didn't I hear a pane of glass break at the house?

George's partner—Yes, indeed. They'll be dreadfully vexed. All that glass was specially imported, you know.

Gladys—Ha, ha!

George's rival—Huh!

George (choking)—P-play! (Serves again—about one-puppy power, this time.)

Harry—Net! Double!

George's rival—Some people never can learn to serve well.

Gladys—And it's very annoying, don't you think? Now, your serving is something admirable. I wish you'd—

[George is about to serve again, but stands nervously awaiting close of above sentence.]

Gladys—Teach me how to do it.

George's opponents and partner (in chorus)—Come! Come!

George (in partial prostration of the intellect)—Oh, certainly! By all means! Why not?

Gladys—Tomorrow afternoon, then? You're very kind. Come about 4, and you'll stop to dinner, of course.

George (squirming with jealousy)—Confound it.

George's partner—Upon my word, sir!

Harry (coming to net)—S——t. George! Brace up! The girls are getting suspicious!

George—I'm awfully sorry. Excuse me. Play! (Makes another double, knocking both balls over some rather lofty trees.)

Harry—Love—thirty. I say, Miss Sibyl, we're hardly needed to win the game.

Sibyl (petulantly)—No. We might as well sit down. I don't call this tennis.

George's partner—Disgraceful!

George (with a paralytic smile)—I—I'm afraid I'm not in very good form today. (Loquacious silence.)

[By good fortune the next ball goes right, and is in play between Harry and George's partner. Meanwhile—]

George's rival—You're a little severe upon the poor fellow—ha, ha! But, then, I must admit—

George (aside)—Was she speaking to me? Oh, I'd like to murder that fellow, and I will, too, if he—

George's partner (screaming)—E-e-e-e-eh! Look out! Look out! Oh!

George (dazed)—Wh-what is it?

Harry—Love—forty, that's all. (Winks violently at George.)

George's partner—That ball passed not six inches from your nose!

George (idiotically)—I—I—th-think I s-saw it!

George's partner (with crushing scorn)—Ah, indeed.

Sibyl (significantly)—Perhaps you're not quite well?

Harry (in a "Hush, hush!" way)—Never mind, Miss Sibyl, never mind!

[George, foggily conscious that something is the matter, tries to pull himself together, but—]

Gladys—You surprise me. But certainly he's very queer.

George's rival—Sorry to say so; and it's not my habit to call attention to such things, yet—

George's partner—Oh! oh! oh!

Harry—Fifteen—forty.

George (aside)—They mean me this time, I know. What things are "such things"?

George's partner (in repressed wrath)—I beg you, sir, to make some effort, at least, and not oblige me to play the whole game alone.

Sibyl—Oh, isn't this awful!

George's partner—And if you wish to stop here—

George (galvanically gay)—I? Oh, no! Why, I'm enjoying it immensely. Perfectly jolly sport, I assure you!

George's partner—Possibly. It's not my opinion, however.

Harry (uneasily)—Let's hurry up and get through.

George's rival—Never knew him this way before—I'll say that for him.

Gladys—I'm glad something can be said for him.

George (aside)—I'd give a thousand dollars to know what this means. (Serves.)

Harry (greatly relieved)—Double! Game!

George's partner—I won't go on with the set, I think. I'm very tired.

Sibyl (with compliant haste)—So am I. I'm quite worn out. And, besides, we must go, Sophie.

[They hurry off without taking any notice of George, who hasn't the slightest idea what it all means.]

Gladys (rising)—The girls have gone. I must do the same.

George's rival—Permit me——.

[Gladys bows graciously to Harry, quite ignoring George, and departs with Rival.]

Harry (confidentially)—Now we're alone, old man, I must say I'm surprised at you. Never would have believed it—wouldn't, really. Next time don't try to play tennis after—

George (completely bewildered)—Eh? What do you mean?

Harry (magisterially)—After luncheon.

George (light, or rather blackest of darkness breaking on him)—What? Do you think—did they think—does she think—that I'm—

Harry (smiling knowingly)—Come and get an ammonia with seltzer, George!

### Don't.

[Men's Outfitter.]

Don't wear a silk hat to a picnic.

Don't wear tight clothing of any sort.

Don't hang your Mackintosh in a warm place.

Don't affect horizontal stripes if you are short in stature.

Don't confound a very tight glove with a well fitting glove.

Don't carry a silk umbrella at the middle. Use the handle always.

Don't sit cross-legged if you wish to preserve the set of your trousers.

Don't wear an elaborately-patterned vest with a Prince Albert coat.

Don't wear pronounced effects in down-stripes if you are tall and slight.

Don't wear make-up neckwear if you can adjust easily and gracefully your ties and scarfs.

Don't—though some men with pretensions to style do—wear a high hat with a sack coat.

Don't put on a collar which has just been relaundered, without examining it for raw edges.

Don't wear last season's hat with the idea that people will regard you as prosperous but eccentric.

Don't play tennis with the ordinary business shoes on. The right sort for the game can be had cheap.

Don't get into a heated argument on a summer's day unless your linen is thoroughly well starched.

Don't wear satin or raised pattern neckwear if your beard is harsh or bristly. Wear, instead, close woven silk, such as gros grain, etc.

### A Harrow Suspicion.

[Terre Haute Express.]

He—And you are sure that I am the first and only man who ever kissed you?

She—Of course I am sure. You do not doubt my word, do you?

He—Of course I do not doubt you, my darling. I love you too madly, too devotedly for that. But why, oh, why did you reach for the lines the very instant I ventured to put my arm around you if you had never been there before?

### A Woman as a Plough Horse.

[McRae (Ga.) Enterprise.]

The people of this section are accustomed to seeing ploughs pulled by horses and mules, and very often by an ox, but until recently they had never seen a woman pulling the plough while her husband held the ploughshares. But such a scene can be witnessed within a mile of McRae almost any day now. The parties are white, and the husband a preacher(?) from Ohio. The wife informed the Enterprise man some ago that it was voluntary on her part that she did the pulling of the plough, hence the editor has withheld his editorial respects in the premises.

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

### Hands.

[Kate Masterson in Judge.]

Tell me not of hands heroic,
Battling for our fellow-men;
Of the helping hand of woman,
Or the hand that wields the pen;
Nor the hand that beats the carpet
On the back-yard fence unfurled;
For the hand that beats four aces
Is the hand that rules the world!

### In an Egyptian Museum.

[Bissell Clinton in August Harper's.]

Amid swathed mummies and the stolid faces
Of gods who looked on Pharaoh's tyrant power
A fascinating and secluded place is
To while away a winter morning hour.

I'll own there is a dearth of conversation
From rows of black and brown sarcophagi,
And little cause for pleasant palpitation
In having Isis and Osiris nigh.

But when amid these fallen idols olden
And stony tombs that buried secrets share
There roams a living maid whose locks are golden
As that bewitching damsel's over there.

Why, by the shades of all the gods Egyptian,
And by the line of mummied Pharaohs too,
To linger here is not a bad prescription,
And I propose to linger. Wouldn't you?

### Down by the Gate.

[Munsey's Weekly.]

There is dew on the grass and the throstle is still,
But the crickets are piping above on the hill;
The fireflies are lighting their lanterns, and see!
There's the smile of the moon through the boughs of the tree,
And I catch the perfume of the rose as I wait
For the sound of light feet tripping down to the gate.

"Will she come? Will she come?" cries a hope in my heart,
Till the stir of a leaf makes me tremble and start;
And I peer through the dusk till my eyes are a-blur
With a warm mist of love that is only for her.
O, the minutes drag by like the slow feet of fate
As I listen and look for her down by the gate.

There's a step on the path, there's a glimmer of white,
And the darkness around me grows suddenly bright;
And there's no one to see, save myself and the moon,
This fairest of all of the roses of June.
With a soft hand in yours would not you linger late
For another "good night" o'er the bars of the gate?

### Jennie.

[Chicago News.]

Some men affect a liking
For the prim in face and mind,
And some prefer the striking
And the loud in womankind;
Wee Madge is wooed of many,
And buxom Kate, as well,
And Jennie—charming Jennie—
Ah, Jennie doesn't tell!

What eyes so bright as Daisy's,
And who as Maud so fair?
Who does not sing the praises
Of Lucy's golden hair?
There's Sophie—she is witty,
A very sprite is Nell
And Susie's, oh, so pretty—
But Jennie doesn't tell!

And now for my confession;
Of all the virtues rare,
I argue that discretion
Doth most beseem the fair,
And though I hear the many
Extol each other belle,
I—I pronounce for Jennie,
For Jennie doesn't tell!

### First Love.

[Rose Terry Cooke.]

How does a woman love? Once, no more,
Though life forever its loss deplore;
Deep in sorrow or deep in sin,
One king reigneth her heart within.
One alone, by night and day,
Moves her spirit to curse or pray.
One voice only can call her soul
Back from the grasp of death's control;
Though lovers beset her, or friends deride,
Yea, when she smileth another man's bride,
Still for her master her life makes moan—
Once is forever, and once alone.

How does a man love? Once for all.
The sweetest voices of life may call,
Sorrow daunt him, or death dismay,
Joy's red roses bedeck his way;
Fortune smile, or jest, or frown,
The cruel thumb of the world turn down;
Less betray him, or love delight,
Through storm or sunshine, by day or night,
Wandering, toiling, asleep, awake,
Though souls may madden, or weak hearts break,
Better than wife, or child, or pelf,
Once and forever, he loves—himself.

### The Minister Hears a Louder Call.

[Richmond Telegram.]

"Beloved flock," the parson said, then paused and wiped his eyes;
"As pastor and as people we must sever tender ties;
I've a call to go to Blanktown to be their chosen pastor;
A call so loud to disobey, I fear, would grieve the Master."

Replied the spokesman of the flock: "Though loud the call may be,
We'll call you louder to remain; an X for every V
Those Blanktown people offer you we'll give to keep you here,
We trust you'll hear a voice divine, our call's so loud and clear."

With sobbing voice the parson said: "My duty's clearer now;
I'll stay with you, beloved ones; to Heaven's will I bow.
So let us sing 'Blest Be the Tie,' and sing it clear and strong;
To leave you when you call so loud would be exceeding wrong!"

Then in his study sat he down, a letter to indite
Unto the church at Blanktown. Thus did the parson write:
"I've wrestled o'er your call with prayer; the Lord bids me to stay,
And, consecrated to His work, I dare not disobey."

### Lizzie.

[Chicago News.]

I wonder ef all wimmin air
Like Lizzie is when we go out
To theatres an' concerts where
Is things the papers talk about.
Do other wimmin fret an' stew
Like they wuz bein' crucified—
Frettin' a show or concert through,
With wonderin' ef the baby cried?

Now Lizzie knows that gran'ma's there
To see that everything is right,
Yet Lizzie thinks that gran'ma's care
Ain't good enuff f'r baby, quite;
Yet what am I to answer when
She kind uv fidgets at my side,
An' asks me every now and then:
"I wonder if the baby cried?"

Seems like she seen two little eyes
A-pinin' f'r their mother's smile—
Seems like she heern the pleadin' cry
Uv one she thinks uv all the while;
An' so she's sorry that she come,
An' though she allus tries to hide
The truth, she'd ruther stay to hum
Than wonder ef the baby cried.

Yes, wimmin folks is all alike—
By Lizzie you kin jedge the rest;
There never wuz a little tyke
But that his mother loved him best.
And nex' to bein' what I be—
The husband uv my gentle bride—
I'd wisht I wuz that croodlin' wee,
With Lizzie wonderin' ef I cried.

### The Little Coquette.

[Charles M. Snyder in Pittsburg Bulletin.]

As Harry walked by Mary's side,
One happy day in sunny June,
The music bubbled from the rills,
Fair daisies bowed to daffodils;
While through the air in liquid trills
The warblers sung in tune.

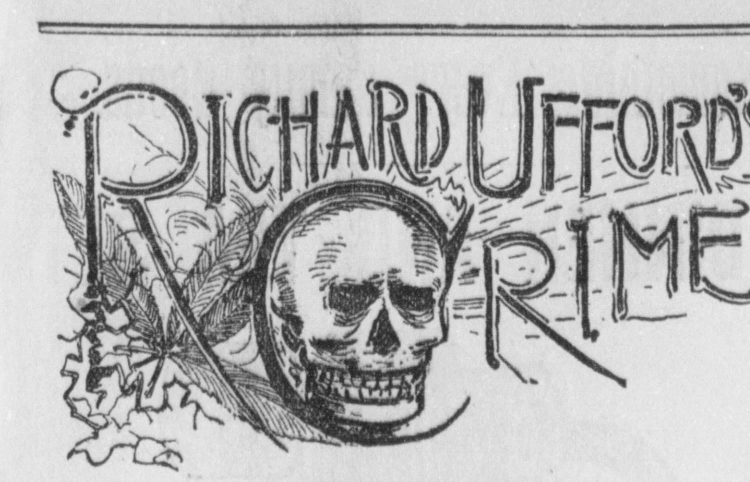
Then Harry asked, "O, Mary, dear
If any wish might granted be,
What would you like?" and Mary said:
"I'd like a house of gingerbread,
With sugar ceilings overhead,
And that would do for me."

"Just that alone?" asked Harry then;
"O, no!" she cried, with eager haste,
"I'd like to have the windows made
Of gumdrops, mixed with lemonade;
With every single, shining shade
Set in juju paste."

"No more to wish?" he asked. "O, yes,
There's one thing else before I stop—
I'd like to have the walls designed
Of spice and peppermint combined:
So, ever if I feel inclined
I'd pick a candy drop."

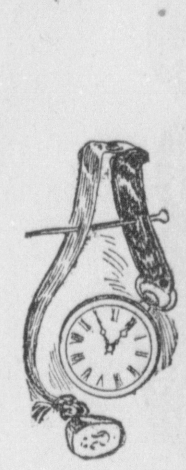
"Now, have you everything, indeed?"
He asked. Said Mary, "Let me think,
A soda water spring near by,
I think, my wants would satisfy;
So I might kneel when I am dry,
And drink and drink and drink."

"Not one thing else?" he wistful asked;
"It would be pleasant then to see."
She hung her head with modest grace,
Then looking shyly in his face,
She said: "I'd like upon the place
Some one to live with me."




By H. M. STEELE.

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AT precisely 10 o'clock one bright morning in the month of April, Richard Ufford, clothed in a new spring suit and wearing a flower in his buttonhole, emerged from the fashionable gentlemen's boarding-house where he lived, and strolled down the sunny side of the avenue. Richard was happy. He was at peace with himself and the world and as he stepped briskly along he twirled his light cane and whistled bits of his favorite airs. He was tall and handsome, and though 35 he looked and felt fully 10 years younger.

He continued on his way, whistling or humming to himself, and occasionally smiling at some pleasant recollection of the evening before, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and was suddenly brought back to this earth by hearing his own name bawled into his ear. He turned in surprise, and found himself facing a large, stout, jolly-looking man, who, from his dress, was plainly not a resident of New York. Suddenly a light broke over Richard's face and he exclaimed, as he grasped the stranger by the hand:

"Why, is it possible—can this be Capt. Tom Hart?"

"Not only can, but is," replied the other with a laugh. "Dick, you haven't changed a bit; I should have known you anywhere."

"Why should I change or grow old?" returned Richard; "but Tom," he continued earnestly, "I can scarcely realize that this is really you. Where have you been and what have you done during all these years?"

"Oh, sojourning in the tropics," replied Capt. Hart gayly, and he linked his arm in Richard's, and turning, walked on with him. "After we came back from our summer in the mountains together," he continued, "you went to Italy and I drifted off to South America."

"I recollect," interrupted Richard, "that when I came home from the other side you had disappeared. And you never thought it worth your while to send me a line," he added, reproachfully.

"But the mails down there are so uncertain," replied Hart; "and then I was away—miles away—from any place where I could send a letter. I have been ranching, mining, and living all sorts of strange lives in all sorts of strange places since we lost sight of each other."

"The climate there evidently agreed with you," observed Richard, glancing at the portly form of his companion.

"Yes," assented Hart, "it did. I tell you, Dick, it's a great country, and a fellow runs across no end of strange things down there. For instance now, not so very long ago, in the course of my wanderings up and down, I happened to stumble on a certain thing which, when properly used, produces the most astonishing results you could possibly imagine. It has saved my life a dozen times, and has been of the greatest use to me in a good many ways; and yet I found it by the merest chance." The captain paused, and then continued musingly. "Not the least important thing about it is the immense advantage it gives me over other people."

"Why, what sort of advantage? What is it?" asked Richard, who had not yet recovered from the surprise which the captain's unexpected appearance had occasioned.

"Well," replied the other, laughingly, "I don't expect you'll believe me, but I've found out how, with very little trouble, to make myself invisible."

Richard received this astounding intelligence incredulously. "Invisible? How absurd!" he cried. "Why, man, you're wandering."

"No, I'm not, but I will," said Hart, and producing something from his pocket he popped it into his mouth, and before his companion could realize it had totally disappeared. Richard stood and stared about him in astonishment. What should he do—call the police? "No," he muttered angrily to himself, "they couldn't help me find a man who goes out like a candle."

Then, as there was no one to talk to, he walked on, shivering slightly and feeling a little doubt concerning his sanity, when, to his great surprise, what should he see coming round the corner but the burly form and jolly red face of Captain Hart, who had so suddenly and mysteriously vanished, and who cried as he came up:

"Ah, didn't I do it? What do you think now? Shall I try it again?"

"No, no, don't, I beg of you!" cried the bewildered and trembling Richard. "It is altogether too startling. But tell me how you do it. It is wonderful, wonderful!" he continued, still rather pale from the shock.

"Oh, it's easy enough; I'll call around and give you some if you like," returned the captain. "You can have no end of fun with it; but never mind it now. Tell me about yourself, and what you have done during all these years since I last saw you."

Richard's story was not long, nor was it very full of incident. A bachelor of means, he had lived thus far only for himself, and his life had been an idle one. He had wandered all over Europe, but latterly had lived entirely in New York. There was one event in his life of which he was careful not to speak. He sedulously avoided any reference to his great and growing love for Mrs. Theodore Radcliffe.

He had long worshiped this lady, and while he felt sure that she could not be insensible to the many graces of his person, yet because he and Mr. Radcliffe were, and long had been the bitterest enemies, his opportunities for meeting her were limited to those occasions when they found themselves guests at receptions and on similar occasions, at the houses of their common friends. Of all this, however, he did not speak, though the story of his life, as he told it, sounded very dull and commonplace to him without this incident. During the remainder of their walk, the two men who had lived such widely different lives since they had last met continued to revive old memories of their former friendship.

That night, true to his promise, the captain called on Ufford. As he rose to go at the end of a half-hour's talk on indifferent matters he produced from his pocket a small parcel, which he opened and displayed a great many little dried plants, with roots, stems and leaves complete. Taking one up in his fingers, he explained tersely:

"You eat the leaves and you disappear; you eat the root and you come back. What could be simpler?"

The next day Richard called at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where Capt. Hart had told him he was stopping, but was informed that no such man had been there. He was a little puzzled, and finally dropped in at the office of the Aspinwall Steamship Company, where he inquired for Hart. To his astonishment he found that they had no record of any such passenger. Then he remembered the curious plant which produced such wonderful results, and he understood how the economical captain had used it.

The next day being Sunday, Richard concluded to try some experiments on himself with the plants which Hart had left him. So, locking himself in his room, he stood before the glass, and bit off a piece from one of the leaves and swallowed it; and to his alarm he instantly disappeared. Hastily swallowing some of the root, he had the satisfaction of beholding himself gradually becoming visible, like a view in a magic lantern. He was so delighted with the result that he continued to eat and appear and disappear for some time, still standing before his glass. Then a thought struck him, and he almost fainted as the infinite possibilities of the drug suddenly dawned on him. Presently it occurred to him to go and see Mrs. Radcliffe while invisible.

"For," he reflected, "if I can't speak to her (and a man who can't be seen has no business to talk), I shall at least see and be near her." Accordingly he swallowed another bit of leaf and started for the door. He tried to open it, but to his astonishment his hand seemed to pass easily through the solid oak. He took a step forward, and found himself outside, the door not appearing to offer the slightest resistance.

"So," he said to himself, "I am disembodied, then. I wonder if people can hear me!" he added, struck by a sudden thought, and he shouted aloud, but no one heeded him, though there were many passing. He was not satisfied, however; so he ran down the steps, and with his mouth close to the ear of a respectable old gentleman who was passing, shouted "Fire!" with all his strength. The old gentleman continued placidly on his way without paying the slightest attention.

"Probably deaf," muttered Richard, and turning suddenly he screamed "Murder!" right in the face of a young lady who was walking rapidly along, a prayer-book in her hand. Then he stepped aside and dealt her a violent blow, but his hand encountered nothing. It seemed to pass directly through her body, and the force of the blow turned him half way round; but she walked on, serenely unconscious that she had been so brutally treated. He danced along the street like a schoolboy.

Occasionally he would dart into a house, through the closed door, and pass rapidly from room to room, seeing strange sights; good-looking servants listening to the artless prattle of wicked old husbands whose confiding wifes had gone to church, or coming quite unexpectedly upon quarrels in amilies where peace was universally supposed to reign triumphant.

Diverting himself in this way, he finally reached the house of his enemy, Theodore Radcliffe. Boldly mounting the step, he passed through the closed door and into the parlor. It was empty. There was no one on the lower floor, but reclining, with coat off and vest unbuttoned, fast asleep in a steamer chair on the back piazza, he encountered Radcliffe.

"You rascal!" cried Richard, shaking his fist in his enemy's face, "I'd like to thrash you," but the unconscious man snored peacefully on. With a little gesture of disgust, Richard left him. He went back into the house and up stairs, and soon found himself in front of Mrs. Radcliffe's door. He hesitated. "This is brutal," he thought, but added quickly, "anyhow, she can't see me," and stepped through the door.



ANYHOW, SHE CAN'T SEE ME.

Mrs. Radcliffe was sitting at a table, her head resting on her hand and her eyes turned toward the window. Richard crossed over and sat down on a stool at her feet. For a long time she did not move, but at last she rose and going to the bureau unlocked a drawer from which she took a photograph. She seated herself at the window and looked long and earnestly at the picture. Presently she sighed a little, and something in her eyes shone like tears. Richard's curiosity was excited, and he went over to her and looked over her shoulder. The likeness was one of himself, which he had given her not long before. He now felt a little ashamed at his spying on her, and soon after withdrew.

As he walked along the street toward his own home he was suddenly confronted by Capt. Hart, who greeted him boisterously. Richard was thunderstruck. He thought he had somehow become visible, and was terrified. But the captain speedily reassured him.

"You see," he said, "you're invisible to people generally, but not to me, because I'm at present in exactly the same condition as you are. If you'll look closely you'll see that I appear sort of shadowy. Other people can't hear you talk, but I can—same as you can hear me."

Richard felt relieved. Together they walked on till the captain suddenly suggested that they go to church. Richard made no objection, and presently they found themselves walking up and down the aisles of a popular church on upper 5th avenue, listening to the music and occasionally addressing a remark to each other. The first time the captain spoke Richard started, feeling sure that people must hear him.

But as no one took any notice this feeling gradually wore off, and when the singing ceased he suggested that, as he was a little tired, they should sit down. So they seated themselves on the steps of the altar, where Capt. Hart immediately fell asleep and snored quite as loudly, it seemed to Richard, as he possibly could when plainly visible, though no one else appeared to hear him.

During the few weeks that followed, Richard and the captain went on many larks together. One day Richard had been to the riding school and was very tired. He sat in his room idly thinking over his past life, especially that part of it which had been so diversified by the use of the captain's drug, when suddenly a suggestion came to him which caused him to start up in his chair and fairly gasp for breath. He sat and pondered long, and at last arose with a determined expression on his face.

"I'll do it," he whispered to himself. "I will have revenge, love, and happiness all at one stroke. It's a beastly thing to do; but after all I don't really kill him."

Seating himself at his desk, he rapidly wrote the following note, which he despatched by a messenger:

"DEAR MR. RADCLIFFE—I have come to believe that I misunderstood you last summer—perhaps willfully; but we cannot be friends again? Come and lunch with me at noon tomorrow. Let us at least talk it over. Faithfully yours,

"RICHARD UFFORD."

To this Mr. Radcliffe responded that he had long desired a reconciliation, and that he accepted Mr. Ufford's invitation with pleasure. Richard's conscience smote him as he read this; but he stifled his better feelings, and went to bed fully determined to carry out his plan so hastily conceived.

Accordingly the next day the two gentlemen lunched together at a fashionable restaurant near Madison square. Richard managed to drop one of the leaves among the parsley which garnished the grouse, and soon after had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Radcliffe help himself to it. An instant later the knife and fork dropped on the table with a crash, and Mr. Radcliffe's chair was empty. Richard calmly finished his lunch and paid the bill. The waiter seemed surprised when he came back and found one man where he had left two.

"He's gone on," said Richard indifferently, noticing the inquiring look on the man's face. Then he went to his room and thought the matter over. Although he assured himself that he had not killed Radcliffe, he had no sleep for many nights.

For some weeks great excitement prevailed among Radcliffe's friends concerning his mysterious disappearance, and every effort was made to find some trace of him or of his body, but, it is needless to say, without success. Then every one forgot all about it; most people, and especially those who were familiar with his rather careless habits, came to believe that he had fallen from a ferry boat or met with some similar accident.

As for Mrs. Radcliffe, she bore her loss well. Perhaps Richard's constant attentions and the many little services he was able to render her, consoled her. At all events they were quietly married the following spring. During the ceremony Richard fancied that the invisible Radcliffe was standing by his side and entering a silent protest against his outrageous act. But if so he made no sign and everything passed off smoothly. The happy couple went abroad, and Mrs. Radcliffe's house was closed—to all except her unfortunate husband.



HE STOPPED ABRUPTLY.

Of the feelings of poor Radcliffe it is impossible to speak without emotion. What tears, what groans, what curses did he utter as he raged up and down the silent and deserted halls of his own home, utterly powerless to interfere with the felicity of the enterprising and successful Ufford, or his wife, who were travelling leisurely through Switzerland. Radcliffe made the same curious discovery as Ufford concerning his voice, which sounded plainly enough in his own ears, but was inaudible to every one else, and of his ability to pass through closed doors.

He spent much of his time wandering about the streets in the vain hope that something would turn up to restore him to his natural self. He was often tempted to commit suicide. "But," he would reflect bitterly, "I'm as good as dead already, and as my body and clothes have entirely disappeared there doesn't seem to be much left to work on.

He was horrified at first (though aware that he was invisible) to find that when he stood before the glass no image was reflected. Alas, he could no longer see himself! "I wouldn't mind that so much, though," he would say mournfully, after a long look at the polished surface of the mirror. "I wouldn't mind that if any one else could see me; but this is so devilish lonesome." Then he would think how Richard had supplanted him, and he would almost choke with rage. "Curse him!" he would scream. "Why did he not murder me outright? Oh, horrible, horrible!"

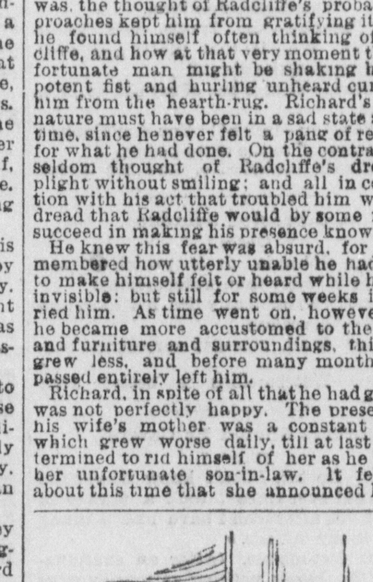
Mr. Radcliffe's position was certainly unpleasant and altogether his summer was a disagreeable one.

In the fall Richard and his wife returned from Europe and settled down comfortably to housekeeping in Mrs. Ufford's old home. Richard had long since given up his bachelor's quarters and it seemed only natural that they should occupy the house, which offered every advantage, and which would otherwise stand empty. But it was not without some inward quakings that he prepared to take up his abode in his wife's house. He thought, and rightly too, that the disembodied Radcliffe probably wandered about his old home, the scene of so many bygone joys, and sorrows too, for Radcliffe's life had not been all sunshine, and Richard longed to see him. But this desire never reached a point where he seriously contemplated seeking such an interview.

No; his disappearing days, he told himself, were over, and strong as his curiosity was, the thought of Radcliffe's probable reproaches kept him from gratifying it. But he found himself often thinking of Radcliffe, and how at that very moment the unfortunate man might be shaking his impotent fist and hurling unheard curses at him from the hearth-rug. Richard's moral nature must have been in a sad state at this time, since he never felt a pang of remorse for what he had done. On the contrary, he seldom thought of Radcliffe's dreadful plight without smiling; and all in connection with his act that troubled him was the dread that Radcliffe would by some means succeed in making his presence known.

He knew this fear was absurd, for he remembered how utterly unable he had been to make himself felt or heard while he was invisible; but still for some weeks it worried him. As time went on, however, and he became more accustomed to the house and furniture and surroundings, this fear grew less, and before many months had passed entirely left him.

Richard, in spite of all that he had gained, was not perfectly happy. The presence of his wife's mother was a constant thorn which grew worse daily, till at last he determined to rid himself of her as he had of her unfortunate son-in-law. It fell out about this time that she announced her in-



"YOU'RE THE FIRST BLESSED SOUL—"

tention of visiting some relatives in the country, and asked to have a lunch prepared for her in case she became hungry during her journey.

Here was Richard's chance. Hastily slipping into the kitchen when the cook was engaged in arranging Mrs. Denison's lunch, he sent her out on some trifling errand and placed between the slices of every sandwich one of those fatal leaves which the captain had given him. The result was all that could be desired. The old lady started on a journey which she never finished, and Richard was left in peace. She did come back, however, though he could not see her.

Invisible to every one else, she was not invisible to the disembodied Radcliffe, who was sitting moodily on the front steps, with his head on his hands, when the old lady arrived. Each seemed intuitively to know that the other was invisible before a word was spoken, and they fell into each other's arms and wept silently.

"You're the first blessed soul I've been able to talk to for seven months," sobbed Radcliffe.

"Hush," whispered the old lady, "they'll hear us."

"Hear us? Not much," he answered. "I've shouted till I was hoarse, and shaken my fist in their faces a thousand times, and they never paid the slightest attention. I tell you it's horrible," and he proceeded with a recital of his wrongs. When he had finished, the old lady related her story, and seating themselves on the stair they condoled with each other. As they were talking, Richard, wearing a contented look on his handsome face, came slowly down stairs and passed between them, unconscious of their presence. In the hall he met his wife, and putting his arm around her waist, he affectionately kissed her.

"That's it, now you see what I have to endure," moaned the unhappy man on the stairs. "That and worse every day, and I can do nothing. Oh, surely I did not deserve all this," and he fell to weeping again.

It was a long time before Mrs. Denison could realize how completely she had disappeared. She would start whenever Radcliffe spoke to her and it took some days for her to understand that no one else could hear him. But at length she became reconciled, and, in spite of her wrath against Ufford, a little pleased with the situation. There was an air of novelty about it not altogether disagreeable, and it was a great comfort to her to be able to visit certain of her friends without their being aware of her presence; and many were the choice bits of family history that she treasured up for future use.

Radcliffe took no interest in this, however, but continually hovered about his wife and Ufford in a pitiful state of mingled rage and despondency.

For some months the situation continued unchanged. Radcliffe daily grew more bloodthirsty as he silently flitted from room to room, till the sight of Richard's happiness drove him from the house. The old lady, too, was becoming restive and impatient for a change. Even the pursuit of gossip under the peculiarly favorable circumstances had lost its charm. This was no doubt largely due to the fact that she had no one with whom she could share her secrets, except Radcliffe, who surlily refused to listen.

But a change was at hand. One afternoon about 4 o'clock Radcliffe was sitting on his doorstep, talking to Mrs. Denison, who stood on the pavement below, invisible of course to every one but each other. Suddenly Radcliffe started to his feet, for coming along down the street was a form which he quickly saw by its shadowy and unsubstantial appearance was in the same invisible condition as his mother-in-law and himself. The stranger, a large, stout man, saw them and stopped, staring.

"Hullo!" he said. "How the deuce did you get in this state?"

"That's it," replied Radcliffe, bitterly. "How did we? But here we are, and here I've been for more than a year,—and what wouldn't I give to be out of it!" he added hopelessly.

"Well," said the stranger, "perhaps I can help you. My name is Hart, Capt. Thomas Hart, late of Peru, and as far as I know I am the man who discovered the stuff you must have taken to make you invisible. But—"

Radcliffe, who had been listening impatiently, now broke out:

"For the love of heaven, if you can get us out of this fix, don't stand there talking; my God, do something!" And as the recollection of all that he had suffered swept over him he fairly danced with rage.

"Go easy," replied the captain, seating himself on the steps. "First, tell me how you ever got in this condition, and then perhaps I may be of service to you, for so far as I know there's only one way for you to come back to life, so to speak, and I am about the only man that knows it."

So the two unfortunate creatures poured out their tales of woe into the captain's ears, occasionally interrupting each other in their eagerness. The wealth of detail of which the old lady delivered herself was little short of marvellous. But when Radcliffe mentioned Richard Ufford as the author of their misfortune the captain gave a prolonged whistle, then slapped his thigh and burst into a roar of laughter, which, had it been audible, would have startled the residents for blocks.

"I'm sure I don't see anything amusing in that," said Radcliffe peevishly.

"Of course you don't," assented the captain, and then he broke out afresh. Presently recovering himself he continued: "Why, I gave Dick Ufford the stuff that has played the deuce with you myself. I told him he could have no end of fun with it, and it seems he has. Oh, this is rich," and he went off into another fit of laughter.

"Well," he said, as he again recovered himself and rose to his feet, "you couldn't expect me to go back on a friend, but I pity you; indeed I do, and nobody can ever say that Capt. Tom Hart has no feelings; so I'll tell you this much: The stuff Dick Ufford fed you was the leaf of a plant I found in South America. If you eat the root of that same plant it will bring you back to the world again. The next thing is, of course, to get the root; but I must be going. Good day."

Radcliffe and Mrs. Denison looked at each other in dismay.

"The hateful man!" exclaimed the old lady. "Never mind, Theodore," she continued resolutely. "He told the truth: the next thing for us to do is to find that root, and I mean to do it."

But Radcliffe only sighed as he slowly followed her through the closed door and into the house.

The captain leisurely took his way down the street, his mind full of what he had just heard. "Dick Ufford a rascal," he mused to himself. "I can scarcely believe it. How utterly unlike the Dick I knew years ago. Wonder what I'd better do? Go and see him; that'll be wisest."

At the first opportunity Captain Hart, in his proper body, called at Richard's house and was shown into the study. Mrs. Denison and her son-in-law silently entered the room and seated themselves on the sofa. In a few minutes Richard appeared and greeted the captain effusively, but with a certain nervousness in his manner that was very amusing to his visitor. After the first salutations were over, and as they seated themselves, the captain said:

"I have been away, you know, Dick, and only came back a day or so ago, and your marriage was about the first thing I heard of."

"Oh," returned Richard, glancing about him a little uneasily, "I have been married some time now. Mrs. Ufford—my wife—was left a widow a year ago this last summer, and our wedding took place the following spring."

"Let me see," said the captain slowly. "Radcliffe died or went off about the time I was here last year—just about the time I gave you that disappearing plant, wasn't it?"

"Well, I—I don't remember," replied Richard doubtfully. "Did you have a pleasant journey, captain?"

"By the way, Dick," remarked the captain, totally ignoring his friend's question. "I suppose you haven't any of that plant left; did you use it all yourself, or did you give the secret away?"

"No, for heaven's sake don't let us talk about it," answered Richard, looking around fearfully.

"Why, what's the matter?" inquired Hart.

"Nothing, nothing at all," replied Richard, hastily. "I once had rather an unpleasant experience with it, that's all."

"Dick Ufford," said the captain, pleasantly, "you're a rascal. I know the whole story."

"It isn't true—It's a lie! Who told you?" cried Ufford, springing to his feet.

"Sit down, Dick, my boy," said the captain, soothingly. "I didn't mean to excite you; I shouldn't have spoken so quickly, but you seem to have forgotten that I am fond of roaming about while I'm invisible, and what is more natural than that in some of my wanderings I should run up against—"

"Great heavens," gasped Richard, "you don't mean to say you've seen him—and the old woman too!"

"Yes," replied the captain placidly "saw 'em yesterday, and they seem to be a little bitter toward you."

"I suppose it's all up with me," groaned Richard, and he sunk into a chair.

"Why, no it isn't," replied the captain, still smiling. "My moral nature may be a little twisted, but I don't propose to betray my friends."

Richard wrung his visitor's hand in silence.

"But I made a blunder which I came here now to correct," continued Captain Hart. "When these people told me their story yesterday it so worked on my sympathies that I told 'em what would bring 'em back again."

Richard groaned, but visibly brightened as the captain went on:

"But I didn't tell 'em where they could find it, and I came here to warn you that you had better hide what you have if it isn't destroyed already."

"Of course, of course," assented Richard quickly. "I should have thought of that. Here it's been lying in this box all summer, and they've probably seen it a thousand times."

"Fool!" thundered Captain Hart. "Why did you speak? Are you insane? Dont you suppose they're both of 'em here listening, and have already got half the root there is in the box?" and taking up his hat the worthy captain stalked away in great wrath.

Richard sat in his chair like one stunned. A moment later his wife entered the room. As she closed the door behind her she said, "Richard, were you quarreling? I thought I heard some loud talking just now. Why, my love, what has happened? How very pale you look!" and she went quickly to him. Richard pulled himself together with an effort.

"It is nothing," he said painfully, but with an attempt at playfulness. "My caller, an old friend, said something as he went out that disturbed me, and—"

He stopped abruptly, and following his wife's startled look his eyes met a sight which so filled him with horror that for a moment he could not move; for there, in front of them and scarcely six feet away, slowly emerging from the gloom, could be seen the waving and shadowy forms of Mrs. Denison and Theodore Radcliffe, the latter with pale face and gleaming eyes more resembling a fiend than a man.

A wail of despair burst from Richard's lips. Tearing himself from the arms of his wife, who, overcome by the fright and shame of the awful situation, while not yet understanding it, sank swooning at his feet, he staggered to the table, and just as the two returning spirits emerged into the full strength of their material being and Radcliffe, with a snarl of rage and hate, sprang at his throat, he thrust a handful of the leaves into his mouth, and, flinging the box containing all that was left of the fatal root into the fire, he vanished forever.

## COOL HOMES.

### How to Make Yourself Comfortable in Hot July Weather.

[Good Housekeeping.]

If you cannot go away for the summer, or even for a part of it, let the summer rest come into your own home, just where you are. During the heat of the day close the blinds so as to keep out the burning rays of the sun, and have the most airy curtains you can afford.

I knew a lady of refined taste, but slender pocketbook, who was three weeks saving the money for scrim curtains for her dining-room windows. She saved 11 cents the first week, 9 cents the second, and 13 cents the third, having 33 cents, cost of 5½ yards at 6 cents per yard. She had no curtain pole, but an old broom handle with a tack in each end, resting upon two nails, took its place. She put a hem in the top of the curtains just wide enough to slide over the broom handle, and the effect was surprising.

But some one asks, "How am I to keep my house cool when I have such small rooms and must have a fire?" By an alcohol stove; you can accomplish wonders with it, and see if all the family are not cooler for it. Study the ventilation of your rooms. An awning over a very sunny window or door will add greatly to your comfort. A piazza chair and a hammock or a swing, together with a few vines, will make a charming place of your unused piazza, or even your porch.

Enlist the other members of the household in your plans for family comfort and coolness. You will be surprised at the happiness they will feel as from time to time they contribute their share, perhaps a quaint or rare fan, a Japanese screen or some piece of bric-a-brac for "Home."

During the warm days try to have at each meal one very tempting, cool dish. Fruit is best for breakfast. Rice pudding, also those of tapioca or gelatine, which have been set until very cold, are delicious. Decorated with flowers and green leaves the table is far more attractive than if left unadorned. Have some flowers in each room if possible. It will rest you to look at them.

Even a clean towel (if you have no light tidies) spread over the bright cover of the rocking chair, invites one to take a seat, by its very suggestion of comfort and coolness.

Make the best of what you have, and use everything to the best advantage. Let home be just as cool and inviting as you can make it; and ere you are aware, summer with its warm days will have passed.

## GOOD REASON FOR RESIGNING.

### A Pastor Whose Flock Wanted to Choose a Wife for Him.

[Omaha Special in Globe-Democrat.]

Rev. G. H. Schnur, who for the past three years has ministered to the spiritual necessities of the little church on North 19th street known as St. Mark's Lutheran has resigned because his congregation would not permit him to choose a wife for himself. He selected for his helpmeet a very good looking and estimable young lady of his flock named Nina L. Charles, but Rev. Mr. Schnur had already been selected as a son-in-law by one of the mammas of his congregation, and when his engagement to Miss Charles was made public, the disappointed mamma raised such a foment that a church meeting was called, at which a resolution was introduced to the effect that the pastor had not shown due respect for the opinion of his people in one of the most important concerns of life, and that the interest of both made his resignation the only proper thing under the circumstances. The disturbers were unable to muster the necessary two-thirds to carry their resolution, but Rev. Schnur handed in his resignation and induced his friends to vote for its acceptance. He says he will seek another vineyard.

### A Comforting Night Cap.

[True Flag.]

"It ain't everybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said old Mrs. Jenks to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending the night in B. at her house. "This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on; "my first husband died in that bed with his head on these very pillers, and poor Mr. Jinks died settin' right in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him settin' there still.

"My own father died layin' right on that lounge under the winder. Poor pa! he was a speeritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room again, after he died, and sometimes I'm feelish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him tonight you'd better not tell me, for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in speeritualism, and I'd hate to think that.

"My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him, and a half dozen skulls in that lower drawer.

"Well, good-night; and pleasant dreams."

### Trick of an Artful Woman.

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]

People who attended the weekly market in Contances, France, some days ago, were surprised to see a peasant woman offering for sale a horse which was tariffed at 4 shillings. The woman was selling a dog for which she demanded £20. They thought she must be mad, and told her so. "Be that as it may," she said, "the man who wants to have the horse for 4 shillings must first take the dog at £20." A purchaser eventually secured the two, and afterwards would have the explanation. It transpired that the deceased husband of the artful peasant woman had instructed her in his will to sell his dog and his horse. The price of the dog was to be hers, and that of the horse she was to pay over to the family.

### How to Make Ice at Home.

[Colliery Engineer.]

In view of the threatened ice famine the following recipe for home-made ice may be found of use: Take a cylindrical vessel and pour 3⅛ ounces of commercial sulphuric acid and 1¾ ounces of water into it, and then add one ounce of powdered sulphate of soda. In the centre of this mixture place a smaller vessel containing the water to be frozen; then cover the vessel, and, if possible, revolve the whole with a gentle motion. In a few minutes the water in the small vessel will be converted into ice. The same mixture can be used a second or a third time for making a block of ice. The operation should, if possible, be performed in a cool place—in a cellar, for example.

### A Daughter of the Period.

[Grip.]

"Did Mr. Granderson—er—speak to you, papa?"

"Yes; he said that he had asked you to marry him, and you had consented; and then he wanted my permission."

"And what did you say, papa dear? You consented, of course?"

"No. I told him if you had said 'yes,' that settled it. And anything I might say or do wouldn't make the slightest difference."

## BATHING SUITS.

### Gowns in which Beauty Disports Itself

### While Seeking the Sad Sea Waves or Sitting on the Silvery Sands.

London Fashions in Mantles, Dust Cloaks, Visites and the Like.



THE sojourner at the seashore will find that the bathing suit is one of the most important costumes of the whole outfit. With the long skirts and other arrangements of full dress, one can aid nature or conceal her unkind niggardliness to a certain extent; but the scant draperies of the bathing costume are "trying" indeed to the average wearer, especially after they have been soaked through in the water and cling to the figure, showing all its faults and awkward lines while impeding the swift rush to shelter which is the instinctive impulse on emerging from the water. There are in fact, if the truth be told, very few ladies who, on coming from the bath, with garments sheathing the form, salt water trickling from the end of the nose and every other convenient point and angle, hair utterly crimpless and falling down in "strings," who are not more suggestive of hens caught in a shower than anything else. Everybody knows how a wet hen looks.



ON THE WAY TO THE SHORE.

It follows, then, if one would indulge in the exhilarating and health-giving bath, that it is one's moral duty to have the bathing suit as pretty as possible.

The French women understand this to perfection, and their bathing costumes are models of beauty, made in the gayest of colors and in designs which emphasize the beauty and attractiveness of the figure. Indeed some of their costumes are so elaborate as to suggest a revision of the old nursery rhyme so as to make it read:

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Oh! yes, my darling daughter;
Put on your prettiest bathing dress
And don't go near the water."

There are no specially striking features in the bathing dresses of this season. Light wools in blue, red, green, etc., continue to be the leading materials used, jersey cloth being an especial favorite. The

**Gay, Striped Materials**

are often combined with plain goods so as give very bright effects. All striped goods are to be avoided, as they give one too much the appearance of a sea-monster in the waves.



READY FOR THE DIP.

Two French designs given with this may be suggestive to our readers of pretty costumes of home manufacture. The first is of striped red and white jersey cloth, with a plastron of dark crimson and a white sash. This can be made up, of course, in any colors preferred.

The second costume is of blue and white wool combined, the plaited front, short puffed sleeves and sash being of white.

The other illustration shows a plainer dress of dark red and blue wool serge, trimmed with white mohair braid. The point to be noticed about this last costume is the plain, substantial serviceableness and the scant amount of material used. We no longer find in bathing suits the full Turkish trousers coming to the ankle, which our mothers were wont to wear. The fact is that most of our sensible athletic modern girls go into the water to swim, and they have discovered that they cannot do this easily if impeded and weighted down by a great quantity of cloth made heavy by being saturated with sea water. So the sensible suits of the day have plain close trousers to the knee, tunics above, belted, and very scant in the skirt, with stockings if preferred.

If the hair must be protected it is covered with an oiled silk cap which is in turn concealed by a gay silk handkerchief tied on in fisherwoman style. Or a large hat may be used instead.

The nicest bathing shoes I ever saw were shown me at Tuttle's the other day. They are low slippers, crocheted just like bedroom slippers of rather coarse macrame cord fastened to a flexible rubber sole with an inner sole of cork. They were all of creamy white, but the cord and little tassels which were run in beneath the scalloped edge to draw the shoe snugly about the foot were of colors to suit the wearer or to match individual costumes. These shoes fit the foot perfectly, and may be as small and dainty as possible, affording a marked contrast to the clumsy canvas shoe of yore.

The bathing wrap shown in the illustration is a necessity of a well-appointed costume. It covers the form and short skirts beneath while going to the water, and is of especial service in emerging from the briny, when it protects from chills and allows one



QUITE FRENCHY.

to present a perfectly respectable, nay, even charmingly attractive exterior before the gaze of the on-lookers. This wrap is easily made, and for it striped Turkish towelling, gay striped flannel, or some plain color as dark blue lined and trimmed with red may be used.

JEAN KINCAID.

## FROM LONDON.

### The Stylish Mantles, "Dust-Cloaks" and Wraps of the Season.

The regular London correspondent of The Cloak, Suit and Ladies' Wear Review, "Coralie de Lorraine," writes that many of the mantles and cloaks most fashionably worn this month are of shapes and materials that will be in as great demand in the winter and even next spring.

Novelties are constantly appearing, but many are as experiments only, and though they are often eagerly purchased by inexperienced buyers simply because they are "novelties," they never become fashionable.

Any descriptions and details given in my London letters may be implicitly relied on as being taken from the "confections" of the most celebrated makers of such garments, and having been chosen from among the many by those who really give the stamp of "fashion" to anything they select.

The mantelets of the day are high on the shoulders and cut square above the waist at the back and sides, the fronts long and straight if of silk or velvet; if of lace they are frilled and end with a flounce. This is a trifle newer than the tassel-shaped front. Most of these little mantles are made of Lyons guipure insertion with raised designs or of embroidered tulle separated by bands of ribbon or velvet the same width. Green velvet has been exceedingly fashionable for mantles either long or short, and trimmed properly with embroidery of beads, or silk and tinsel in guipure designs, in shaded greens or oriental colorings. My readers may safely count on green velvets thus elegantly trimmed being one of the leading styles this winter. A cloak of this character is now being embroidered by hand for a Russian princess; the shape is called "Magician Redingote." The whole border of the cloak and a wide band on the ends of the sleeves is embroidered. The bodice has the shoulders covered with embroidery, forming a point between the shoulders at the back and ending in points at the waist.

Redingotes this shape are to be very fashionable in velvet and many other materials of less expensive quality; the fronts and sleeves are always lined with silk, and this is generally "shot," i. e., of two changing colors.

Jackets are more fashionably worn than "visites," and are much more advantageous to a good figure. The material will be very rich corded silks. The "Ottoman" poplin is a favorite for the purpose. The fitting waistcoat looks well in this case of plain, rich silk, such as velontine or peau de soie, embroidered with silk and beads, or a little metallic cord or fine braid introduced. When the jacquette is of velvet the waistcoat should be of rich brocade.

An elaborately elegant mantle shown me lately was of brown velvet, shaped to the front and back of the figure, ending at the waist at the back, and having square ends half down the skirt in front. It was trimmed ecru colored guipure and passementerie beaded old gold and bronze, the open work of the guipure placed on gold braid. A large mantle also forming part of the trousseau of the same friend, a "great lady," who would not like me to mention her name, was a long redingote of gray sicilienne with raised velvet flowers in shaded grays. The trimmings were passementerie in lace designs beaded in steel.

These mantles will be just as fashionable and suitable for carriage and visiting wear in the winter as they are now.

The "Recamier" is one of the last novelties in large cloaks—"mantes," as they are called in Paris—and will be very fashionable through the autumn. In its present material, namely, shot silk, there is no doubt of the shape lasting through the winter, when the shot silk will be used as lining and covered by some soft woollen material. The cloak is gathered at the throat, drawn in at the waist and has full length loose sleeves, either "angel"—that is, pointed like wings—or "judge," with square ends. Either of these styles may be open to the armhole, or to the bend of the arm only; the favorite colors are the "gorge pigeon," i. e., the beautiful blending of blue and green of the pigeon's throat—violet and green, red and green, apricot and rose.

In jackets for young girls, sailor jackets of cream, red, navy blue, or ivy-green cheviot, are chosen for children from 7 to 12 years old; from that age to 17, jackets of fine cloth, with fitting backs and loose or open fronts, are much worn. They are lined with light-colored silk, and trimmed with a galloon, woven in gold and the color of the cloth; this is sewn under the edge, and turns down with the collar. The large cloak of light woollen, fitting to the waist at the back and loose in front, with or without long sleeves, is worn by girls of any age, and will continue to be so in colder weather, when they will be lined with fancy woollen made in thicker cloth.

## GIRL IN KNICKERBOCKERS.

### Miss Fanny Rice's Preferences Regarding Silken Tights.

[New York Star.]

"I don't mind it much, now that I have become accustomed to wearing knickerbockers on the stage. But, of course, I much prefer to wear dresses on the stage. But, then, you know, I am playing a boy's part in 'The Brigands,' and must dress accordingly. The knickerbockers are much preferable to tights, which the character originally called for. When the plates were first shown to me, and I was asked to play the part which I now have in 'The Brigands,' I refused, because the part called for tights. Mr. Aronson was very anxious that I should create the part, and when I told him my objection he said I might wear knickerbockers. So I consented. I don't know as the knickerbockers are much better than tights, still I like them better and feel much better than I should in bare tights.

"I have played boy parts before, but have always worn pants. I used to sing "Pretty as a Picture' in boy's clothes, as a little specialty at benefits, and was always very successful with it. I made up as a little ragged bootblack, sung the song, and between the verses I did a burlesque dance. About four or five years ago I did this little specialty for the first time in Boston. It was at one of the Elks' entertainments at the Park Theatre. On the house programme it was simply announced that Miss Fanny Rice would sing Aimee's 'Pretty as a Picture.' There was no intimation to the audience that I was about to make a new and startling departure from the ordinary rut. So, when I made my appearance, costumed as a street gamin, to do this charming little song and dance that had always been associated with a pretty dress, graceful dancing, etc., a dead silence fell upon the house. Looks of astonishment were exchanged and programmes were eagerly scanned to see if anything had been changed. I had no reception, and I was not a little frightened and abashed at what I had done. The moment I began to sing the audience recognized me, and caught the spirit of my impersonation, and would not be satisfied until I had responded to seven encores.

"An amusing little incident occurred while I was standing in the entrance waiting my turn to go on. I was on the stage manager's side, and noticed that the gentleman who was acting as stage manager for the Elks' benefit—he was a prominent member of the lodge—was looking in my direction in anything but a pleasant manner. He soon came up to me and demanded to know what I was doing in here. By 'in here' I supposed he meant in the first entrance, and I replied that I could get a better view of the stage there, but if I was in his way that I would leave. 'Who let you in?' he next demanded. I saw at once he thought me some little boy who had stolen his way in, unknown to the doorkeeper, and I made up my mind to keep up the delusion. So I meekly answered that I was passed in by the doorkeeper. He became very angry, and ordered one of the stage hands near by to 'throw this little ragamuffin out.' The stage hand said to him: 'Why, don't you know who that is? That is Miss Rice.' Well, you never saw a man so taken back in your life.

"I much prefer skirts to boy's clothes, however. They are easier to dance in and more agreeable to me in every way."

## ODD ITEMS.

A store in Atlanta, Ga., has been built entirely of paper.

Lebanon, Penn., boasts a cat that has raised a family of 68 kittens.

The druggists of Charleston, S. C., refuse to put up Dr. McDow's prescriptions.

A man attempted to drown himself in a watering cart in New York on Friday.

A Chicago baby that was born July 4 has been christened Gloria Columbia Ottofy.

A catfish with a silver spoon in its stomach was caught near Parkersburg recently.

A man in Indiana has applied for a pension because he grew baldheaded in the war.

There are 342,000 miles of railroad in operation in the world, of which 181,000 are in America.

John Hamilton, who died recently in Peoria, officiated as a notary public at the first marriage in Chicago.

Rhode Weimar of Shelbyville, Ind., caught a three-pound black bass the other day, and found in it a silver quarter.

Guthrie, with its suburbs, has now 15,000 inhabitants, six banks, eight newspapers, 37 lumber yards and hundreds of stores.

The hottest weather ever known in the United States was felt at Phœnix, Ari., in June, 1883, when the thermometer marked 119°.

A travelling electric light has proved quite successful in Germany. The whole outfit complete for service is carried in one vehicle.

A horse over 19 hands high, and weighing 2300 pounds, was shipped from Myerstown, Penn., recently. The purchaser will put the animal on exhibition.

A Decatur (Mich.) shoemaker evaded the fire limits ordinance by constructing a shop on wheels, and it now reposes serenely within the proscribed territory.

A Bellaire man who sent 50 cents to a New York firm for "an easy method of getting rid of debts," received by return mail the laconic advice, "Pay them."

There is a man living in Newfield, N. Y., who is over 70 years old and has nearly always lived in sight of a railroad, but has never ridden on the cars in his life.

Wholesale merchants in Cincinnati have started a fund to supply their county customers with railroad tickets. Ten merchants have subscribed $5000 each.

In a St. Louis hospital a man had a dream which covered 10,000 miles of travel and six months' time, yet he was only a minute and a half covering the whole business.

The lady clerks in the Philadelphia post office have a lunchroom on the second floor. They entertain two or three cats sent from Virginia, which were brought North in mail bags.

A Huntington paper says: There are villages in this county of 200 or 300 inhabitants where it would be impossible to find a soul astir on Sunday afternoon. It is a universal custom to "nap."

An offensive trunk raised an excitement in the depot at New Oxford, Adams county, Penn., a few days ago. On being opened it was found to hold ladies' wearing apparel well stocked with naphthaline to keep off moths.

A "poverty society" has been started in Russia, the object of which is to popularize poverty among the poor, and to teach them that their lot is not one to be repined at, since the finest pleasures of life can be enjoyed independently of money.

From Norway we hear of a curious telephonic experiment, where a physician, being a distance of 100 miles from home, talked to his dog, an English setter, through the telephone, the dog showing his understanding by a series of barks.

The most forgetful young man in Snyder county, Penn., recently went to town with his best girl, and when the time came for his return, actually left without her, and proceeded several miles before he happened to think he had forgotten something.

A sea turtle 10 feet long, five feet wide and weighing 1000 pounds was caught recently in a trap off South Harwich, Cape Cod. This monster is estimated to be fully 200 years old. As it stands the distance between its fore flippers is over 10 feet.

A vest-pocket edition of the horse has been foaled in Hartford City, Ind. The mother is a 2-year-old Shetland pony, owned by Harry B. Smith, president of the Exchange bank. The colt is 9 inches along the back, stands 6 hands in height, and is lively as a cricket.

A strolling Italian musician in Philadelphia has an improvement on the monkey. It is a parrot which sings operatic music in a soprano voice that is heard for squares, and then collects coins from high windows. The bird can fly where the monkey would fail to reach.

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell's catamaran house-boat contains two spacious parlors, a big dining-room, billiard-room and numerous bedrooms, besides bathrooms, kitchen, servants' rooms, etc. It is propelled by steam, with two screws, and makes 15 miles an hour.

Rev. Father Paquin of Ludington, Mich., has his hands both full. Besides attending to the spiritual business of a big parish, he runs a barber shop, has a drug store on the other corner, owns a good farm, controls an interest in a logging business and numerous other outside schemes.

Capt. Travers of the schooner Hester A. Seward, from the Bahamas, told a Baltimore reporter that just before he left the islands on July 4, the natives captured a shark 18 feet long. When it was cut open a half-barrel of salt pork was fund intact in its stomach, besides a number of other articles which the monster had swallowed.

An artesian well in North City, a suburb of St. Augustine, Fla., is said to have the largest flow of any artesian well in the world. It is an 8-inch well, and its flow exceeds the highest expectations. From a measurement made by Dr. J. K. Rainey the flow exceeds 8000 gallons per minute, or over 11,500,000 gallons every 24 hours.

A marriage license was returned to the county clerk's office today that was a beauty. The happy bride had pasted paper flowers all over it, and amid the flowers were such loving words as "Thine always," "Ever thy love," "Forget me not," "Your own true love," etc. Deputy Daniels has been seasick ever since it came in.—[Indianapolis News.

A justice of Logan township, Blair county, Penn., has a perplexing case. A blacksmith built a wagon for another citizen, painting it brown, and refusing to change the color to green. In the night the citizen entered the shop and gave the vehicle a coat of paris green. Early next morning the blacksmith's cow, spying the verdurous tint, licked it off and died. The blacksmith now wants damages for his cow.

An invention has been made which promises to revolutionize completely the industry of china decoration. By a process discovered by J. B. Bonnaud it is possible to obtain in a few minutes the same artistic effects which cost the hand-painter on china days of labor. Landscapes, groups of figures, and portraits are produced by this means on vases, plates and plaques in their natural colors, even to the most delicate shades.

The most valuable book in the world is said to be a Hebrew Bible at the Vatican in Rome. In 1512 Pope Julius, then in great financial straits, refused to sell it to a syndicate of rich Venetian Jews for its weight in gold. The Bible weighs more than 325 pounds, and is never carried by less than three men. The price refused by Pope Julius was, therefore, about $125,000, and that, too, when gold was worth at least thrice what it is now worth.

In 31 words how many thats can be grammatically inserted? Answer, 14. He said that that that that man said was not that that that one should say; but that that that that man said was that that that man should not say. That reminds us of the following says and saids: Mr. B., did you say, or did you not say, what I said, because C. said you said you never did say what I said you said? Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?—[Chicago America.

An interesting table exhibited at the Paris exposition shows the relative civilizations of the several countries from the post office standpoint, by showing the number of letters per capita passing through them. Great Britain leads with 40 per head. Australia is next with 35, and Switzerland with 30. The United States, Germany and Holland have 20 and Belgium leads them at 25. The other countries of Europe gradually descend in the scale till the zero mark is almost reached in Russia, which reports only two letters a year per head.

The citizens of Jackson Hill in Atlanta living along the street-car lines are in a state of excitement. The cause of their excitement is a street car. It looks very much like an ordinary street car, but when a man with false teeth gets on he has to keep his mouth shut tight to keep from losing his molars. The car has one wheel that is four-sided instead of being round, and the sensation experienced on riding upon it is akin to that one would feel in riding a mule with a wooden leg. The car is known as the "bumpety" car, and nervous ladies are very much annoyed as it comes limping and bumping along the street. Children are gathered along the street to watch for the lame car, and rather than ride upon it the people will lose 15 minutes to catch the next one.

### Uncle Mo's Philosophy.

[Judge.]

De mo' locks and keys the less honesty.

De hen dat won't lay must mix wid de potpie.

Aftah lekshen a-many wish dey'd sol' dair vote.

Yo' rumytiz may ache yo' bad, but yo' doan' wantoe die.

Ef de peacock cud see 'is feet he nebbah brag ob his tail.

De med'cine dat tas'es de wuss er li'ble toe do de mos' good.

Ef de ox knew how high he cud jump he'd git in dat medder.

W'en a man er mad he doan' membah dat dar er sich a t'ing es law.

A-many dat er scart obah de notion of a ghos' wudn' know a ghos' ef dey shud see 'im.

# LAKE-SPANGLED LANDS.

## Life In the Adirondack Mountains,

### Where Tired Humanity Finds Real Enjoyment and Rest.

### The Romance of a Dear Deer Hunter at the Lake.

[Copyright, 1889.]

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS, July 26.

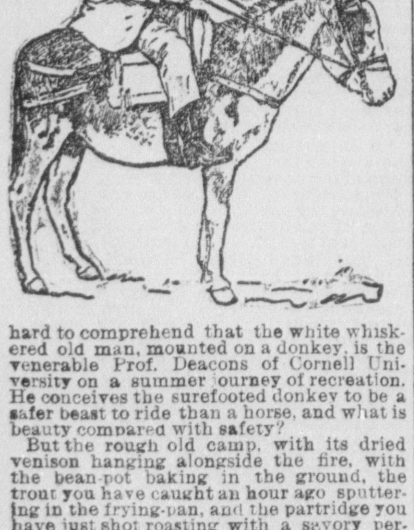


IN this lake-spangled land, with a girdle of mountains chaining us in from the din and heat of crowded civilization, the lazy heart expands like a rose in June, for the air is as clear as a breeze off the open sea and as inspiring as sparkling wine. Coming up from Plattsburg through those ramshackle villages, smirched with the soot and clanging with the noise of iron mills, a dread is likely to attack the doubting and strange traveller, for his imagination of clear, alluvial expanses is not fed to any great extent. The first naked hills of gray granite are not lovely, and the woods are dark, gaunt and ragged. But in the North woods, as in most mountainous sections, one must penetrate far and diligently, and then of a sudden, when all seems dense and unprofitable, a marvellous view, a natural gem of the earth is flashed before one's eyes like a change in a stereoscope. As the stage coach careens round a sharp turn of the road the glitter of roofs, the fair wave of lawns, the flutter of leafy trees, and beyond, the shining surface of a lake, with the blue hills frowning their shadows down upon it, are spread under the tired gaze, and immediately the delight of the Adirondacks is realized. Then if you come



suddenly upon a fellow lazing back with a cigar in his mouth, and a girl with wild flowers in her hands, while the scent of the smoke and the perfume of the posies mingle with the incense of their lovemaking, you feel that you have surely got at some truly rural solace.

One might as well try to comprehend England at a glance of London as to set down a picture of a spot out of these mountains and let it stand for the whole. When we think of the hundreds of miles that a man and his guide may travel, carrying their boat from lake to lake, dining at one place, sleeping at another, and reaching miles beyond any habitation the next day, we understand what an unusual and immense region this wilderness is. The different phases of life and character of people that find place here would also be difficult to concisely describe. In the summer time the invalid is scarcely discernible, not because of his physical attenuation, but because it is his custom to repair to a secluded camp, where with guides, cooks, nurses, and the best of food from the city, he endeavors to impede the advancement of his disease. The hotels are filled with healthy, jolly and fine-looking people. Around the larger lakes, such as Upper and Lower Saranac, Long lake, and St. Regis, there are camps that cost their owners thousands of dollars, where the advantages of isolation, of absolute freedom from social restraints, and the romantic sensation of existing in a nomadic state slightly imitative of the original Americans, are combined with a luxury which could only find example in the drawing-rooms of these same people when they are at home. Probably the most extensive camp in the mountains at this time is that of Anson Phelps Stokes of New York. It occupies an island on St. Regis lake and, to show how important it is, let it be said that Mr. Stokes has 15 Adirondack guides in his employ, besides his kitchen servants and attendants, to care for the camp and the people in it. Other camps in this neighborhood and elsewhere are of nearly equal pretensions. As you float by one of these fair spots it is hard to believe that the brown-throated girl, with the skin peeling from her nose, who stands in the boathouse, rolling up her sleeves for a row on the lake, is the same fairy that whizzed in the dance at the Patriarchs' ball last winter, arrayed in gauze, and looking as white and as frail as a lily. Occasionally we discover how our girls store up that energy which is the wonder of the skeptic and the physician in January. It is just as



hard to comprehend that the white whiskered old man, mounted on a donkey, is the venerable Prof. Deacons of Cornell University on a summer journey of recreation. He conceives the surefooted donkey to be a safer beast to ride than a horse, and what is beauty compared with safety?

But the rough old camp, with its dried venison hanging alongside the fire, with the bean-pot baking in the ground, the trout you have caught an hour ago sputtering in the frying-pan, and the partridge you have just shot roasting with a savory perfume—that is the Utopia of these woods, in spite of its discomforts and inconveniences. Out on the woody point in a lake that is about a mile across, knowing that you, your guides and your dogs are the only tame animals within sound, that a fresh buck hangs by its hind feet at the back of the camp, that the brook, whose song you can hear, is flashing with trout, and that your dog, barking down by yonder stump, is calling you to come and observe the beautiful partridges that he has sitting up before him—amid surroundings of this sort your appreciation for the first freshness of life is bound to be invigorated, if you are in anything near a normal condition of mind and body. And it is exciting on a moonless night to be paddled up one of these narrow rivers, skirted with impenetrable bushes and weird with strange noises, watching for the deer as he comes down to escape the flies and nibble the yellow lilies.

But there is the highest sort of civilization to be had at the hotels, at the highest prices too. I witnessed only yesterday the despair of a young man who had come to the Adirondacks for a cheap vacation, but had been charmed into asking a divine girl to dine with him. She was rolling up a bill of about $10. It reminded me of this bit of dialogue, which I heard last week at a very high-priced Brighton beach race course restaurant.

Miss Highfly (reading label on bottle)—Oh, my favorite. Order another bottle.

Mr. Hardluck (in a financial hole)—Oh, it's an awful day for favorites. You'd better take ale.

But I was writing of deer shooting—not dear eating and drinking. That the sport is agitating to the nerves of the citizen I can relate for proof an incident which came



under my notice a few days since. A young man in camp on a secluded lake was hunting the river that ran close by. As motionless as a statue in the front of the boat, with the bullseye lantern throwing its light over his head, and his guide in the stern paddling without the slightest noise—as is wholly necessary—the young hunter had his eyes fixed on the shores for the unwary but sensitive deer. Suddenly he saw a ball of fire directly ahead of him. He raised his rifle, and was about to shoot, when his common sense reminded him that no animal could have such an eye as that. Hardly had he lowered his rifle when a sharp crack pierced the air, the lantern over his head came down upon him, and he was left in darkness. His guide called out, in language more eloquent than poetic, to whoever had fired that shot not to fire another. The next instant a boat ran up alongside of the young man's, and in the bow of it he discovered a fine-looking girl, with a jacket buttoned up about her ears, a peak cap pulled down over her forehead, and a rifle balanced across her knees. He laughed at the idea of her shooting the lantern off of his boat, but she was almost in hysterics.

"I'm so sorry and ashamed," she said, "I never shot a deer, and I suppose I had the buck fever, and didn't know a lantern from the moon. Can you ever forgive me, sir?"

Of course she was gracefully forgiven.

"How did you find your way here?" asked the young man.

"Oh, I'm living at the little hotel down on Big Tupper Lake, and my guide brought me up tonight. My brother is going down the river and will meet me at the carry after we have finished hunting."

"I think I'll be down to the hotel tomorrow," said the young man, who was quite a plunger.

"But you won't tell on me, will you?" cried the girl.

"That depends," replied the youth.

The guides paddled the boats ahead in opposite directions.

"Have you seen a deer tonight?" called back the girl.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply, "I've seen a darling."

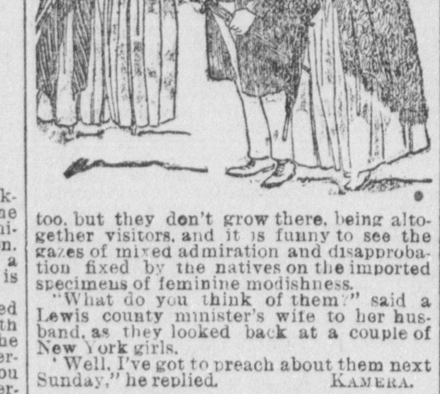
"Oh, pshaw!" was the response to this.



The young man is now down at the hotel every day, for the girl who came near killing him is the belle of the neighborhood, and they are holding prolonged dialogues about deer hunting—or something else.

Among these guides, whose services cost $3.50 and $4 a day, there are several of the finest examples of physical manhood that I have ever seen. I do not exaggerate when I say that one young man in particular, whose headquarters are at Paul Smith's, is quite the handsomest fellow that could be made. By association with refined people he had acquired the manners of a gentleman, and his picturesque garb and his abilities as a hunter and a guide make him a very romantic and theatrical figure. He wears a large, cartwheel hat with a bright silk handkerchief tied about it, a loose flannel shirt, and tight-fitting top-boots. He is about the same figure as John L. Sullivan, but his head is remarkably beautiful. He has dark curly hair, his complexion is a deep red, and his eyes are gray and gentle. He is known as the best oarsman and fighter in the woods. A club man from New York took this handsome fellow down to New York a few seasons ago, and wherever he went the crowd stopped to gaze at him. He was photographed in his rough costume, and more than one woman in New York still treasures that picture. The best thing about this Adirondack Adonis is that he dislikes being an object of admiration, and some time ago he declared that henceforth he would guide only men and old ladies, as the young girls made him feel like a fool, and he couldn't do his work with any effect. While this young man is reckoned the best fighter in this section, and weighs considerably more than 200 pounds, it is interesting to know that "Billy" Edwards of New York, a professional lightweight boxer, was once brought up here, and, without knowing who he was, our handsome friend Fred willingly accepted his invitation to put on the gloves with him. The simple, good-natured guides ranged themselves about the boathouse at Paul Smith's, expecting to see the little fellow from the city knocked into atoms. A more astonished set of men could not be found than they were when Billy landed on the big fellow's neck and sent him in a heap down among the boats. Fred took off his gloves and said he was satisfied. When Billy Edwards was introduced as the former lightweight champion of America, he was looked on with more respect than if he had been president. Fred tells the story to every one, and always laughs over it, his great voice sounding like a contented lion's.

There are pretty girls in the Adirondacks,



too, but they don't grow there, being altogether visitors, and it is funny to see the gazes of mixed admiration and disapprobation fixed by the natives on the imported specimens of feminine modishness.

"What do you think of them?" said a Lewis county minister's wife to her husband, as they looked back at a couple of New York girls.

"Well, I've got to preach about them next Sunday," he replied. KAMERA.

### A Sister's Love.

[Omaha World.]

Bobby—Mr. Brown, I was behind the sofa in our parlor last night, and I think I understood Marie to tell you she would love you as a sister.

Mr. Brown—Yes; that's what she said.

Bobby—Well, I'm her brother, and all I've got to say is that if she doesn't love you any more than she does me you're foolish to waste your money buying ice cream for her.

### Used to It.

[Epoch.]

"Cholly, I—aw—saw you widing on a 3d avenue car the other evening."

"Yass, I'm going over, doncherknow, and was getting accustomed to motion of the ship."

### Birds and Telegraph Wires.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

It has been supposed that birds become accustomed to the presence of telegraph wires, and are careful to avoid them in flying, but it would seem either that this is a mistake, or that the birds on the Scotch and English moors are less intelligent than their fellows. Systematic observation there along a line of telegraph wires has shown that great destruction of bird life goes on throughout the year, and that at certain seasons the roadside is literally strewn with the remains of unfortunate grouse, black game partridge, snipe and other birds. Every morning at dawn marauding bands of rooks come from the lowland woods to feast on the dead and dying, and the farmers and shepherds in the region declare that more grouse are killed annually by the telegraph wires than by all the sportsmen.

## PERILS OF CHEAP CANDY.

### All Sorts of Disease May be Obtained From Impure Sweetmeats.

[Collier's Once a Week.]

Candy shops spring up almost as rapidly as drinking saloons in our cities. Every crossroads country store has its jar of stony or crumbly "sweeties," as our English cousins name them. The boy who supplies passengers on outgoing and incoming trains with the daily papers, without which the patriot mind cannot enter upon the day's action or the night's rest, deafens us on alternate rounds with laudation of "broken candy," and lest some weary traveller might escape temptation the news stands in every station protrude a sly recommendation to "drop a nickel in the slot and receive a package of delicious bon-bons."

Dr. Edson emuerates among the substances added for increasing the weight of candy "terra alba, kaolin (decomposed feldspar), whiting, starch and ground quartz." Among the coloring substances used to make our candy pleasant to the eye he gives arsenic, shromium and lead. Adulterations for favor are managed by help of a distillation of "rancid butter, wood alcohol and oil of vitriol" into "essence of pineapple; also by fusel oil and prussic acid," while "a very fragrant, fruity essence may be made of rotten cheese by treating it with oil of vitriol and bichromate of potash. Much of the cheap chocolate sold at corner candy stores is mixed with clay, colored with burnt umber."

## ANOTHER BELIEF KILLED.

### The Far-Famed Upas Tree is, Comparatively Speaking, Harmless.

[All the Year Round.]

Supernatural, almost diabolical influences are attributed to the famous upas tree, which, according to all accounts, is so deadly that if a hot wind passes over it an odor is carried along which is fatal to whoever breathes it. Old letters, written from Paris in 1642 by "The Turkish Spy," describe a plant cultivated in a garden in the city that blasts all that grows within 10 cubits of its roots. They call it "ill neighbor." He declares that there was a withered circle around it, while the tree itself was green and thrifty. There is a tradition of a poison or upas tree that grows in the island of Java, from which a putrid steam rises and kills whomsoever it touches. Foersch, a Dutch physician, 1783, says: "Not a tree or a blade of grass is to be found in the valley or surrounding mountains. Not a beast or bird or reptile or living thing lives in the vicinity. On one occasion 1600 refugees encamped within 14 miles of it, and all but 300 died within two months."

The falsehood of this story is exposed by Bennett, who says: "The tree (upas), while growing, is quite innocuous, though the juice may be used for poison; the whole neighborhood is most richly covered with vegetation; men may fearlessly walk under the tree and birds roost in its branches."

Darwin, in his "Loves of the Plants," has perpetuated Foersch's fable when he says:

"On the blasted heath
Fell Upas sits, the hydra tree of death."

It is probable that the fable of the blighting influence of the upas tree has been derived from the fact that there is in Java a small tract of land on which nothing can live. This is caused, not by the "fell upas," but by emanations of carbonic acid gas, which are constantly going on. At the same time it is quite true that the juice of the upas is a deadly poison.

## ANTIQUITY OF THE GLOVE.

### An Emblem of Power and of Purity, of Defiance and Subjection.

[Haberdasher.]

No article of attire has more of interest in its associations and history than gloves; for while the interest attaching to most other garments has been mainly that of utility, to gloves has been attached a varied and wide-spread symbolism, giving them an exalted place and linking them with many curious observances, regal, ecclesiastical, military and social.

The glove has been the emblem of power and of purity, of defiance and subjection. Lands and personal property were once conveyed by the delivery of a glove; the authority of kings over provinces was attested by presenting a glove; kings invested barons with dominion by bestowing on the favorite one of the kingly gloves; and many ecclesiastical and legal ceremonies could only be performed with white gloves, the emblems of purity.

The antiquity of gloves is very great; they doubtless antedate history, for the earliest literature alludes to them, and they have been known and worn from the earliest ages of which we have any knowledge. Homer, in the "Odyssey," describes Laertes, the farmer-king, the father of Ulysses, in his retirement: "While gloves secured his hands to shield them from the thorns." Xenophon jeers at the Persians for wearing gloves as a protection from the cold; not only did they have umbrellas borne over them in summer, not being content with the shade of the trees and rocks, but in the winter it is not sufficient for them to clothe their heads, and their bodies, and their feet, but they have coverings made of hair for their hands and their fingers. In their earlier days the Greeks and the Romans scorned such effeminacy, but at a later day, in the time of Pliny, the uncle of that lively historian is described as travelling with an amanuensis "who wore gloves upon his hands in winter lest the severity of the weather should make him lose any time" in writing.

From time immemorial the glove has had a legal significance in oriental countries in the transfer of property, just as the "God's penny" was formerly used to "bind a bargain" in the West. A disputed passage in the Old Testament—Ruth iv., 7 and 8—reads: "Now this was the manner in former time in Israel, concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; a man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor; and this was a testimony in Israel." It is now commonly agreed by scholars that the word shoe should be rendered glove, for in the Chaldaic paraphrase the word is rendered "the case or covering of the right hand," and accepting this view it appears that among the Israelites the passing of a glove was the method of transferring property.

Later the glove, as a pledge or emblem of conveyance, came into use among the Romans, whose ancient law held property to have passed with its literal transfer, or of part of it, into the hand of the purchaser; and the glove, doubtless as a matter of convenience, took the place of and symbolized this actual transfer.

### How to Tell a Good Watermelon.

[New York Sun.]

There are various ways of telling a good watermelon. Some people say they can, by pressing the sides together, hear in a good, sound, ripe melon a peculiar sound of crispness like that of celery. George Blank gives these directions:

"Lay the melon on its back, belly up. You can tell the belly, because it is white, or of lighter color than the rest of the melon. Scratch the skin of the belly with your finger-nail. If the skin is tender and the melon is yet firm to the pressure of the finger, so that you can with difficulty pierce it with your nail, it is probably a good melon."

### Dulness the Unpardonable Sin.

[Epoch.]

The first and most important requisite of a novel is that it shall be interesting. Whatever else a novel may be, if it be uninteresting, it is a failure. The average novel-reader reads a novel for the sake of the story, and if the story is not sufficiently interesting to fix the attention of the reader, he will be apt to throw it down unfinished.

### Too Much Law.

[Chicago Ledger.]

"So you be studying law, Jones?" "Yes." "Like it?" "No, sir-ree!" "How is that?" "Well, I'd read about half through Blackstone." "Yes." "Had a book-mark to keep my place." "I see." "Some one stole the book-mark. I couldn't find my place, and had to go clear back to the beginning and read the dratted book all over again!"

### No Evident Motive, Either.

[New York Sun.]

Brown—It is a very strange thing about that suicide last night. No apparent motive can be found.

Mrs. Brown—Was the poor man married?

Brown—Didn't I just tell you there was no apparent motive.


**Consumption Surely Cured.**

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl st., New York.


# THE HAREM

## As It Exists in Egypt Today.

### A Statue of Ingersoll in the Land of the Pharaohs.

### A Look at Rameses; a Word About One of His Descendants.

[Copyrighted, 1889, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

CAIRO, Egypt, 1889.—I have made today one of the greatest discoveries of modern times. I have unearthed the genesis of Robert G. Ingersoll, and I am able to prove that in the veins of "Infidel Bob" flows the most aristocratic blood on the American continent. In the wonderful museum of Boulac at Cairo I find a statue of wood which is the perfect likeness of him, and the records show that this statue is at least 6000 years old. It is of life size and its plump proportions, its smiling face and bright eyes form a photographic resemblance to the Ingersoll of today, and there can be no doubt that in the transmigration of souls the man who today lectures on the mistakes of Moses knows whereof he speaks, and that his data were gathered on the ground, for he was here in Egypt more than 2000 years before Moses was born. He knows all about Abraham and Jacob, for they came down into Egypt nearly 20 centuries before he watched the building of the pyramids. This Bob Ingersoll of the past lived at the time that the greatest of pyramids was being built, and he was such a prominent man at that time that the artists of the day considered it worth while to copy his form in wood. They did it well, too, and the work will compare with that of our best sculptors. The elder Bob has a staff in his hand, and his bright eyes of rock crystal have the same honest look of his great descendant. He has short hair, and his fat, round head seems to be verging on baldness. His mouth is as pleasant as that which utters orations against the doctrine of brimstone damnation, and his attire is that of his illustrious great great—of his 180th great grandson, when having read a chapter in his Shakespearian Bible and sung one of Burns' poems for a hymn, he disrobes his portly form, and clad in his innocence and nightie he gets ready for bed. The statue was found in the tombs at Sakahra or old Memphis, near Cairo, and it stands in company with some odd hundreds of mummies in this greatest

**Museum of Egyptian Antiquities.**

The museum of Boulac has been greatly increased in size within a few years, and there is no place like it in which to study the Egypt of the past. There is room after room walled with the coffins of these monarchs of thousands of years ago, and in other mummy caskets the bodies embalmed are exposed to view. I looked a long time today upon the face of King Rameses, who, it is supposed, went to school with Moses. The face, though black, was wonderfully lifelike, and the teeth shone out as white as when he brushed them after his morning tub, something like 4000 years ago. I noted the silky, fuzzy hair over his black ears, and longed for a lock of it for my collection of relics. The dead past became wonderfully real; in looking at another box in which a mummied princess of about this time lay with the mummy of her little baby, who was not many days old, in the coffin beside her, and when I saw the jewelry of gold bracelets of the same patterns which our belles now wear in Washington and New York, and of the earrings, which are quite as beautiful as those made by Tiffany, the dry bones began to move and the pickled flesh resumed its tints, and I could see that human nature was the same six thousands years ago as it is now, and that these people of the past had the loves and hates, the troubles and the vanities of the world of today. The food shown in another case, as taken from these tombs, brought their very stomachs back to life, and I wondered what Rameses took for the colic and whether Queen Akhotupu, who lived before Moses, and who now lies here, had the hysterics. I noted the flowers which were put in another mummy case beside a king, and I could not reconcile the beautiful teeth and the fine intellectual face of King Seti, whose daughter is supposed to have found Moses in the bulrushes with the fat, bloated fingers, which show that he had the gout. There was good living in the days of the Israelites in Egypt as there is today, but it was then as now, only the rich had the fancy cooks, and the poor ate the scraps. In the tomb of Ti, near Memphis, I saw wall after wall in chambers of granite away down under the lands of the desert. These walls are covered with painted pictures of the life of the time, when the tomb was msade.

**Thousands of Years Before Christ,**

and among these pictures I saw that pate de foie gras was one of the dainties of that time. The feeding of the geese by stuffing them with food to enlarge the liver is there faithfully pictured, and the eggs, mummied chickens and other dear departed delicacies, which are found in the pyramids and tombs, show us that the people of the past have not suffered, and that they knew how to enjoy life quite as well as we do.

I have paid my second visit to the pyramids during the past week, and I find these great piles of stone unchanged. The same gang of Bedouins surround them today as preyed upon me when I paid my first call on the Sphinx, eight years ago, and the eternal cry of backsheesh! backsheesh! backsheesh! still sounds out upon the air of the desert in which they are located. I climbed to the top, assisted by three Arabs, and I penetrated the gloomy recesses of the interior and attempted to take photographs of the king and queen chambers by flash lights. The pyramid which I climbed covers 13 acres of ground, and it was at one time higher than the Washington monument. It has in the past been a quarry, from which Cairo has drawn the stones for much of its building, and there is still enough left to make more than 800 Washington monuments. The Sphinx is now well pulled out of the sand, and there are iron cars at its base, ready to be used for further excavations. It has put on a new aspect within the last few years, and it seems bigger, more sombre, and more wonderful than ever. Its face is that of a remarkably good-looking negro girl, and it is said that its complexion was originally of a beautiful pink. All of this pink has been now ground away by the sands of the desert, which have for more than 6000 years been showering their amorous kisses upon it, and all that is left is a little red paint just under the left eye. The Sphinx is the oldest woman in the world, and it is painful to think that even she is addicted to rouge. She is certainly big enough to know better. Her head alone is so big that if you would build a vault the size of a parlor 14 feet square and run it up to the height of a three-story house it would be just large enough to contain it, and if even though you measure six feet in your stockings and had arms as long as those of Abraham Lincoln, stood on the tip of this old lady's ear, you could hardly touch the crown of her head. I rode on a camel the quarter of a mile between her and the pyramids, and the Bedouin who owned the beast grew quite confidential in telling me of his property and his family affairs. He said he lived near the pyramids and that he had just married a new wife, who was as beautiful as the sun and as graceful as a camel. He invited me to go and see him at his home near by, and I saw a Bedouin girl, who may have been his wife, as I went through this village on my way back to Cairo. She was a

**Magnificent Looking Maiden**

of perhaps 20 years of age, with a gorgeous head dress of white and gold and with four great silver rings, as big around as the bottom of a tin cup, hanging to a string on each side of her face. Her complexion was that of Ethiopian blackness, but her nose was as straight as that of a Greek and her eyes—large, dark and lustrous—were fringed with long eyelashes. She had a beautiful mouth and her picturesque head was well poised on her shapely shoulders. Her gown of dark blue, fell in graceful folds from shoulder to ankles and her feet were bare. She was a noble-looking girl, and the Bedouins are the noblest in appearance of the people of Egypt. You see them in the bazaars and on the deserts, and they have the monopoly of the care of the pyramids. They are very proud and they are the descendants of the Arabs of the sands. The most of them are Mahometans—and they make the best of soldiers. It was under their forefathers that the followers of Mahomet made such great conquests in North Africa, and during the rebellion of Arabi Pasha, the bravest of the Egyptians were these men.

I find our consul general very popular in Cairo, and that he is on the best of terms with the Khedive and with the leading officials of the Egyptian government. His majesty spoke very highly of him during the audience I had with him a few days ago, and during this conversation the contrast was drawn between him and several of the other cousul generals who have represented America here in the past. One consul general, who is dead now, and who served during the reign of Ismail, the father of the present Khedive, was a notorious drunkard, and during his sprees he went at times to Khedive Ismail and whined about the poor salary his government gave him.

The United States, said he, do not give me enough to support me, and I wish your highness, who has such a vast treasury, could add a trifle to the amount as a present. Khedive Ismail did this again and again, and the American government never knew how it was being disgraced. Another consul general of the United States at Cairo was mixed up in the rebellion of Arabi Pasha, and when I mentioned to the Khedive the report I had heard here to that effect, and said that the statement had been made that this man, who is still living in America, had combined with Arabi against the Khedive, and that the understanding between Arabi and him was that in case of Arabi's success he, the American, might have a place in his cabinet, his highness nodded his head in

**Affirmation of Its Truth.**

Our consulate at Cairo is now in the most fashionable part of the city. It is a large, two-story, flat-roofed house, situated in a beautiful garden in which the roses bloom and the orange flowers grow. The front gate bears a large oval shield on which is painted the American eagle, and over the front door our great American bird looks down on the visitors as he waves the flag in his talons. Passing under this you enter a wide hall, at one end of which there is a pair of portieres formed of American flags, and at the right is the reception or waiting-room of the legation. Entering this you are reminded of our national capital. Pictures of the great buildings at Washington hang upon the walls. There is the Capitol, one of the finest buildings in the world, the state, war and navy building, which has not its peer in size among the granite buildings on the face of the globe, and the pension building, which is the biggest thing that now exists in brick. There is the sombre treasury, looking more tomb-like than ever and wonderfully at home in this land of sarcophagi, and there among them all is the stern face of old George Washington himself, with two little American flags peeping out over its frame. The flag looks better here than it has ever looked to me before. There is nothing like travel to develop one's patriotism, and I think one needs to get away from our petty political fights in order to appreciate our country in its national beauty and greatness. The consul general, at this writing, is a Texas editor. His name is John Cardwell, and he is an accomplished man of about 40 years of age. His wife and family are with him, and his home, which is in the building occupied by the legation, is elegantly fitted up with rare Persian rugs, with fine carvings, and with many beautiful Turkish embroideries of satin and gold. Among the paintings of the house are a number in oils which show more than ordinary skill. These are the work of Mr. Cardwell's daughter, who is still in her teens, but who promises to make an artist. Her mother intends to take her to Italy upon her departure from Egypt, and she will there study under

**The Italian Masters of Today.**

Consul General Cardwell has some striking ideas about the harem as it exists in Egypt today. He pronounces the word as though it was spelled hareem, and this is the pronunciation I hear everywhere, in the land of the Mahometans. Col. Cardwell says that the harem is not the vicious institution that it is painted. "It means," says he, "simply the woman's apartments of the household in Egypt, and I believe it is a great eleemosynary institution. Its members are often merely the servants of the true wife of the husband. They are taken into it as children, and are raised there and better cared for than they could possibly be elsewhere. They are not necessarily the mistresses of the man; and the Khedive, though his wife has a large harem, is true to her. The harem is, here in Egypt, managed by the women. The husband has very limited rights within it, and there was an instance here in Cairo not long ago of a princess who was displeased with the actions of her husband, who, by the way, was also of royal blood, ordering her servants to whip him in the harem. They obeyed her, too, and the man was soundly flogged. Another case was that of a lady of high rank, who not long ago brought a divorce suit against her husband and got a divorce from him. This fact will be surprising to the people of America, who largely believe that the rights are here altogether on the husband's side. This woman when divorced took the harem with her and she is now living with the rest of her establishment here in Cairo. "Monogamy," continued Col. Cardwell, "is in fact growing in favor in Cairo. The khedive has set the example and the upper tendom shows a disposition to follow it. One of the princesses said the other day that a good moslem could, according to the Koran, have but one wife."

"And how is that?" she was asked. "The Koran states that he may have four, and Mahomet himself said: There are two things in this world which delight me—these are women and perfumes. These two things rejoice my eyes, and render me more fervent in devotion. The great prophet had something like a dozen of wives, and he especially gives all devout men the right to four.

"I assert, however," said the princess, "that the Koran intends that man should have only one wife. And this is because he cannot be good and have more. The Koran says that you must not love one wife more than another, and this is impossible if you have more than one. Hence you should take only one."

I drove out this afternoon past a royal palace, which was for years occupied by one of the widows of Mehamet Ali, who, it is whispered here at Cairo, was one of the worst women Egypt has ever known, including in the list the long number of bad, beautiful dames, extending even back to Cleopatra herself. This woman had a large income and she kept up a grand establishment here in Cairo with her eunuchs by the score and her servants by the dozens. Her palace was on the banks of the Nile, and it

**Had Many Secret Chambers.**

From time to time such men as this royal lady fancied were invited by this lady's slaves to come into the harem, and it is stated here that such as went in were never seen to come out. Her ladyship received their attentions until she was tired of them, and then got rid of them by having them quietly strangled and thrown into the Nile. There was a dark passage leading down from the palace to the river, and the lover awoke from elysium dreams to find a silken cord around his throat being twisted by two black-faced eunuchs, and a force standing around large enough to make him submit if he struggled unduly.

The father of the present Khedive is Ismail Pasha, who is now living in Constantinople and who receives a pension from Egypt of $200,000 a year. He holds a different theory from his son in regard to monogamy and his harem is a large one. He took it with him when he went to Naples to live, but a young Italian, if I remember correctly, ran away with one of his prettiest wives, and he moved his establishment to Constantinople, where his harem would be more sacred and where he can, if he chooses, drop a faithless wife into the Bosphorus without comment or courts.

Mehamet Ali had also a number of wives, and I went out this afternoon to Shoubra palace, in which the old man spent some of the last days of his life. The guides here show you a beautiful garden, and in a summer palace a lake about four feet deep, with a marble resting place in the centre. It was upon this seat that the Napoleon of Egypt used to sit with his ladies in boats on the water about him. The boatmen were posted by him, and at the crook of his finger they would overturn the fair Circassians into the pool, and Mehamet would laugh in his old cracked voice as he watched their terrified struggles in trying to get out.

Year by year, however, the keeping up of a harem in the Mohammedan countries becomes more expensive. The introduction of the western civilization is inspiring new wants in the minds of the houries, and the noblest of them want French kid slippers and their dresses from Worth. They want diamonds and modern jewelry, and if they have children they must have French and English governesses for them. The majority of the Mohammedans of Egypt are too poor to keep more than one wife under the new customs, and this number is being reduced by the increased cost of living. Even the ordinary wealthy women of Cairo now have some European dresses in their wardrobes, and the veils which they wear when out driving grow thinner and thinner each year. The wife of the Khedive wears a veil of thin gauze through which her features can be plainly seen when she goes out driving, for the windows of her carriage are open and an American tells me he could see the sparkle of her magnificent diamonds through this veil when he passed her a few days ago.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

### New Boston Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just ready for piano players, "In Happy Hour," by H. Lichner. It is a melodious theme developed simply and sweetly, and is easy. It has qualities to make it a favorite among teachers; 35 cents. "Moonlight Park Waltz," James Fairfield, is superior in real merit and attractiveness, and is easy; 40 cents. In vocal music, the song "First Love," Robert Coverley, is full of pleasing expression, and will be popular among tasteful singers; 50 cents. One of the latest and best numbers of their English songs is "Afterwards," for mezzo-soprano in B flat, by John W. Mullen. The words are by Mary Mark Lemon; 30 cents. "The Romance of a Clam," Madeleine Lucette, is a humorous song of the highest order in words and music. It is irresistible, and will be the leading one among appreciative hearers; 35 cents.

### What Orators Should Drink.

[New York Tribune.]

Sir Morell Mackenzie has a fling alike at Mr. Gladstone's egg and sherry and the iron chancellor's brandy and seltzer. "The supposed miraculous virtues of the mysterious possets and draughts on which orators pin their faith exists," he says, "mainly in the imagination of those who use them. At best they do nothing more than lubricate the joints of the vocal machine so as to make it work more smoothly. This is just as well done by a glass of plain water. In France water sweetened with sugar is the grand vocal elixir of political orators. As Mme. de Girradin said, somewhat unkindly: "Many things can be dispensed with in the tribune. Talent, wit, conviction, ideas, even memory, can be dispensed with, but not eau sucree." Stimulants may give a sort of "Dutch courage" to the orator, and may carry him successfully through a vocal effort in which indisposition or nervousness might otherwise have caused him to fail, but the immediate good which they do is dearly purchased by the thickening and roughing of the mucous surface of the throat, to which they ultimately give rise.

## BLACK IS WHITE.

### So a Hitherto Impossible Belief Can Now be Substantiated.

[Notes and Queries.]

The word black (Anglo-Saxon blac, blæk, bleak) is fundamentally the same as the old German blach, now only to be found in two or three compounds, as blachfeld, a level or plain; blachmahl, the scum which floats on top when silver is melted, and blachfrost, and it meant originally "level," "bare," and was used to denote blackness, because blackness is (apparently) bare of color. But the nasalized form of black is blank, which also meant originally bare, and was used to denote whiteness, because whiteness is (apparently) bare of color. The same word was used to denote the two opposite things. From which it would seem that black is white.

To anyone who shall point out a flaw in this etymological argument I shall endeavor to be grateful, provided he does not disturb the very satisfactory conclusion. This I should naturally resent. It may help him to a conclusion and serve as a further support to my contention to point out that blac in Anglo-Saxon actually means "white" as well as "black," so that it is not in its nasalized form only that the same word is employed to express opposite things. Why is this, unless that to the primitive mind both white and black appeared to agree in being bare or void of color, and for that reason to deserve the same name? And here I cannot help harboring a suspicion, suggested by the old German blachfrost (which appears to be nearly obsolete, or only used in some localities) that our "black frost" meant originally a frost bare of accomplishments, as hoar, rime, and it is a coincidence only that it should be black in color and blacken the vegetation. But we have long lost hold of the original meaning, and believe it to refer to the color.


**$200 Reward**

To the reader who will tell just how and why Paul North was killed. Paul North's adventures are told in the New Story, "Written in Red; or, The Conspiracy in the North Case," to begin Next Week. Read the announcement. $1.00 for 14 months.


### The Plan Didn't Work.

[Atlanta Journal.]

Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I can tell you how to get away with the crows," said neighbor Stokes.

"How?"

"Get you a gallon of mean whiskey and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shootin'."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's the craps?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's bodaciously ruint," replied Crowder, dolefully. "I tried that 'ere scheme o' yourn, and it's a humbug. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day, and next morn'l went to the new groun' to see how it'd worked."

"Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found nothin'. I hearn a devil of a fuss down nigh the branch and went to see what it was; there was a dad blasted old crow what had gathered up all the whiskey corn an' had it on a stump, an' he was retailin' it out to the others, givin' 'em one grain 'o that sort fur three grains o' my planted corn, and dinged ef they hadn't clawed up that field in sections."

### Flexible Figures.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"You can have this property for $6000 cash down. You couldn't build the house itself for less than $4500," said the owner to the man who had come to look at it.

"I think I could," was the reply. "I built it two years ago for the man who sold it to you. I made a fair profit on it at $2750. But," he added reflectively, "that is about as cheap as you can put up a house of this description."

"It it, is it!" exclaimed the owner, forgetting himself. "You just come with me to the next block and I'll show you a row of houses a thundering sight better than this that I'm getting built for $2500 apiece!"

### The Price of Royalty.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Mrs. Smith—Yes, my daughter Lucy married a blacksmith, and they have a fine home and are getting along nicely. Mary married a butcher, and is very comfortably provided for. Jennie married a section hand, and they are happily situated.

Mrs. Jones—And your daughter Gladys?

Mrs. Smith—Alas! she married a foreign nobleman. I send her $2 per week and some discarded dresses, and by taking in washing she manages to support her family.

### Limited to Possibilities.

[Lowell Citizen.]

Newrich (to landscape painter)—Now, I want you to make me a good picture of my house, and get in that view up the river, you know, and also that mountain scenery in the distance off there to the left.

Artist—My dear sir, there are but two sides to the canvas I use, and I am afraid that even if I paint on both sides and the edges I cannot put in all you want; but I will do the best I can, I assure you.

### A Sister in Name Only.

[Burlington Free Press.]

Mrs. Parvenu—Mr. Travis, you know everybody. Who is that pretty girl over there, sitting on the divan?

Mr. Travis—That is one of my sisters, Mrs. Parvenu.

Mrs. Parvenu—Indeed! You don't look as if you belonged to the same family.

Mr. Travis (sadly)—No, and we never shall.

### A Corrected Sentence.

[Judge.]

Teacher—Johnnie, is it proper to say "Peaches is better than watermelons?"

Johnnie (who evidently has his likes and dislikes)—No, ma'am.

Teacher—Well, you may correct the sentence.

Johnnie—Watermelons is better than peaches.

### Bathers Should Be Careful.

[Epoch.]

Bagley—Doctor, I don't know what's the matter, but ever since I took a plunge in the surf this afternoon I have had a funny feeling in my left ear.

Doctor—Let me see. (After an examination.) Oh, there's nothing serious—you've only got a bath towel in your ear.


"Pearl-top" lamp-chimneys do not break in use; they are made of tough glass by Macbeth & Co., Pittsburgh. Your dealer probably has them, if not he will thank you to make him acquainted with them.

The makers will send you a primer on glass, tough glass, lead glass, for lamp-chimneys. Lead glass is tough.

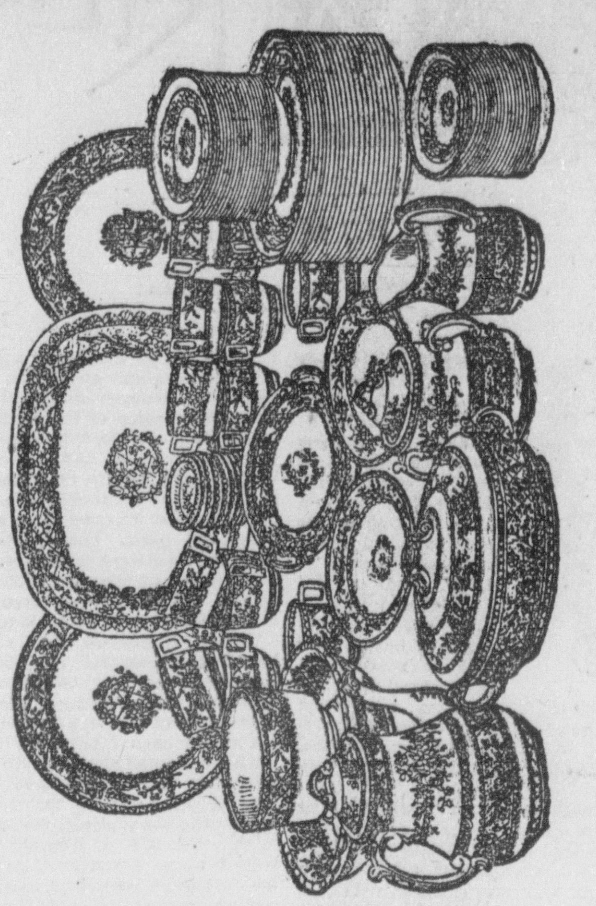
Chimneys are mostly made of brittle lime glass, partly because it is cheap, and partly because it is brittle. Makers are apt to think the sooner things wear out or break the better for business. It may be for business, but not, we suspect, for *their* business.

Macbeth & Co. pay a dealer to give new chimneys for any that break in use.

wy2t jy24

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# A DINNER AND TEA SET.



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1 Covered Vegetable Dish (2 pieces). 2 Butter Plates, 5 in. 1 Meat Plate, 12 in.
1 Scalloped Vegetable Dish. 1 Pickle Plate. 12 Fruit Plates.
12 Breakfast Plates. 1 Bowl. 1 Cream Pitcher. 12 Teacups.
12 Individual Butters. 2 Bread Plates, 8 in. 12 Saucers.
1 Teapot and Cover (2 pieces). 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover (2 pieces).

This pattern of Dinner Ware, known as the Pearl Lace, is an English underglaze pattern, on a fine white granite body. The goods are manufactured in Staffordshire, England, by one of the oldest and most reliable potteries there, each piece bearing their imprint, and they cannot be excelled for quality and durability. The decoration is a border pattern, in a soft pearl color, of delicate sprays of flowers, gracefully interwoven, producing a most pleasing effect. It has also a small, neat spray of the same design for a centre decoration on each piece. These goods are this season's production, and are certainly the neatest and best that have ever been placed on the market at anything like the price, the design being first printed on the body of the goods and afterwards being covered by the glaze of the ware itself. The design then becomes part and parcel of the goods, rendering it impossible to remove it. This is a specially desirable feature, and one that cannot be attained in the over-glaze decorations.

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